

## The Buzz On How Maggie Got Inside Her Psychiatrist's Head

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# The Buzz On How Maggie Got Inside Her Psychiatrist's Head

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## Summary

In a sort of between-events sequel to previous Rocko/Maggie crossover fanfic "The Buzz On How Maggie Got Fondled By Flecko" that is SO ridiculously offensive and generally dark/cynical that it actually makes the original story look like freaking BARNEY AND FRIENDS by comparison, Maggie Pesky, after being declared legally insane in the Supreme Court trial that she had found herself being put on for self-defensively murdering Flecko in the previous story, is carted off to the world's most horrifically abusive mental asylum by Dr. Hutchison; to make a long story short, hilarity of numerous incredibly sadistic and generally fucked-up varieties ensues.

# Chapter 1

## THE BUZZ ON HOW MAGGIE GOT INSIDE HER PSYCHIATRIST'S HEAD

It was an incredibly eventful afternoon of a very (AHEM) special September 22nd of 2019 in the lovely Maggie Pesky's formerly unbeknownst REAL hometown of O-Town, and the poor little triangular-pink-haired, rail-thin, six-limbed, disturbingly attractive but also rather unfortunately 12-year-old anthropomorphic fly girl (who was now human-sized, thanks to the admittedly rather ethically questionable efforts of the mentally deranged, hook-handed, slim-bodied, yellow-furred, red-headed, gorgeously well-endowed, light-blue-dress-with-adorable-kangaroo-pouch-like-singular-pocket-wearing and now-undershirt-less local anthropomorphic cat nurse known as Dr. Paula Hutchison) had just recently been carried off to the local O-Town Asylum by a big, unruly mob of ridiculously overzealous court sympathizers after nearly being arrested for serving as Flecko's (her psychopathic, child-molesting, COMPLETELY personal-hygiene-lacking and presumably homeless adoptive uncle's) rather disturbingly shameless (not to mention sadistic) accomplice in the act of sneaking inside Virginia Wolfe's (Heffer Wolfe's adoptive mother's) brain and mind-controlling her into her own immediate family's helpless sex slave, then viciously murdering him with his own knife in a horrifically manic yet beautifully cathartic fit of self-defensive rage in response to his almost entirely successful (right down to the obligatory vaginal penetration and resulting impregnation, no less) attempt to rape her literally to death inside of said brain while its owner's aforementioned entire immediate family was bound, gagged and helplessly forced to idly sit on its living room couch and watch in utterly speechless terror.

Needless to say, the asylum's resident security guards, while certainly empathetic for what Flecko had put Maggie through, were QUITE far from happy to see her after what she herself had done to poor old Virginia (landed the grossly obese and already cripplingly senile wolf mother smack-dab into her very own luxuriously padded cell at the very same asylum in which Maggie herself was now being imprisoned, no less, due to her thankfully off-screen previous-episode attempt to strangle the local Conglom-O certified Supreme Court judge and green-skinned, crotchety old anthropomorphic cane toad known as Edward Bighead to death right in front of his ever-loving wife, Beverly Bighead, in response to his rather peculiarly out-of-character declaration that Maggie being mentally unstable automatically made her legally non-accountable for the crimes that she had committed against Virginia's family AND mental health alike, no less); therefore, nearly every last fleeting glimpse that their eyes caught of her as she made her way through the building's entrance hallway was remarkably thickly peppered with positively IMMENSE disdain and general disgust on their facial/bodily language's part, let alone that of their verbal language.

"Hey, how come she gets to fly and we don't, huh?" one of the asylum's measly two anthropomorphic dodo entrance guards (who were both pure-white-feathered, thickly redneck-accented twins of each other, named Jezediah and Joe, with this one naturally being the former of the two) asked the other (Joe) curiously, impatiently tapping his foot and scratching the back of his head in confusion as Maggie, who was now tightly bound in a VERY conveniently quadruple-sleeved straitjacket, indifferently eavesdropped on them with her ever-so-deceptively adorable little head antennae on her way through the asylum's entrance hallway while her newly appointed psychiatrist, the aforementioned Dr. Hutchison, dutifully (yet also, to say the least, rather freakishly merrily) dragged Flecko's rotting, button-eyed, thoroughly taxidermized (in laymen's terms, stuffed) corpse behind her on a makeshift rope leash (noose, if you will) so that the sick little psychopath (Maggie, of course) could continue to use it as her very own personal hand puppet, just as she had already done during her own court trial for BRUTALLY MURDERING said "puppet". Did I happen to mention in the previous paragraphs, by any chance, that Hutchison was supposed to be HELPING poor little Maggie RECOVER from her pedophilic-incestual-rape-

induced mental trauma?

"Because God hates us, fellow last remaining member of our species; because God fucking HATES us!" Joe leaned over to Jezediah and whispered into his ear, cupping his feather-hands tightly around said ear and frantically glancing from side to side with curiously half-shut eyelids just for added emphasis while Maggie just disgustingly insensitively rolled her eyes at them behind their backs in classic "LOL, first world problems" fashion in response, prompting Hutchison to scornfully nudge the little brat with her right elbow as the two of them finally reached the asylum's admission desk...which, predictably enough, was occupied by none other than Hutchison's newly-wed (not to mention HUGELY bespectacled and blatantly Jewish) turtle husband, Filburt Shellbach, who had also just recently served as Maggie's lawyer in the aforementioned uncle-homicide court case that she had JUST RECENTLY gotten herself entangled in, just to make matters even MORE confusing and stressful.

"Wow, turtle dove, why are you so completely incapable of holding down the same job for more than one short, sad month at a time?" Hutchison curiously asked Filburt, tilting her head quizzically (not to mention involuntarily) as her admittedly rather bizarre method of punctuating the question. "And why did you suddenly decide to have THIS job out of all of the options available, pardon my asking? HMM HM HM HM HM!" Hutchison continued asking, punctuating her second question by placing her hook (right) hand directly over her absurdly massive pearly-white grin and letting out an insufferably loud, high-pitched and generally teasing giggle that also caused her entire body to hyperactively shake up and down, much to Maggie's and Filburt's deeply rooted chagrin.

"KNEE-SLAPPINGLY funny..." Filburt jadedly thought to himself, blushing deeply and sighing exasperatedly while Jezediah and Joe struggled desperately to hold back their own laughter at his expense; meanwhile, Maggie just exhaustedly shrugged her aching, tightly bound shoulders and nodded her equally aching, horrifically traumatized head in agreement.

"Anyway, missy, I'LL tell you why I decided to become the local male secretary of this joint; to be frank with you, it was mostly just so that I could keep an eye on Little Miss Crazy here and make absolutely sure that she wouldn't attempt anything FUNNY (suddenly dramatically outstretches his neck and thrusts his face violently at Maggie, causing her to startledly flinch backward in response) with my precious and beloved WIFE (thrusts his face at Maggie a second time, understandably eliciting far less of a reaction when compared to the first time) here!" Filburt slammed his palms down onto his desk and angrily explained to Hutchison, shooting Maggie several soul-piercingly mean looks in the process while she just glanced from side and side and whistled nervously, prompting a remarkably bitter utterance of "YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYONE, LADY" from the poor, scaly blue bastard in the process while Hutchison irritatedly placed her hand(s) on her hips, distrustfully cleared her throat and sternly glared at him in response.

"FILBURT! How dare you treat my precious little pink-noggined cupcake like such a detestably hardened criminal? Can't you see how adorably, youthfully innocent she is? Come on, just LOOK at those big, bulbous eyes and likewise, freckly cheeks, the latter of which I just want to pinch and squeeze SO unbearably badly! WHO'S A GOOD GIRL, MAGGIE? OOH, YES, YOU ARE; YES, YOU ARE, SWEETUMS!" Hutchison broke down into a manic fit of pure, unbridled maternal joy and began squealing quite nearly incoherently, VERILY much to Filburt's continued and rapidly intensifying chagrin as he glared exasperatedly (not to mention relatably) at the show's (Rocko's Modern Life's) audience while Hutchison playfully stroked her fingers and hook through Maggie's hair and forcefully pinched her soft, chubby cheeks with the former, giggling and shrieking and grinning from ear to ear (with her jaws as comically wide open as they could possibly go, no less) like a thoroughly certified MANIAC all the while.

"CUCKOO...CUCKOO...CUCKOO..." Jezediah and Joe worriedly signaled to each other with their index fingers while Maggie just warmly blushed with excessive-coddling-induced embarrassment in response to being picked up and cuddled like a literal life-size teddy bear by Hutchison; meanwhile, Filburt just impatiently tapped his fingers against his desk and smugly blinked his eyes (complete with hilariously over-the-top cartoon sound effects for not one but BOTH of said actions, no less) in overwhelmingly eager anticipation of the hopefully soon-to-come point in time at which Hutchison would perhaps FINALLY stop bone-crunchingly squeezing Maggie to death with both arms and smothering her rapidly purple-turning, visibly suffocating, desperately-begging-for-her-to-immediately-cease-and-desist face with wet, sloppy kisses.

"GOD DAMN IT, ARE YOU FREAKING DONE YET?!" Filburt furiously slammed his palms onto his desk and yelled at the tops of his ever-loving lungs at Hutchison, finally getting her to snap out of her obnoxiously girly delusions of Maggie being even an EIGHTH as innocent as she looked and gently set the poor, nauseated and weirdly aroused little demon-spawn back down onto the floor again.

"FOR HARRY HANUKKAH'S EVER-LOVING SAKE, YOU'VE GOT PAPERWORK TO FILL OUT HERE! THIS PATHETIC LITTLE SCUM-SUCKER'S IDENTITY AIN'T JUST GONNA CONFIRM IT-FUCKING-SELF, YOU KNOW!" Filburt continued angrily yelling at Hutchison, yanking out a thickly stuffed clipboard from the top-left drawer of his desk and slamming it down onto said desk with his left hand while gently, carefully providing Hutchison with her obligatory ink-based and conspicuously phallic-shaped writing utensil with his right.

"Say, how do you suppose a cat and a turtle...YOU KNOW...(pfft)...(snicker)..." Joe began whispering to Jezediah, causing both of them to childishly place their hands over the mouths of their beaks and giggle like little schoolgirls at the mere thought of what the former of the two birds was about to say...only to then immediately stop dead in their tracks and gulp audibly in terror as Filburt shot yet another soul-piercingly intense death glare at the both of them in response.

"Alright, sweetie; now you're just going to have to spoon-feed me EVERY LAST BIT of your personal information, KAY?!" Hutchison suddenly turned away from her beloved husband, squatted down onto her left knee, proudly displayed her newly acquired clipboard to Maggie and merrily explained to her in the process, punctuating her ever-so-lovably naive request with a freakishly sharp-angled (and, again, involuntary) tilt of her head just to make Maggie feel even MORE helpless, scared and generally uncomfortable.

"Well, what the hell, it's not like I really have anything LEFT to lose..." Maggie hung her poor little head straight down, weakly shrugged her shoulders yet again and dejectedly thought/sighed to herself, leaning directly toward Hutchison's ever-so-invitingly funnel-shaped left ear and cartoonishly extending the "fly" portion of her mouth directly into said ear's external canal so that she could nervously whisper an incredibly large multitude of her personal secrets into it...but not before giving it a nice big lesbian tongue bath, of course!

"OH, MY! What a truly kinky young LASS you must be indeed!" Hutchison raised her eyebrows as high as they could go and gasped in surprise, blushing and smiling warmly from how intensely relaxing the sensation of Maggie's moist, dripping tongue digging its way through her ear canal and systematically eviscerating every last bit of unwelcome earwax buildup from it really AND truly was.

"No human language can even BEGIN to describe the pure and utter disgust I'm feeling right now..." Filburt groaned, turning sickly green and gagging loudly in disbelief as Maggie pushed her tantalizingly serpentine tongue all the way through Hutchison's ear canal into her rather bizarrely flaky-surfaced and cracked-feeling tympanic membrane (eardrum), causing Hutchison to loudly

yelp in pain due to how abnormally sensitive and fragile the just-recently-and-extremely-crudely-repaired hearing organ of hers had become.

"MEE-YOWCH! I literally JUST got that poor little bastard glued back together by the local witch doctor, you know!" Hutchison VERY inelegantly wailed and whined in pure agony.

"Lemme tell ya, Joe; I've seen some awfully weird fetishes in my time, but talk about one that doesn't make even the slightest LICK of sense to HEAR about!" Jezediah smugly quipped to his "heterosexual" life partner Joe, causing the two of them to bust out into tears of pure, unadulterated joy and roll on the floor laughing hysterically while Filburt pulled out a nice big paper bag from his middle-left desk drawer and violently heaved his guts into it as Maggie finally retracted her now-revoltingly-hairy-and-waxy tongue from the now-steamingly-warm-faced-and-aroused Hutchison's ear and indulgently licked her lips, making sure to also burp obnoxiously loudly in the process just to make herself come across as even MORE of a repulsive, gluttonous pig.

"ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MISTER XANDER?! IF I'M A FUCKING EARWAX-CONSUMING PIG, YOU CAN SAY SO!" Maggie dementedly laughed and shrieked at ME, the writer, to which I myself had literally no words whatsoever, while everyone else in the room BESIDES Maggie just exasperatedly face-palmed themselves in response, with Filburt in particular VERY tightly clutching his head with both hands as if he was desperately struggling to repress traumatic memories of a certain Maggie X Flecko rape scene from stories past (probably because he WAS) while Maggie and Hutchison reluctantly returned to their initial secret-whispering positions and finally cut the crap once and for all...for better or worse.

"Okay, so (psst psst psst psst psst)..." Maggie nervously glanced from side to side and began secretively whispering (for REAL this time) into Hutchison's left ear while Hutchison eagerly began filling out Maggie's profile paperwork in response, and also while Jezediah and Joe began irritatingly giggling and snickering various lesbian-mocking jokes to each other under their breaths (again, much to Filburt's VERY evilly glaring chagrin).

"Okay, I think I've got the gist of it!" Hutchison remarkably calmly and silently reassured Maggie in a very soothingly and gently whispering, almost ASMR-esque tone of voice as she frantically looked over the mere FIRST of the rather absurdly numerous pages that had just been placed before her. "Alright, so your skin color is actually light gray but is politically labeled as being black for some stupid reason...your middle name is Rebellious (rolls her eyes and sarcastically mutters the word "RIGHT" to herself)...your sexual orientation is (blushes intensely) Pansexual...your hair color is naturally ginger (snickers mockingly) but is dyed pink...your favorite food condiment is your own vomit (gags)...your uncle was exactly three times your physical age at the time when he raped you (dry-heaves)...your own physical age is indeed 12 (pukes and wipes her mouth disgustedly)...your personal favorite breakfast food is waffles, especially when eating out (sighs regretfully as Jezediah, Joe, and even Filburt begin laughing and giggling intensely while Maggie humiliatedly blushes and dearly wishes that she was still able to face-palm herself in response while stuck in her straitjacket)...you and your best friend Rayna used to share the exact same toothbrush with each other (gags yet again)...your sexual organs are already fully developed at your current age (Jezediah and Joe suddenly start grinning and raising their eyebrows at each other in the classic "are you thinking what I'm thinking" type of look, prompting Filburt to smack both of them squarely across the face while Hutchison just warmly blushes and starts jealously giggling at the mere thought of being able to make her very own baby at such an astonishingly young age)..."

HALF...AN HOUR...LAY-TERR...

"Favorite place to have sex...is inside someone else's brain...favorite place to swim...is in a sewage

dump...first male crushes...were your own big brother and father..." Hutchison tiredly and bloodshot-eyedly finished rattling (and checking) off once and for all, collapsing backward and face-up onto the floor in complete and utter exhaustion while Filburt and the Jez/Joe duo had already done much of the same quite some time ago.

"Oh, man...now's my chance, isn't it...oh dear God, I've been waiting for this moment for SO FREAKING LONG...the chance to finally taste a REAL HUM-ANIMAL WOMAN'S FEET...OHHHHHH, MOMMY..." Maggie ecstatically, ridiculously hornily whispered and moaned to herself, flopping down onto her cripplingly straitjacket-bound thorax (chest) and gleefully biting down on Hutchison's right high heel so that she could yank it right off with her dainty little teeth, causing Hutchison to mildly quiver in her sleep but thankfully not actually wake as her gorgeous right sole was revealed.

"Oh, FUCK me..." Maggie somewhat regretfully thought to herself, taking rather disgustingly indulgent advantage of her otherwise-useless new physical position (to say the LEAST) and quite literally drooling with delight all the while as she playfully peeked STRAIGHT up Hutchison's skirt and wholesomely feasted her eyes on the blissfully unaware Asian-American bombshell's deliciously hot-pink Victoria's Secret panties, lovely white polka dots and all. "She's so incredibly tired and overworked that she probably isn't even going to NOTICE my sexy little tongue brushing against these absolutely DIVINE little beauties of hers...oh, sweet LORD, these SOLES...I must resist...I MUST...ah, fuck it, what am I even waiting for?" Maggie internally monologued to herself, reluctantly yanking off Hutchison's left high heel and causing her to twitch ever-so-slightly more noticeably in her sleep as an amazingly cliched "devil/angel" duo of clones of herself suddenly materialized itself onto Maggie's shoulders. The first of the two to appear, naturally, was the Devil Maggie.

"Yo, homie, what the FUCK do yo' stupid bitch ass be waitin' for, mutha-fucka?! Send in yo' mutha-fuckin' tongue to soak-soak those foot-a-ma-jiggas, dawg; YEAH, mutha-fucka!" Devil Maggie suddenly appeared on Regular Maggie's left shoulder and began crassly commanding her in obscenely stereotypical slang of a variety that I'd personally rather not go into detail about, to which Regular Maggie responded, in an ever-so-faint whisper: "I have barely any idea what in the actual fuck you just said, but I think I agree with it, motherfucker".

"Come on, Maggie, don't let that stupid crack-dealing (African American) tell YOU what to do!" Angel Maggie, who was now dressed up as a rather oddly pointy-headed bedsheet ghost, suddenly appeared on Regular Maggie's right shoulder and began pathetically begging her in yet another obscenely stereotypical accent, with this one naturally being of the Southern United States redneck variety. "Why not just be a proud, civilized, Bible-indoctrinated, HWITE-supremacist citizen of the United States of A-MEY-REE-CUH and NOT run the un-necessary risk of contracting such an awful, belligerent, castrating, debilitating epidemic as Yellow Fever from such a gay, hemorrhoid-riddled, inferior, JANKY-EYED-"

"Alright, that's enough of that, you fat fucking whore!" Regular Maggie hissed furiously at Angel Maggie, disgustedly flinging her off of her right shoulder WITH said shoulder while the Devil Maggie on her left ever-so-excitedly joined her in opening her freakishly large concealed nostrils comically widely and grinning as delightfully maliciously as she could possibly manage from ear to ear as she slowly but surely extended her mouth/tongue progressively closer to Hutchison's drool-inducingly beautiful feet...and closer...AND CLOSER...UNTIL FINALLY...FINALLY(!)...

"OOOH...OH, THEY SMELL LIKE MY DEAD CHILD-RAPIST UNCLE'S DICK CHEESE MIXED WITH EARWAX AND VOMIT...AND THEY EVEN TASTE LIKE IT, TOO...OHHH...HOW UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL...SO WONDERFULLY AGED...25 YEARS, NO LESS..." Maggie began orgasmically moaning, whispering and crooning as she not only licked

Hutchison's breathtakingly soft and sweaty yellow soles from their heels all the way up to their quintuple-each, adorably wiggling and curling toes AND vice-versa (as well as sucked out every last drop of jam from in-BETWEEN her lovely little toes) but also buried her nose ludicrously deeply into the lovingly purring and moaning Hutchison's scrumptiously smooth arches and inhaled their boner-inducing stench so ridiculously deeply and vigorously that the pure, unadulterated essence of it traveled all the way through her nostrils into her adorably spongy, fleshy, pulsating, wrinkly AND demented little brain, formed itself into a nice big pair of hands, and then finally used its index fingers to press the Digestive-Assistance Vomit, Shrieking Orgasm and Spraying Nosebleed buttons on her Central Nervous Super-Computer's control panel in that exact specified order.

"BLEEEAAAAA OOOOOO GGGHHHHHH!" Maggie hilariously-awkwardly shrieked and moaned at the tops of her ever-loving, foot-odor-polluted lungs, puking all over Hutchison's bare feet AND spraying out a grotesquely heaping portion of her gooey, snotty nose blood all over them while also wholesomely estrogen-wetting her panties in the process, waking up everyone in the entire room with a MASSIVE start and causing the now-fully-awake Hutchison to reflexively kick her brutally hard in her now-thoroughly-vomit-and-blood-and-foot-sweat-soaked face and bloodily knock her loose tooth right out of her pretty little mouth in the process!

"Does...does anyone have a spare tooth I could borrow?" Maggie dizzily slurred to herself as she laid absentmindedly on the ground, sprawled out LIKE a dead hobo all the while as Hutchison and Filburt just disgustedly shook their heads and sneered at her in seemingly irrevocable disgust and hatred (over something downright ludicrously petty, no less).

"No, but I think I'VE got a spare FUCKING BEATING FOR YA, YOU UTTERLY DEPLORABLE FUCKING INSECT!" Filburt turned bright red with pure, unadulterated, steam-shooting-out-the-ears, locomotive-whistle-sound-effect-boasting rage, (quite literally) animalistically pouncing onto Maggie and tackling her face-up onto the floor with deliciously, spectacularly entertainingly child-abusive intent while Hutchison quickly began to direct her formerly Maggie-centric feelings of disgust toward an entirely new (and blue) target.

"WOO-HOO! BETTER THAN PRO WRESTLING AND SHITPOSTING ALL OVER THE DONALD FRUMP SUBREDDIT!" Jezediah and Joe boisterously hollered and laughed with excitement, pulling out nice big tubs of popcorn and proudly, patriotically watching from the asylum's entrance hallway's waiting seats as a fully grown walking-Jewish-stereotype man clearly based off of Woody Allen suddenly grew giant nerd-rage-induced Hulk muscles and beat the ever-loving shit out of a mentally deranged little US-immigrant black girl from the Third World in the very same classic "dust cloud" style seen in Looney Tunes and the like.

"TRYING TO LICK MY WIFE'S FUCKING FEET IN A GOD-DAMNED STRAITJACKET, ARE YOU?! WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE ME BUSTING UP YOUR PATHETIC, POOFY-LIPPED FUCKING PICKANINNY FACE, YOU LITTLE SHIT-WEASEL?! HUH?! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?! HOW DO YOU FUCKING LIKE IT, YOU GOD-DAMNED SYMPATHY-SUCKING LIBERAL LEECH?! HAH HAH HAH! AHH HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! OHH HO HO HOOOH! HUHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! AAAAAAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!" Filburt rather impressively (albeit RABIDLY) tore Maggie's ENTIRE straitjacket clean off with his bare hands and began horrifically shrieking and laughing in a fit of maniacal, sadistic glee as he clenched his hands into frightfully feral fists of fidelity and began savagely smashing the miserable, miniscule Maggie's mug into a bloody biryani brunch of bruises with a nice big vichyssoise vessel of venomous verbiage that veered most vehemently verbose on the side.

"HA! YOU CALL THAT RIPPING OUT MY SPLEEN? You wouldn't know how to rip out a



spleen if you- OH, GOD, MY SPLEEN! MY PANCREAS! MY LEG!" Maggie began wildly shrieking in pain as Filburt horrifically ripped the former of the three body parts right out of her chest, kicked her brutally hard in the middle one, and snapped the latter like a just-barely-still-holding-together twig, spitting on her beaten, battered, only-barely-still-alive remains in almost-immeasurable disgust as the dust finally cleared out from the room.

"Oh my dear Lord, Joe, is she seriously DEAD?" Jezediah gasped in shock, with Joe equally-surprisingly following suit as the two of them AND Hutchison alike covered each of their mouths with both hands (well, actually, technically "her left hand and right hook" in Hutchison's case) and stared speechlessly in horror at what Filburt had just done to his own wife's almost-completely defenseless new mental patient who technically wasn't even a teenager yet.

"N-NO...BUT...BUT I SURE...D-DO...W-WISH...(coughs up a huge amount of blood and roughly half of her teeth)...I...I W-WAS...(sputters even more blood)..." Maggie weakly, helplessly stammered and cried, lying face-up on the floor and involuntarily twitching her agonizingly broken left leg, upper left arm and lower right arm with what remarkably little functionality her brain, let alone body, still had left in it at that moment as she very unceremoniously slipped into unconsciousness without uttering even another hint of a word.

ONE EXTREMELY OVERLONG AND SHAMELESSLY "PURE-FILLER" COURT SEQUENCE THAT IS A BLATANT RIPOFF OF THE ONE IN "BEE MOVIE" LATER...

"WHAT?! What do you MEAN, Filburt isn't guilty in the traditional sense?!" Hutchison yelled at Judge Edward Bighead in a fit of outrage from the plaintiff table...which, surely enough, was populated solely by Hutchison, Rocko, and Maggie's limp, comatose body, while the defendant table was populated solely by Filburt and his own ludicrously oversized ego.

"Let me just show you a nice big list I've compiled of all of the crazy crap he's done...much of which actually HAS, in fact, been officially PROVEN, mind you!" Hutchison growled lividly, literally pulling a giant, comically oversized scroll listing every single one of said crimes right out of thin air.

"Let's see here, SHALL we?" Hutchison smugly implored Mr. Bighead, pulling out a magnifying glass and diligently scanning her way through the list with her exceptionally sharp and vivid feline eyesight (more on that later) while Rocko stood up in his chair and dutifully held and "scrolled" said list for her. "He's attempted to sacrifice the very LIFE of his so-called best friend, Rocko, to a giant wallaby-eating bird just so that he could STEAL one of said bird's chintzy old wigs (Rocko sarcastically nods his head at Filburt and says "YEAH, FRIEND")...he's also served as Heffer's accomplice in voyeuristically filming Rocko STARK-naked without ANY permission FROM the poor little guy whatsoever and then publicly distributing the result as a full-profit porno film (Rocko does the exact same thing as before, except that he says "YEAH, FRIEND" louder this time)...he's destroyed the entire world in literally just ONE measly Wheel Of Fortune spin (Filburt looks over at her and yells "HEY, THAT WAS JUST BAD LUCK ON MY PART")...he's roughly one entire FOURTH of the reason why Wacky Delly exists (Filburt looks over at her again and yells "BUT THAT WAS THE BEST EPISODE ON THIS SHOW; IT WAS BETTER THAN BOTH 'I HAVE NO SON' AND 'CRUISING' COMBINED")..."

FIVE ENTIRE MINUTES LATER...

"...he's willingly shattered my left eardrum (Rocko once again glares at Filburt and says "yeah"), poisoned the entire local water supply of O-Town with burnt plastic from his OWN accidental porno videos of me AND him getting naked TOGETHER (Rocko glares at Filburt yet AGAIN and yells "YEAH"), and last but not least, he's even beaten both Rocko AND Maggie alike nearly to

DEATH!" Hutchison forcefully slammed her list onto the plaintiff table (startling Rocko into falling over backward from his chair and hitting the floor head-first, which naturally ended up sending him into yet another coma as a rather familiar pair of anthropomorphic-beaver "hospital patient fetchers" suddenly barged into the courtroom out of nowhere, lifted Rocko's chair onto their stretcher and dutifully carried it off into their hospital van while Rocko himself just lifelessly laid face-up on the floor and began involuntarily twitching his legs like yet another dying insect) and yelled furiously at Mr. Bighead while his assistant judge and "lovely" wife Mrs. Bighead just nonchalantly sat and filed her nails behind him.

"AND WHY IN GOD'S NAME SHOULD I CARE?!" Mr. Bighead angrily and impatiently slammed his gavel against his lectern and hatefully bellowed at Hutchison, involuntarily spraying his slimy, nasty phlegm all over her face. "Only a scant FEW of the crimes that you just listed actually DID sound even remotely important anyway!" he continued exasperatedly, throwing his arms out beside him.

"He did THIS to poor little Maggie just for worshipping my feet, for Christ's sake!" Hutchison passionately cried out in a fit of frustration, lifting Maggie's horrifically mangled, only marginally still-alive body out of its seat and revoltedly displaying it to Mr. Bighead. "Honestly, how much more freaking insane can you GET?!"

"Exactly, sweetums!" Mrs. Bighead, who had literally JUST finished filing her nails, did the classic "oh no, you didn't" gesture and smugly teased her.

"OH, NO..." Hutchison gasped, hanging her head and lifelessly dangling her arms straight down toward the floor in hardly anything short of complete and utter dismay. "FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, PLEASE DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU ARE ACTUALLY SERIOUSLY PLANNING TO ADMIT FILBURT AS A NEW INMATE OF-"

"THE ASYLUM? WHY, OF COURSE!" Mr. Bighead heartily bellowed and laughed at poor Hutch's expense. "How much more reason COULD you honestly have given us to make that decision?" he continued laughing as his doting wife, Mrs. Bighead, finally got up out of her seat and walked up to where HIS was so that she could give him a nice, big, victorious high-five.

"I'M LUCKY...I'M LUCKY...I'M LUCKY..." Filburt began chanting to himself while Rocko and Hutchison irritatedly escorted him out of the building with Maggie in tow.

TWO DAYS LATER, IN HUTCHISON'S OPERATING ROOM ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF THE LOCAL O-TOWN HOSPITAL...

"And THAT'S exactly how you and I ended up HERE for the time being!" Hutchison finally finished explaining to the still-heavily-bandage-bound-and-entirely-immobilized Maggie (for whom this was being treated as a BEDTIME STORY, sadistically enough), finishing up with a HORRIBLY uncalled-for cameo appearance by Flecko's button-eyed, hideously stuffed corpse.

"ISN'T IT JUST THE GREATEST STORY SINCE YOU AND I HAVING A BABY TOGETHER?!" Hutchison cartoonishly flapped Flecko's mouth up and down and sarcastically asked Maggie in an atrociously botched attempt at impersonating his voice; as you can probably imagine, Maggie just muffledly screamed, cried and wailed in unbearable agony through her full-body bandages in response.

"AWW, MY STORY MADE YOU SO HAPPY THAT YOU'RE SHEDDING TEARS OF JOY!" Hutchison naively crooned and laughed, gently setting Flecko down onto a nearby chair and sliding over to Maggie's recuperating bed so that she could give her a nice, big, bone-crunching hug.

"MMMGGGHHH!" Maggie loudly whimpered and shrieked in agony, with several large tears leaking from her bloodshot, restless eyes as her torso bandages became HEAVILY stained with blood.

"Oh, don't worry; I'll just go and grab some blue, wavy Relief lines from the nearest supply closet for you! Hang TIGHT, snootchie-bootchums!" Hutchison giggled merrily as she swiftly slid out of the room, leaving Maggie helpless, dying and afraid as always.

"I...H-HATE...M-MY LIFE..." Maggie weakly stammered to herself as she reluctantly fell asleep and painstakingly waited to either (preferably) die or incredibly contrivedly make it to the next chapter simply because the story's plot needed her to. Unfortunately, the readings on her heartbeat monitor clearly indicated the latter, so stay tuned to find out what happens next...

## Chapter 2

### THE BUZZ ON HOW MAGGIE GOT INSIDE HER PSYCHIATRIST'S HEAD, CHAPTER 2

One immensely fateful evening roughly five days later (yes, believe it or not, Maggie actually HAD, in fact, been injured THAT egregiously by Filburt's...AHM...rather heavily abusive physical treatment of her), Dr. Hutchison drove her way back over to the local O-Town Hospital in her fancy snow-white Cadillac, took the main elevator straight up to the building's aforementioned fifth floor and smugly waltzed right back into her designated operating room, where Maggie, now fully recovered and ready to go, was "eagerly" waiting for her on one of the waiting chairs.

"SO, my beloved little SWEETUMS, ready to head on back to the asylum where you BELONG?" Hutchison cynically explained, with her usual cloyingly happy tone gradually fading from her voice with each individual word of the question as she imperiously crossed her arms over her chest and glared at Maggie with a look of both immense disapproval and equally immense disappointment while Maggie just rolled her eyes and irritatedly threw her arms out beside her in response.

"Oh, COME ON, you KNOW for a FACT that Filburt deserves to be locked up there WAY more than I do at ANY rate! Hell, to be quite frank with you, even YOU kind of do!" Maggie flew straight up to Hutchison's face, looked directly into her eyes and angrily pointed out with tightly clenched fists while Hutchison just nervously, worriedly backed away and did the "jazz hand(s)" maneuver in response.

"HMPH!" Hutchison sneered, grabbing Maggie assertively by the waist and angrily but gently setting her back down onto the ground in desperate hopes that maybe, just MAYBE, it would perhaps help the often-insufferably arrogant and self-obsessed little drama queen finally learn her place for once.

"That may be SO," Hutchison continued, planting her hand(s) matter-of-factly onto her hips and aggravatedly sighing in response to Maggie's exhaustingly unrelenting impertinence that her amazingly cute and huggable outward appearance ever-so-predictably concealed, "but that still doesn't give you any right to be part of the catalyst behind the event that DAMNED nearly ended up being the straw that broke the camel's back regarding my already rather exceptionally abusive marriage with Filburt, KAY?!" Hutchison calmly (albeit unbelievably patronizingly) squatted down onto her right knee, gently wrapped her left arm around Maggie's collarbone area and explained to her...then suddenly shrieked the last word of her sentence at the tops of her lungs (punctuating it with a horrifically sharp bend of her neck in the process, naturally), wrapped both of her arms forcefully around Maggie's neck and began violently strangling her.

"Someone WILL pay for this unspeakable insolence...oh yes, SOMEONE...WILL...PAY!" Maggie indignantly (not to mention selfishly) thought to herself as she began flailing her spindly little sextuple limbs all over the place like a deranged rag doll while also gagging, coughing and sputtering desperately for air, already beginning to develop rather extreme feelings of purple-faced déjà vu as Hutchison tightly pressed the back of her poor little insect noggin against her deliciously bulbous, brightly colored feline breasts (well, the part of her dress that just so happened to be rather skimpily "concealing" them, at least).

A few minutes later, Maggie (who was now back in her straitjacket, thank GOD) and Hutchison (who, unfortunately, was still burdened with having to drag Flecko's dead body behind her on an astonishingly crude makeshift rope leash) finally arrived back at the O-Town Asylum, where they quickly found out upon entering the main lobby (entrance hallway) and stepping up to its

registration desk that Chuck and Leon Chameleon (also known professionally as the Chameleon Brothers and non-professionally as The Most Definitely Gay Duo) now served as the building's collective secretary. Just to make matters even worse, they also were now wearing comically oversized sombreros and blatantly fake mustaches in order to visually compliment their gratingly stereotypical voices and mannerisms; apart from that, however, they were still definitely every bit as buck-naked as ever, complete with basically everything that said characteristic implied about them.

"Hey, guys..." Hutchison dejectedly shrugged her shoulders and sighed upon seeing who the new caretakers for the asylum's registration gate were.

"How are things?" she reluctantly asked Chuck and Leon, extending the palm of her (left) hand out toward them so as to indicate that it was now their turn to speak. A LOT.

"OH, SWEET NAKED ANTONIO BANDERAS ON A HOT SUMMER BEACH, THEY ARE JUST ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY, COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY FABULOUS!" Chuck ecstatically jumped for joy and began yelling in only THE most obnoxiously high-pitched and painstakingly thick-accented of voices while Leon cupped his chin in his left hand and sassily glared at Chuck.

"OH, YAHH...I mean, honestly, what can I say? As of late, it just so happens that literally EVERYONE in town is becoming simply NOTHING short of CUCKOO CRAZY!" Leon annoyingly-theatrically crooned and laughed at Maggie's expense. "CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!" he began crossing his eyes, sticking out his tongue and yelling like an idiot while making the classic "peek-a-boo" gesture with his hands, causing both Brothers to clutch their chests and uproariously LAUGH like COMPLETE idiots while Maggie and Hutchison VERY unamusedly rolled their eyes and sardonically gave each other the classic "well, I suppose we really aren't so different from each other after all, but then again, neither are they from us" look, with Hutchison crossing her arms over her chest and impatiently tapping her foot in annoyance in the process while Maggie was (un)fortunately only able to do the latter of those two things.

"AWW, what's the MATTER?" Chuck teasingly and ever-so-flamboyantly asked Maggie and Hutchison, trope-tastically twirling his fake mustache with his right hand while lovingly caressing Leon's firmly erect, fully exposed penis with his left (needless to say, this caused Leon to warmly blush and begin orgasmically moaning, panting and crooning in response). Surprisingly, out of respect for what Maggie had been through with Flecko back when he was still alive, Hutchison actually DIDN'T attempt to shield Maggie's eyes from the occurrence; you'd better believe that the indescribably confused and disgusted looks on Maggie's and Hutchison's faces were absolutely PRICELESS, however.

"Do you feel that perhaps we would be more suited as pitiful, lowly minimum-wage CONSTRUCTION workers, maybe?" Chuck provocatively continued asking Maggie and Hutchison while Leon hornily murmured "you can erect MY Chokey Chicken ANY day of the week, brother" underneath his warmly panting breath, droolingly grinning from ear to ear, effeminately placing the back of his right hand over his hot, sweaty forehead and gleefully, backwardly swooning head-over-heels onto the floor with a great big butthole-penetrating THUD in the process as Chuck embarrassedly giggled at poor Leon's expense and extended out his left hand (which was now dripping with Leon's semen, naturally) to Maggie so that she could lick it clean while Hutchison briefly lifted her up off of the floor so that she would be able to properly reach the extremity in question without Chuck having to move all the way around the desk or witness her astonishingly grotesque mouth-extending trick.

"(AHM) Um...n-no, actually...more accurately FASHION designers, if you catch my drift!"

Hutchison explained to Chuck, who mainly just boredly yawned in response with his right hand while Maggie diligently and systematically (albeit rather sluttishly, to say the least) sucked every last drop of freshly ejaculated spunk right off of all five fingers of his left hand, one by one.

"OOH, did someone say FASHION DESIGNERS?!" Leon suddenly sprung right back up onto his feet and overjoyedly yelled at the tops of his lungs with excitement.

"Why, we've got JUST the things for YOU...(YAWN)" Chuck begrudgingly, tiredly sighed as he and Leon dutifully led (more accurately, toured) Maggie and Hutchison to the nearby fashion-designing room on the asylum's first floor...through a nice big (West Wing, first floor, frontmost layer) brick cell corridor (half) full of horribly distraught and completely overglorified PRISONERS (all locked up in back-wall cells, naturally) who were all rather clearly every bit as agonizingly trapped in their straitjackets as Maggie herself was, of course! Needless to say, the mere sight of these poor souls and what being trapped in the asylum had done to them made Maggie feel rather uncomfortable to put it LIGHTLY.

"JUST YOU WAIT, EVIL STOCKING PUPPETS IN SCRUMPTIOUS DOG-POOP CLOTHING! One of these days, I smell to Feet...me and Lama Goldendoodle will collectively SHAVE, yes, SHAVE the ENTIRE WORLD into the great and powerful Compactor Of Doom until there is literally nothing left of it but a great big pile of shopping carts LOADED WITH THE ASHEN REMAINS OF EVERY LAST SOCK AND LLAMA KNOWN TO FOOT-KIND! And they told me MY feet were the ones that stank!" Submarine Manatee (an anthropomorphic manatee version of the real-life Submarine Man's Plotagon persona, as the name clearly suggests) began nonsensically, barefootedly babbling in an obnoxiously high-pitched and quite nearly indecipherable Autotune-filtered voice as he wildly writhed around on the floor of his cell and used the piece of white sidewalk chalk that he just so happened to be holding between the big and index toes of his left foot to manically scrawl random pictures of the very same objects that he had just been talking about all over the walls of said cell. Meanwhile, Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers just annoyedly covered their ears to stop said ears from violently bleeding.

"OH, how I yearn for death's sweet embrace..." Maggie internally groaned and externally wept in helpless agony as several drops of blood suddenly dripped from the sides of her head and fell onto the floor while her poor little antennae crinkled in revulsion; needless to say, she could have easily used her hands to protect all four of those precious little hearing organs of hers if it weren't for THAT NIGHTMARISHLY CONSTRUCTIVE FREAKING OUTFIT OF HERS.

"PLEASE! SOMEBODY! LET ME (twitches her head, closes her left eye and grinds her teeth like a maniac) OUT OF HERE, I'M BEGGING YOU! FOR GOD'S (TWITCH) SAKE, ALL I (TWITCH) WANT IS TO SIMPLY BE ABLE TO (TWITCH) SEE MY FAMILY AGAIN! Tee hee hee...YES...my so-called (VIOLENT TWITCH) FAMILY...that raped me right in the middle of my own (TWITCH) kitchen while this fucking DETESTABLE LITTLE (VIOLENT TWITCH) BRAIN PARASITE OVER HERE MASTURBATED TO IT! MAGGIE REBELLIOUS PESKY, I (TWITCH) SWEAR TO GOD, I'M GOING TO MAKE FUCKING DEEP-FRIED (TWITCH) MINCEMEAT OUT OF YOU THE NEXT TIME I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, DO YOU FUCKING (VIOLENT TWITCH) HEAR ME?! YOU FUCKING SELFISH, DEPLORABLE, SADISTIC LITTLE (EXTREMELY VIOLENT TWITCH) FREAK!" Virginia Wolfe (Heffer Wolfe's adoptive mother who had just recently been the previous "Buzz On How Maggie" story's brain-fetish victim and had also finally been relocated from her former padded cell exactly five floors above her to the brick one depicted here after, believe it or not, roughly seven consecutive days of consistently IMPROVING conduct on her part) confusedly and also-barefootedly cried, roared and shrieked in a truly tragic mixture of sadness, anger AND helpless terror as she sat brokenly and hopelessly in her designated rocking chair, wildly convulsing in her seat and ferociously gnashing her teeth in a VERY truly desperate attempt to break free from her straitjacket

(not to mention savagely maul Maggie's skin off in the process, except that the door and surrounding bulletproof-glass front window wall of her cell would unfortunately have still been in the way), accidentally knocking both herself and her rocking chair right over onto the floor of her cell and effectively crying herself to sleep as Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers each placed their hands firmly on their hips and glared directly into the nervously, "innocently" whistling Maggie's comically oversized, more-than-understandably shifty eyes with the collective burning hatred of easily AT LEAST nine thousand suns.

"Um...uh...erm...heh heh, oh MY! Did...Did I really do THAT to HER?!" Maggie regretfully stammered, trembling and sweating intensely while Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers just silently and symbolically nodded their heads at her in response, unable to even find the proper words to describe just how immeasurably disgusted they now were with her. "GEE...T-TOUCHE..." Maggie nervously thought to herself, shuddering in horror at the mere thought of what her selfish and spiteful actions in the previous story had put poor old Virginia through as she and her cohorts finally reached the last of the three main attractions for their west-wing hallway tour...ladies and gentlemen, give it up for John Kricfalusi!

"Why...why did Rocko's Modern Life have to exist...why can't every cartoon just BE exactly like good old classic Looney Tunes and my ever-so-dearly-beloved Ren & Stimpy brainchild without having to fucking TRY to...why did the boring-ass script-writing portion of the cartoon development process have to become so heavily prioritized over the actual artistic acuity of the animators when the former of those two things quite frankly was never even the fucking POINT of cartoons in the FIRST god-damned place...why can't all animation critics immediately know how good something is at first glance the way that Ken Tucker does (AUTHOR'S NOTE: Ken Tucker is a fucking pompous, ignorant ass-wipe who QUITE FRANKLY should never have even been allowed to become a so-called "professional" critic of the type of thing that Rocko is in the first place)...why does everything have to think it's so fucking smart now...why couldn't every single thing on Earth have just stayed exactly the way I LIKED it...why...WHY DID THE MINIMUM LEGAL AGE FOR CONSENT HAVE TO BE EIGHTEEN FUCKING YEARS?! WHY, WHY, WHY, WHY, WHY?!" John Kricfalusi groveled pathetically on the floor of his cell and VERY long-windedly rambled off of his personal Nostalgia-Tard Woes monologue script (which, naturally, wasn't actually physically written on paper but rather PROGRAMMED INTO HIS MIND from the sheer deadline-exceeding amount of time that he had spent rehearsing it) in a damned-near-flawless impression of his original Ren Hoek voice from the first few seasons of Ren & Stimpy itself, then suddenly threw a ginormous temper tantrum and began wildly shrieking at the tops of his lungs as he also began frantically hopping all around his cell like an armless potato sack racer and viciously tearing up the very same Ren & Stimpy concept art that just so happened to be INCREDIBLY thoroughly lining the walls of his cell with his teeth, foaming grotesquely at the mouth with pure, unbridled rage all the while as his personal radio remarkably fittingly (albeit definitely more than a little pretentiously, to say the least) played the First Movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata in the background.

"Wow, who in the actual Hell shat in HIS Cheerios?" Hutchison mockingly asked through her trusty Flecko corpse-puppet, causing the Chameleon Brothers to snidely throw their arms out beside themselves and roll their eyes in the classic "hell if I know" gesture in response while Maggie desperately struggled to avoid having yet another horrific PTSD flashback at the mere sight of her dead rapist (adoptive) uncle's body, squirming ever-so-hilariously adorably in her cozy little straitjacket in the process. Needless to say, Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers chose to simply (not to mention HORRIBLY insensitively) point and laugh at the poor little thing as opposed to actually making an effort to comfort her.

"Anyway, now that THAT'S taken care of, it is now officially cosmetic REMODELING TIME!" Chuck merrily threw his arms straight up into the air and sang as he and his cohorts finally reached

and entered the rather unsettlingly window-less doorway to the rather disturbingly decadent, conspicuously security-camera-lacking and generally dismal-looking "fashion" room at the end (as in just past the third cell) of the (back wall of the) hallway, which was pretty obviously a repurposed and redecorated torture chamber to say the LEAST (ominous brick walls, incredibly creepy window placement and all, with the only real difference being the electric lights and whatnot); basically all of the usual trappings were still very much there and also in their usual places, just heavily repainted into an obnoxiously girly hot-pink color and legally(?) modified to serve less dangerous purposes. For example, the VERY conveniently desk-sized and desk-shaped chopping block had been converted into a fashion tool storage desk complete with a big, fancy, oval-shaped, LED-lit vanity mirror like the ones that you commonly see in Hollywood studios, the electric chair had been modified into a downright ludicrously technologically-advanced hairstyling chair, the iron maiden had been modified into an acupuncture device, the pillory and stocks were now being used mostly for fetish reasons (and supposedly also to "help" the Chameleon Brothers paint their customers' nails and faces more easily...yeah, RIGHT), and the (now exactly four) handcuff chains dangling from the ceiling were also being used mostly just for fetish reasons.

"Are you ready for the single greatest makeover of your entire LIFE?! WELL?! RAISE YOUR HANDS IF YOU ARE, PLEASE!" Leon jumped for joy and annoyingly over-enthusiastically encouraged Maggie, somehow forgetting that Maggie's arms were still stuck in her straitjacket while Chuck and Hutchison dutifully face-palmed themselves in response.

"Oh, uhh, RIGHT! HEH HEH! SILLY ME! How could I forget such an absurdly simple thing, hmm? You tell ME!" Leon chuckled humiliatedly as he locked the door behind him and more-than-somewhat hesitantly unbuckled/removed Maggie's straitjacket so that her aforementioned makeover could begin; surprisingly, she didn't actually attempt to strangle anyone in the general vicinity upon finally being set free from her repulsively un-fashionable full-torso arm restrainer. Instead, she decided to just submissively (albeit rather profoundly annoyedly) play along with the Chameleon Brothers' incredibly obvious act/game, immediately following them straight over to the vanity desk without another word.

"OOH, I JUST CAN'T WAIT...SHE'S GOING TO LOOK SO UTTERLY DELICIOUS..." Hutchison creepily thought to herself as the marvelously methodical makeover madness began...or, at least, was ABOUT to begin, provided that she was enough of a closeted pedophile to actually be willing to pay the admission price for the Chameleon Brothers' so-called "royal class" service, that is!

"Your new and superficially improved little sweetheart can now officially be yours for as low as \$8.95!" Chuck began explaining as he and Leon suddenly swung around 180 entire degrees on their heels and faced Hutchison. "PLUS TAX!" Leon annoyingly added with an exceptionally condescending wink while Hutchison just aggravatedly dug around in her wallet and coin purse, meticulously pulled out the exact amount of cash required for the Chameleon Brothers' payment and handed it to them right on the spot.

"Oh, MAN, Chuck, we're making out like dirty little bandits ALREADY!" Leon merrily chuckled, gleefully twirling his fake mustache with delight as he and Chuck briefly took off their sombreros so that they could VERY unceremoniously and greedily shove the money that they had each just been given RIGHT into them before finally, shifty-eyedly putting them back on.

"Okay, FIRST THINGS FIRST, we REALLY need to do something about this freaky-looking PYRAMID HAIR of yours!" Chuck disgustedly scoffed at Maggie as he and Leon set Maggie down in the vanity table's obligatory wooden chair and creepily ogled her through the mirror while she just audibly gulped in response. "Man, TALK about being tastelessly stereotypical, am I RIGHT?" Chuck rudely teased Maggie, playfully nudging Leon with his right elbow on the last



three words of the question while the two of them lecherously stroked their fingers through Maggie's already extremely gorgeous triangle hair, shooting her a frightfully extreme (albeit mirror-reflected) example of the classic "bedroom eyes" glare in the process.

"And where exactly were we planning to do THAT, might I ask?" Maggie nervously asked Chuck and Leon as they dutifully scooped her up into their arms and began comically over-protectively carrying her across the room.

"Why, the Electric CHAIR-Styler, of course!" Chuck and Leon uproariously laughed while Maggie's pupils suddenly shrank to a barely-even-visible size in response.

"What?" Maggie flatly whispered to herself in utter disbelief as Chuck and Leon tightly strapped her arms and legs into the chair, with Chuck then proceeding to manually pull down its obligatory dome-shaped (and also VERY conveniently robotic-tentacle-attached) electrocution helmet onto her poor little head while Leon eagerly began operating the classic-1980s-cartoon-styled manual control console right next to the chair itself.

"Alright, brother; THROW THE SWITCH!" Chuck commanded Leon as Leon vigorously threw the main "electrocution" switch on the electric chair's control console.

"GYAAAAAAHHH!" Maggie shrieked in pain, flashing into skeletal X-ray mode several times as the chair (whose electrical current had thankfully been reduced to the point of being entirely non-lethal to human-sized life-forms like what Maggie had now been grown into...well, provided that the switch-thrower didn't leave it on for more than five seconds too long, that is) shocked the living bejeezus out of her, frying her entire formerly beautiful hairstyle into a great, big, ugly ball of comically outstretched, freakishly curled-by-the-dome hair strands as Leon then proceeded to quickly shut the chair's electrocution function back off while Chuck merrily skipped his way right back over to her pathetically exhausted-looking, bloodshot-eyed self and briefly removed the helmet so that he and Leon could smugly marvel at the "fascinating" results of their little experiment.

"OOH, the classic 'Maggie if she doesn't get her ACT together at some point within the next roughly two months or so' look, how utterly FABULOUS!" Leon snidely jeered at Maggie's expense, patting her on the head in every bit as obnoxiously patronizing of a manner as ever and getting himself statically electrocuted as a result as he and Chuck briefly walked back over to the vanity table and pulled out their trusty makeup/hairstyling tool-box from its bottom-right drawer, then eagerly returned to her so that they could begin the hairstyling process on her while Hutchison eagerly steeled herself into optimal embarrassing-photo-snapping position on the opposite side of the room.

ONE INCREDIBLY CARTOONISH SCRAMBLE OF RANDOM HAIRSTYLING ACTIVITIES  
BY THE CHAMELEON BROTHERS LATER...

"AAH, YES, THE CLASSIC 'ALPHA BITCH' PONYTAIL! Now you'll SURELY be popular at school!" Chuck and Leon finally turned off the alternate "hair dryer" function of Maggie's helmet, removed said helmet from (literally two entire feet above) her head, and then immediately began to mockingly point and laugh at her while the poor little thing internally wished that her arms were still free so that she could grab her stupid "ponytail" and choke herself to death with it as opposed to having to deal with the insufferable ponces for any longer. Meanwhile, Hutchison was busy using her ever-so-trusty iPhone to take a nice big photograph of Maggie's rather unsurprisingly fitting new (Dawn Swatworthy) hairstyle so that she could share it all over Twitter and Tumblr while Maggie just angrily cursed her own sad, miserable existence underneath her breath.

"EHH...actually, you know what? I think I've got an even BETTER idea for what Maggie's

fabulous new hairstyle should be!" Leon quizzically cupped his chin in his right hand and informed Chuck as the two of them eagerly prepared their hairstyling tools for yet another round of humiliatingly garish and pompous ridiculousness.

#### ANOTHER INCREDIBLY CARTOONISH SCRAMBLE OF RANDOM HAIRSTYLING ACTIVITIES BY THE CHAMELEON BROTHERS LATER...

"OOH, the classic soft-serve ICE CREAM hairdo! STRAWBERRY-FLAVORED, no less! OH, YAAH, this'll be absolutely SURE to WOW all of those meme-loving troglodytes on all of your favorite social media sites!" Chuck and Leon excitedly removed Maggie's hair-dryer helmet from (precisely twenty-four inches above) her head and immediately began overjoyedly laughing themselves to tears at the mere sight of what they had just applied the finishing touches to underneath said helmet, using their handheld mirror to show Maggie her dreadfully gay-looking new(tron) hairdo just for the pure sake of rubbing it in while Maggie aggressively gritted her teeth and lividly seethed with unbearably pent-up rage, causing her face to turn every bit as red as a fully ripened tomato while searing-hot steam vehemently began shooting out from the now-just-barely-visible ear-holes on the sides of her head.

"MUST...NOT...KILL..." Maggie rabidly growled to herself as the camera suddenly zoomed its way directly through her filthy, hairy, wax-coated right ear canal (eardrum and all) until it finally reached her violently throbbing, quite literally steaming-hot brain, which it then proceeded to zoom its way directly into through its upper hemisphere gap so that it could show, through the use of hilariously ugly and obvious CGI, exactly what each of her five most commonly used neural nodes were eagerly thinking of doing to the Chameleon Brothers at that precise moment. Surely enough, node #1 wanted to skin them alive and feed them to a hungry shark; node #2 wanted to go inside their OWN brains and cause untold damage in there until the annoying, frivolous pricks were nothing more than giant green vegetables; node #3 wanted to give each of them a colonic irrigation using water that was filled with broken glass and rusty nails; node #4 wanted both of them to choke to death on each other's semen; last but not least, node #5 wanted to bare-handedly rip Chuck's liver clean out of his chest and violently force-feed it to Leon with fava beans and a nice, tall glass of deliciously rat-poison-infused Chianti while Chuck was bound, gagged and effectively forced to watch, just as Virginia Wolfe had been in the previous story when Maggie had gotten raped nearly to death by Flecko inside of HER brain.

"IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT IS HOLY, SHUT THE EVER-LOVING FUCK UP, WOULD YOU PLEASE?!" Maggie boiled completely over with pure, unbridled anger and furiously shrieked at the tops of her lungs, sending the childish teasing and mocking Chameleon Brothers running all the way over to the opposite side of the room and screaming for dear life in terror while Hutchison merrily began spreading yet ANOTHER incredibly embarrassing photograph of Maggie all over the Internet with her iPhone, sweating feverishly and whistling "innocently" all the while.

#### YET ANOTHER INCREDIBLY CARTOONISH SCRAMBLE OF RANDOM HAIRSTYLING ACTIVITIES BY THE CHAMELEON BROTHERS LATER...

"Alright; one, two, THREE!" Chuck and Leon anxiously counted down to each other before finally grabbing onto Maggie's helmet in a collective effort and yanking it right off of (the invisible space exactly two feet above) her head for what was now officially the THIRD time in a row, much to Maggie's almost-immeasurable chagrin as the two of them immediately went completely ape-shit over the mere sight of what they had just made, also for literally the THIRD freaking time in a row. Starting to notice an extremely repetitive pattern in this scene yet, by any chance?

"Good HEAVENS! Why, it's none other than the classic JHERI CURL AND PORN STACHE look!" Chuck and Leon covered their mouths and gasped in astonishment while Hutchison took yet

ANOTHER horribly degrading photograph of poor little Maggie and spread it all over the Internet with her iPhone. "Best known for appearing in, oh, we don't know, only one of THE most eternally classic gangster movies of all TIME, no less!" Chuck and Leon ecstatically waved their arms back and forth in the air and continued.

"Oh, you were FINISHED? Oh, well allow me to RETORT!" Maggie sarcastically implored, evilly glaring at Chuck and Leon in the process.

"CALL THIS FUCKING EMBARRASSING, CHINTZY GARBAGE OF YOURS 'CLASSIC' AGAIN! I DARE YOU! I DOUBLE-DARE YOU, MOTHERFUCKERS, CALL THIS FUCKING TASTELESS, MONEY-GRUBBING BULLSHIT 'CLASSIC' ONE MORE GOD-DAMNED TIME!" Maggie turned bright red yet again and infuriatedly screamed at the Chameleon Brothers, who both immediately flinched a rather impressive distance backward (not to mention away from her) and gave her the "jazz hands" gesture in response.

"But MAGGIE, we thought black folks such as yourself absolutely LOVED this type of stuff to DEATH! Couldn't get ENOUGH of it, in fact!" Chuck and Leon nervously explained, holding extremely tightly onto their comically large sombreros with all four of their collective hands and giving Maggie the classic "puppy-dog eyes with a side of giant, drooping mustaches and piss-dripping, rapidly wobbling knees" look while Hutchison irritatedly crossed her arms over her chest and gave both of the Chameleon Brothers a truly debilitating case of the stink eye from the opposite side of the room, prompting the two of them to laughably fakely grin at her and weakly wave "hello" to her while also beginning to wobble their knees even MORE rapidly in response.

"Does this look ANYTHING like the type of hairstyle that a fucking WOMAN like myself would want to be PUBLICLY walking around with to you?!" Maggie aggressively gritted her teeth yet again and frustratedly yelled at the Chameleon Brothers, who simply performed yet another extremely frightened "jazz hands" gesture and nervously shook their heads "no" at her as their way of answering said question.

"If by WOMAN you mean fucking obnoxious attention WHORE, then yeah, probably..." Hutchison exhaustedly shrugged her shoulders and bitterly muttered under her breath as the Chameleon Brothers angrily pulled out a great big catalog magazine featuring every single one of their most beloved signature hairstyles from the vanity table and began VERY matter-of-factly displaying every single one of the award-winning contents of its first two pages to her from least to most desirable, with Maggie infuriatingly rejecting every single one.

"HMPH!" the Chameleon Brothers hatefully sneered in disgust at the revoltingly hateful, shockingly spoiled and generally egotistical attitude that Maggie had just recently been showing towards them. "If looking like an anthropomorphic lolicon version of Robert Plant won't fucking work for you, quite literally NOTHING will!" the two of them furiously yelled at her, immediately pulling out their wireless electric shavers from their fashion toolbox and charging straight at her in a truly animalistic fit of disapproval-induced rage and bitterness.

"Oh yeah, PUNISH that fucking sadistic little bitch, why don't you?" Hutchison arousedly mumbled to herself, panting and moaning more contentedly than ever before as she slyly lifted up the front part of her skirt with her hook hand (fully exposing her beautifully long and slender legs), dug her way straight through her panties into her vagina with her left middle finger, and began hatefully fingering herself to the now-blood-curdlingly-screaming Maggie's torturous plight as the Chameleon Brothers brutally, gratuitously sheared every last shred of adorably fluffy sheep's clothing that the selfish little bitch had previously been wearing atop her head (literally right down to the bare, bleeding BONE in not one but SEVERAL cases, no less), maniacally laughing all the while as the entire room was thoroughly filled with the sounds of agonized shrieking and

incredibly loud motorized razors.

ONCE THE HEAD-SHAVING SESSION WAS FINALLY OVER...

"TA-DA! Now you look like a truly bonafide SKINHEAD! Feel free to bigotedly order us to get the fuck out of your house any time you like!" Chuck and Leon laughed maliciously at Maggie, with Leon forcefully holding her eyelids open with his hands while Chuck showed her what she now looked like using his handheld mirror. Needless to say, Maggie was already wholeheartedly crying and sobbing in pure and utter defeat and humiliation, making Chuck's and Leon's penises all the more firmly erect to see her as a result.

"Why don't you just get the fuck out of my LIFE, you obnoxiously stereotypical fucking FREAKSHOWS?!" Maggie wailed and wept miserably while Jezediah and Joe suddenly walked into the room to see just what in the actual Hell was going on with Maggie (since none of the other local security guards seemed to be competent or considerate enough to actually do so) and immediately found themselves mischievously grinning from ear to ear at each other in response to seeing Maggie so completely hairless and defenseless.

"We WOULD, you see, but we're already fresh out of community service vacation days!" Chuck and Leon shrugged their shoulders, tossed their arms out beside themselves and sighed dejectedly, then suddenly lurched backward in surprise as Jezediah and Joe very unwelcomely came bounding straight toward them, having already very tightly locked the room's entrance door behind themselves.

"Umm...heh heh...you're...you're not going to ARREST us, are you? We weren't going to rape this poor, sweet little angel, we SWEAR!" Chuck and Leon pathetically cowered, fake-grinned and stammered from how obviously intimidated they were by the wafer-thin, hare-brained, minimum-wage security guards' OH-so-amazingly-royal presence, humiliatedly covering their buck-naked, extremely-firm-erection-displaying crotches with their sombreros and blushing every bit as brightly, warmly and sweatily as they possibly could.

"Uh...TEE HEE...uh, nothing to see here! Move along, move along!" Hutchison also humiliatedly fake-grinned, blushed and stammered in very much the same fashion that the Chameleon Brothers had just adopted, crossing her arms (most importantly her rather conspicuously estrogen-soaked left hand) behind her back and innocently whistling In The Hall Of The Mountain King (by Grieg) to herself with only THE shiftiest eyes and sweatiest forehead that you could possibly imagine someone having.

After blankly staring at the obviously sadistic and pedophilic scene that shamelessly laid before them for several seconds straight, then equally blankly glancing over at each other for several MORE seconds straight, Jezediah and Joe finally came to an extremely important judicial conclusion that laid the groundwork for future story chapters to come.

"Oh, I get it! You guys were playing Glue The White Anglo-Saxon Feathers Onto The Fucking Racist Anti-Donkey-Party Skinhead's Face!" Jezediah clutched his belly and laughed uproariously while Joe merrily followed suit. "Hey, can we join too?" Joe asked curiously, pulling out a paintbrush and a nice big bucket of tar from his utility belt while the Chameleon Brothers just blankly glanced over at each other for several seconds straight before finally rolling their eyes, shrugging their shoulders, throwing their arms out beside themselves and sardonically saying "Oh YAAHH, SURE, why not".

"Now this is what I call blackface, BLACK FACE!" Jezediah obnoxiously laughed, yelled and spat all over Maggie's face, snatching the tar bucket and paintbrush right out of Joe's hands and using them to thickly coat Maggie's entire completely hairless head with tar while Hutchison loudly

moaned with arousal at the mere sight of such a thing happening.

"Let's see how you like being THIS white, you fucking dick-weed!" Joe hatefully sneered at Maggie as he and Jezediah then proceeded to repeatedly press their thickly feathered arms against literally every possible external part of Maggie's head and then vigorously yank them right back off of her head so that said noggin became completely, humiliatingly coated from scalp to neck with their fluffy white pillow feathers.

"Aww, you're just a little suburban alt-right chicken! CHEEP CHEEP-CHEEP-CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP!" Chuck and Leon childishly teased Maggie, sticking their thumbs into their armpits and flapping their arms up and down like bird wings while Hutchison and the two actual anthropomorphic birds in the room excitedly formed together into a group with them and thus effectively completely engulfed poor, POOR little Maggie in their own agonizingly degrading derision of her.

"I...I HATE MY LIFE...SO...SO VERY MUCH..." Maggie groaned devastatedly as Hutchison, the Chameleon Brothers and the Jez/Joe duo finally set her free from the hairstyling chair, at which point she immediately attempted to fly right out of the room, as well as the entire building altogether...only to then also-immediately get caught by the legs by Joe and Jezediah!

"Oh, NO you don't!" Jezediah playfully chuckled as he and Joe brutally slammed Maggie face-down and face-first onto the floor, stripped her completely naked from head to toe, grabbed her tightly by the arms and forcefully dragged her over to the torture room's double-decker pillory/stock set (of which the pillory portion now had TWICE the arm holes, naturally) with only THE biggest and creepiest of sadistic serial-rapist grins on their faces while Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers grabbed the fashion toolbox and overjoyedly followed them.

"We've got OTHER entirely different plans for YOU, my friend..." Joe terrifyingly whispered as the Chameleon Brothers angrily locked Maggie's face and hands into the pillory while Hutchison and Jezediah hornily locked her feet into the stocks (yes, due to her secretly having multi-jointed limbs, it actually WAS, in fact, possible for Maggie to be locked into both of these things at once while still standing upright in the process).

"Alright, so now we're going to apply the lipstick and nail polish!" Chuck patronizingly explained to Maggie with only THE most insufferably smug and conniving of evil grins on his face as Hutchison deviously snuck behind her while Joe and Jezediah excitedly grouped themselves together down below at the stocks, where Maggie's tightly bound, tantalizingly soft and sensitive-looking, completely defenseless bare feet were now anxiously wiggling and squirming.

"And if you DARE to try even the most SLIGHTLY funny thing while we're doing so, such as LAUGHING for example, me and Chuck are going to violently SMACK you upside the head like the stupid fucking (Negro) bitch that you are! UNDERSTOOD?" Leon warned Maggie, condescendingly waving his left index finger at her for emphasis while she audibly gulped and submissively nodded "yes" to him in response, her eyes intensely tearing up as her upper lip nervously quivered...but not because she was sad, you see; rather, it was because she was indeed SENSITIVE!

"Now, now, hold STILL, please! This is a VERY DELICATE procedure, you know; why don't you try showing just a little RESPECT for the ART that Leon and I make, HMM?" Chuck teasingly scolded Maggie as he and Leon grabbed one bottle of nail polish each from the fashion toolbox and respectively began re-painting (or at least frustratingly struggling TO re-paint) the "rosy red" fingernails of her tightly pillory-bound right and left hands into a rather surprisingly well-chosen "pulsating purple" color while she just bit her lip, comically bugged her eyes out and

tried as hard as she possibly could to stop herself from bursting out into a maniacal, shrieking fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"I'M...I'M...I'M TRYING, FOR GOD'S SAKE!" Maggie hopelessly cried, her face already rapidly turning blue from how hard she was now sucking in her cheeks and holding her breath in a last-ditch effort to keep herself from laughing, knowing quite well that she would NOT be able to hold out for very much longer (if any longer at all, to be honest with you) as Joe and Jezediah mercilessly tickled her down below while Hutchison did much of the same to her from behind.

"COOCHIE COOCHIE COO, motherfucker!" Joe and Jezediah laughed heartily in unison as they wholesomely stroked up and down Maggie's fervently wiggling and twitching bare soles with their feather-hands while Hutchison poked her hook hand and left index finger straight into the poor girl's armpits and began scritchng back and forth in them like there was no tomorrow.

"MMMPH!" Maggie strenuously grunted in response as Chuck and Leon finally finished painting the nails of her pinkies and ring fingers and were now moving up to those of her middle and index fingers.

"I must not laugh...laughter is the mind-killer...laughter is the little death that brings total obliteration...I shall hold in my laughter...I shall stone-facedly allow the tickling objects to pass over me and through me. I SHALL NOT LAUGH...I SHALL NOT LAUGH...I SHALL NOT LAUGH...I SHALL NOT LAUGH..." Maggie began internally chanting to herself with what little sanity she still had left in her as Joe and Jezediah began frantically sawing right in-between her adorable little toes with their aforementioned feather-hands and poking into her arches with their beaks while Hutchison tickled her warm, soft belly with her hook hand and briefly shoved the feather portion of a feather duster right up her wondrously tight little ass with the real one. "Oh, FUCK it..." Maggie regretfully thought to herself while Joe and Jezediah suddenly began scratching all over the bottoms of her feet with the pointy little talons of their OWN (perpetually) bare feet as Hutchison began rapidly thrusting the feather duster in and out of her tantalizingly moist and veiny little 12-year-old vagina just as Chuck and Leon were RIGHT about to finish painting her thumbnails.

"BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! OH, DEAR GAW-HAW-HAW-HAWD, I CAN'T TAY-HAY-HAY-HAKE IT ANYMORE! LET ME OUT! PLEASE LE-HEH-HEH-HET ME OUT OF HEE-HEE-HEE-HEERE, I'M BE-HE-HE-HEGGING YOO-HOO-HOO-HOU! PLEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEEASE!" Maggie almost literally DIED laughing, wildly pounding her fists against thin air and hyperactively twitching her feet every which way imaginable as veritable waterfalls of laughter-induced tears began gushing and streaming down her face, unfortunately not actually washing off the tar OR the feathers; what it DID do, however, was make Chuck and Leon SEETHINGLY angry.

"HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY US, YOU FUCKING STUPID (NEGRO) WHORE?!" Chuck yelled furiously at Maggie, brutally slugging her across the right side of her face while Leon did much of the same across the left side of her face, except that what Leon yelled was "WE'VE GOT ENOUGH MINDLESS FUCKING TOOLS THAT ARE ONLY GOOD FOR LABOR AS IS!".

OVER THIRTY MORE SLUGGINGS OF THIS EXACT SAME VERBALLY ABUSIVE AND GRATUITOUSLY RACIST/SEXIST NATURE LATER...

"Alright, so now that we've finally finished painting your fingernails, we've decided that it's NOW time for us to begin work on your TOENAILS!" Chuck explained to Maggie, contentedly retracting his freshly sperm-dripping erection from the now-brightly-scarlet-colored lips of her violently cum-smeared, double-black-eyed, tar-and-feather-coated face as he and Leon eagerly

squatted down onto their knees and dutifully readied the nail polish while Hutchison and the Joe/Jez duo snuck up behind her for some good old-fashioned sexual-assault action.

"And as for those ADORABLE little toes of yours, you'd sure as HELL better believe that we are absolutely going to make those fat little piggies CURL like there's simply NO tomorrow!" Leon chuckled grimly, with him and Chuck flopping down onto their bellies and patiently waiting for Joe's, Jezediah's and Hutchison's imminent sexual stimulation of her private orifices to make said toes do exactly that.

"Hey, what do you MEAN by that- OH...OHHH...AHHH...OOOH..." Maggie began loudly and passionately moaning with arousal, drooling a thickly regurgitated mixture of Chuck's and Leon's semen from her mouth as Hutchison stuck her head right up in-between her legs and began lavishly licking the inside of her vagina while Joe and Jezediah took turns savagely ramming their penises STRAIGHT up her ass.

"I REGRET LITERALLY NOTHING ABOUT THIS WHATSOEVER..." Hutchison dementedly thought to herself as she gluttonously gorged herself with Maggie's tongue-crinklingly ripe and tart lady juices, not even slightly showing any sort of tinge of regret whatsoever for just HOW YOUNG of a lady she had just begun to rather gratuitously indulge herself in the borderline-public act of drinking the so-called "lady juices" of.

"ESPECIALLY not being a freakishly small-dicked redneck loser with basically NO fucking moral standards whatsoever!" Jezediah sarcastically laughed at himself as Joe's freshly grilled wiener squirted its gooey white onion relish into Maggie's wholesomely enriched buns.

"Boy, I sure hope your black ass is ENJOYING this!" Joe chuckled as Jezediah's extra-large squeezable mayonnaise bottle thoroughly penetrated Maggie's chocolate starfish with extreme pride and prejudice, bringing Maggie into such a ridiculously extreme state of orgasmic ecstasy that her toes actually DID somewhat begin to curl forward, much to the Chameleon Brothers' immense delight.

"See? I explicitly TOLD you she wouldn't be able to resist doing that!" Leon playfully teased Chuck as the two of them began diligently painting the now-involuntarily-fully-exposed nails of Maggie's pinky toes, ring toes, and middle toes, using literally every last shred of self-restraint that they had left in order to stop themselves from indulgently sucking those incredibly flexible and scrumptiously plump little toes of hers.

"Oh, what the hell? These little babies are literally ASKING for it anyhoo..." Chuck and Leon embarrassedly thought to themselves as they briefly set their nail polish bottles back down onto the floor and dug right into Maggie's utterly breathtaking bare soles with their oh-so-relaxingly moist, warm, scaly and dripping tongues, also simultaneously and VERY luxuriously massaging the entirety of her lovely, lovely feet from balls to heels to arches to metatarsals and absolutely EVERYTHING in between.

"OH, THAT JUST FEELS HEAVENLY...OHHHHHH...AHHHHHH..." Maggie moaned orgasmically, squirting a great big load of estrogen all over Hutchison's face while Chuck and Leon lovingly sucked her big and index toes, leaving the entirety of her feet irresistibly oozing and glistening with saliva while Maggie curled her toes so hard that they quite nearly fell off, giving Chuck and Leon the perfect opportunity to pick their nail polish back up off of the floor and apply the finishing touches to those exceptionally pretty little toenails of hers.

"Sweet mother of SALVADOR, what a precious little vixen..." Chuck and Leon ecstatically moaned and sighed in unison, developing massive heart shapes in their eyes and quite nearly passing out from how incurably lovestruck they were while Maggie actually DID pass out from a

combination of sheer physical exhaustion AND sheer relaxation overload.

"Alright, that's it; I'm pretty sure we're done for the day, thank you very much! KAY?!" Hutchison laughed merrily with yet another disturbingly violent tilt of her head, gleefully skipping over to where the Chameleon Brothers were now busy freeing the now-deeply-comatose Maggie from the pillory and stocks and lovingly patting them on the backs with her left hand.

"Now hold on just a sec, partner; what about those HANDCUFF CHAINS up there on the ceiling?" Jezediah pointed straight up at said chains and asked the Chameleon Brothers curiously while Joe just LOOKED straight up, crossed his arms over his chest and assertively nodded his head in firm agreement that there was indeed something missing here.

"Ah, FORGET about those!" Chuck laughed dismissively, swinging his right hand straight down like a cat paw in an obvious visual metaphor for "brushing things off".

"YAAHH; we weren't even planning to do anything remotely INTERESTING with them anyway!" Leon chuckled in rather suspiciously specific denial, gently reclothing Maggie and promptly strapping her back into the hairstyling chair so that he and Chuck could begin the Original Hairstyle Restoration process (as if this story wasn't ridiculously-contrived enough already, mind you).

"So, uhh...does that mean we can LEAVE now? And, uh, you know, preferably never speak of this again and whatnot?" Joe asked Chuck as he and Jezediah reluctantly approached the door through which they had previously entered the torture room, wanting absolutely NOTHING more than to make good on the second half of that question while Leon used the chair's control console to convert the hairstyling helmet's function to "Instant Head Cleaner", gasping and sighing with immense surprise and relief as, one massively ostentatious laser-beam light show later, he then lifted said helmet right back off of Maggie to find that not only was she still soundly asleep, but there was also indeed not even a single trace of tar or feathers left on her horrifically bald, bruised and bleeding head.

"NO, NO, STAY HERE, PLEASE!" Chuck urgently implored, eagerly and ever-so-theatrically hand-gesturing for Joe, Jezediah and Hutchison to form a unified group around him and Leon as Leon carefully placed the hairstyling helmet directly back onto Maggie's aching, cripplingly traumatized head while Chuck used the control console to hastily convert said helmet's function to "Brain Reader".

"Hmm...after digging through only-God-knows-how-many desperate suicidal thoughts that were more than likely brought about by what we just did to her among (AHEM) certain other occurrences from the past few weeks of her pathetic, miserable JOKE of a life, I seem to have luckily found an exact memory of what Maggie's brain WISHES her hairstyle still looked like!" Leon gasped in surprise as he fascinatedly skimmed his way through Maggie's personal memory databanks and found an exact, perfectly intact replica of the poor lass' original hairstyle just SITTING there, ripe for the cloning!

"Well, what are we WAITING for? Let's print that son of a bitch OUT, shall we?" Chuck mischievously chuckled and sighed with relief as he merrily converted the hairstyling helmet's function to "Restore Hair From Memory", uploaded the image that Leon had just quite literally picked directly out of Maggie's brain into said function's command box, and then finally hit the Enter key on the control console's main keyboard.

"Wow, does this actually WORK? For REAL?" Hutchison amazedly asked Chuck and Leon in pure wide-eyed disbelief as an abnormally large amount of steam and digital reconstruction lasers suddenly came pouring out from the hairstyling helmet. Meanwhile, Jezediah and Joe just boredly,



tiredly yawned and scratched their buttocks.

"You bet your great big juicy ASS it does!" Chuck and Leon ecstatically threw their arms straight up into the air, jumped for joy and gleefully cheered in unison, twirling around and around on their tippy-toes in several 360-degree circles and striking facepalm-inducingly ostentatious matador poses for Joe, Jezediah and Hutchison to exasperatedly shrug, roll their eyes and groan at...then suddenly stop dead in their tracks and dutifully drop their jaws clean onto the FLOOR as Chuck and Leon manually lifted the hairstyling helmet right off of Maggie's head in a combined effort to reveal (drumroll, please) none other than literally the EXACT same beloved "Hershey's-Kiss-shaped" hairdo that she had always been known for, just leisurely sitting right there atop her noggin in its perfectly natural original state!

"Man, that sure is one awfully pretty little MOUTH she's got! WINK, WINK!" Jezediah degenerately chuckled and winked to his brother Joe, playfully nudging him with his left elbow while the still-completely-unconscious Maggie continued to involuntarily drool thick, oozing rivulets of Chuck's and Leon's cum from her nauseatingly underage mouth.

"Aww, but what if the poor lil' lass be DEAD, though?" Joe worriedly, shifty-eyedly whispered into Jezediah's left ear.

"Oh, well THEN it would be even BETTER because she would no longer be able to TATTLE on us! HEH HEH!" Jezediah tightly clutched his chest and uproariously laughed at Maggie's blissfully unbeknownst expense, prompting Joe to revoltedly slap him across the face. "Ow, what was THAT for?" he whined indignantly while Joe, Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers once again placed their hands firmly on their hips and disappointedly glared at him in response, sticking their tongues out and going "BLEH" at the mere thought.

"You know WHAT?" Chuck gasped. "Speaking of which, we'd better go check on Maggie's vital signs!" he hastily explained, beckoning worriedly for Leon to hurry up and join his cause as the two of them both ran straight back over to the hairstyling chair's control console and converted the helmet's function to "Heartbeat Checker".

"Oh boy, I sure hope we don't get arrested for this..." Leon horrifiedly muttered underneath his breath as he frantically dashed over to the chair itself and placed the hairstyling helmet atop Maggie's head once more while Chuck immediately hit the Enter key on the control console's main keyboard in response.

"Yep, surely enough, she's still alive, that tenacious little devil-spawn!" Chuck threw his arms up into the air and mawkishly cheered (while Leon also did much of the same, of course) as the heartbeat monitor that was now being displayed on the control console rather frighteningly showed Maggie's heart rate DURING her aforementioned coma to be roughly 150 beats per minute.

"Uh...excuse me, but just for the record, couldn't you two have just placed one of your hands OVER her heart to see whether or not it was still beating?" Hutchison threw her arms out beside herself in the classic "seriously, what the fuck, guys" gesture and exasperatedly suggested, still totally flabbergasted by how much blatantly excessive effort the Chameleon Brothers had just put into something as simple as checking to see whether or not a person's heart was pounding out of that person's chest at a given moment.

"Is that what you would call HIP, FANCY and COOL, though?" Chuck and Leon smugly asked her, once again making the classic "oh no, you didn't" gesture for added emphasis while Hutchison just threw her arms out beside her and irritatedly rolled her eyes yet again in response.

"You know what? Never mind..." Hutchison dejectedly leaned forward and dangled her arms

straight down toward the ground while Chuck and Leon, after creepily staring at her for several extremely uncomfortable seconds, suddenly had an idea for how they could finally make her actually useful...a horrible, wonderful, AWFUL idea!

"Are you thinking what I'M thinking?" Leon overjoyedly whispered into Chuck's ear as both of their faces contorted themselves into grotesquely massive, completely erect and profoundly mischievous ear-to-ear grins at the mere thought of what they were about to do to poor little Maggie and more importantly her mental health, with Chuck excitedly nodding his head "yes" in response as the two of them both tightly bit their lips, childishly sucked in their cheeks, nervously twirled their comically oversized fake mustaches and began sweating feverishly from how painfully hard they were clearly trying not to burst out into horribly cliched evil laughter at the blissfully unaware Maggie's expense.

"Oh, HUTCH-i-son?" Chuck teasingly crooned in Hutchison's general direction, eagerly beckoning for her to join them as she nervously accepted the offer and walked over to them while Joe and Jezediah just annoyedly crossed their arms over their chests and stayed right where they were, rebelliously deciding that they wanted absolutely nothing to do with what they ostensibly thought that the Chameleon Brothers were planning (Maggie's death, of course) as Leon began shifty-eyedly whispering into Hutchison's left ear.

"Psst psst psst psst psst psst psst psst..." Leon explained to Hutchison, causing her to (in exact order) reluctantly nod her head, go "MM-HMM", then suddenly cover her mouth and gasp wholeheartedly in shock. "Oh dear GOD, no, you WOULDN'T!" Hutchison shrieked in terror as the Chameleon Brothers then beckoned for Joe and Jezediah to also walk right on over to them and join their unbelievably despicable cause, which was a request that they (rolled their eyes, shrugged their shoulders and) accepted rather reluctantly to say the least.

"Anyway, long story short: Hutchison, pull out your Grink (Grow/Shrink) Ray from your dress pocket! Leon, you go and hold Maggie's left eye open while I hold her right eye likewise! Joe and Jez, prepare to meet your SHRINK!" Chuck assertively commanded everyone, theatrically pointing to each thing and person that he was referring to with his index fingers as he did so.

"Now HOLD ON a second! There are most definitely SEVERAL issues with this so-called PLAN of yours!" Joe frustratedly threw his arms out beside himself and warned Chuck while Leon just quizzically cupped his chin in his right hand, cocked his left eyebrow at Joe and gave him a classic "say what" look in response.

"I mean, besides the fact that it's flat-out HORRIFYINGLY unethical even by OUR standards," Jezediah disgustedly pointed out, sticking his tongue out and gagging/wincing at the mere thought of it, "we're fucking DODO birds! We can't fucking fly in the FIRST god-damned place!"

"Oh, you silly boys, don't you know that that's exactly where O-Town's glorious new SCHLAM-O energy drink comes into play? Here, let me show you!" Leon teasingly swung his hand straight down like a cat paw and chuckled at the two of them, briefly heading back over to the vanity table so that he could yank exactly two cans of said CLEARLY BIOHAZARD-SYMBOL-LABELED energy drink fresh out of its miniature refrigerator (bottom-left) drawer and smarmily hand exactly one to each of them.

"Uhh...just for the record, should we perhaps be worried about these incredibly evil-looking revolver-barrel-shaped symbols on the fronts of these cans?" Joe nervously asked Leon, VERY distrustfully examining the rather profoundly suspicious-looking can that Leon had just handed him and audibly shuddering in response to its nutritional label while Jezediah did much of the same.

"Of COURSE not! I mean, naturally, results of drinking this gloriously unhealthy beverage may vary between different hum-animal species, but in YOUR case, we can gladly confirm through no less than FIVE entire minutes of scientifically accurate Wikipedia research that it actually WILL, in fact, quite literally give you NICE BIG sets of...what were they called again...oh yes, WINGS!" Leon VERY worryingly explained while Joe and Jezediah just briefly glanced at each other and then loudly swallowed their pride in response before finally popping the caps of their new SCHLAM-O cans right open and carelessly guzzling the putrid, toxic sludge that was contained within said cans right down their throats as if they actually WANTED it to grotesquely mutate their bodies to death.

"SO? What do you THINK?" Chuck anxiously asked Joe and Jezediah as all of a sudden, surely enough, actual, snow-white, blatantly copyright-infringing EAGLE WINGS sprouted violently from their backs, busting comically large holes through the backs of their security guard uniforms in the process as the two of them froze dead in their tracks with immeasurable astonishment at what(ever in the actual fuck) had just happened to them.

"HOLY FUCKING SHIT, DUDE, THIS IS TOTALLY WICKED!" Joe and Jezediah both high-fived each other and overjoyedly yelled at the tops of their ever-loving lungs in unison, savagely crushing the aluminum cans that they had just completely emptied of their drink contents (in one fell gulp each, no less) with their foreheads and chucking them right through the pillory's head hole so that they could then victoriously leap straight up into the air, high-five each other yet again and triumphantly yell "SCORE, MOTHERFUCKER" for the whole world to hear.

"Boy, this sure ought to be an awfully EYE-OPENING experience for these two! HMM HM HM HM HM!" Hutchison merrily quipped and giggled, ironically showing almost-total disregard for poor little Maggie's mental health (despite having been officially appointed as her psychiatrist) as she matter-of-factly pulled out her Grink Ray from her aforementioned dress pocket, pointed it directly at the now-valiantly-Superman-posing Joe and Jezediah, set it into Shrink mode and fired it straight at them, causing them to shrink to practically microscopic ant size!

"OH, GEEZE...now we know how FLIES feel..." Joe and Jezediah groaned nauseatedly and fearfully, rapidly flapping their wings in order to stay afloat as they quickly (albeit more than a little hesitantly) made their way respectively toward Maggie's right and left eyeballs while Chuck and Leon respectively held the blissfully unaware lids of said eyes wide open for entry! (AUTHOR'S NOTE: Yes, Maggie was indeed so ridiculously traumatized at this particular moment in time that she actually HAD, in fact, slipped into her vegetative state.)

"GERONIMO!" Joe and Jezediah valiantly yelled, suddenly mutating fish gills onto their necks as they flew straight into the still-fast-asleep Maggie's absurdly massive pupils and vigorously swam their way through the clear, watery vitreous fluid within her generally absurdly massive eyeballs until they finally hit her retinas and, from there, made their way through her optic nerve passageways until they finally reached the terrifyingly fragile and delicate inner workings of her barely-still-functioning brain...which, all things (that had just recently happened to her) considered, was also in rather surprisingly passable mental condition, might I add.

"And you say YOUR method of examining people's minds is effective! How ADORABLE!" Chuck and Leon spitefully teased Hutchison, placing their thumbs onto their ear-holes and blowing great big raspberries at her as the poor little kitten just meekly sat on the floor (with her back pressed against the side of the control console and her legs tightly folded between her also-tightly-folded arms) and softly, sorrowfully whimpered and wept with a rather profoundly "DEAR LORD, WHAT HAVE I JUST DONE" look on her face.

"WOW...it's so beautifully spongy, wrinkly and PINK..." Jezediah lovingly moaned, panted and

drooled with arousal as he and Joe finally set (bare) foot in Maggie Rebellious Pesky's glorious, shockingly massive cerebral cortex, taking in the boner-inducingly fascinating view around themselves as the numerous veins contained within her delightfully soft, moist and fleshy brain tissue relaxingly pulsed against their big, beautiful bird toes while her countless neural nodes and pathways flowed endlessly with DNA strands and general information up above. Unlike when her mind stayed WOKE, however, this rather dizzyingly complex network of nerve-cell-transport intersections and tubes, as meticulously and (dare I say) intriguingly packaged into her freakishly large head as it most certainly was indeed, wasn't exactly what a pretentious, jaded, brain-fetished ponce like myself would call "SURGING" with information, which was most definitely the first and foremost problem from basically anything even remotely resembling a reasonable moral perspective...which, naturally, was exactly why the Chameleon Brothers so fervently begged Joe and Jezediah to differ on what the actual most important problem with Maggie's mental condition at the time was.

"Umm...EXCUSE me, boss? Something doesn't exactly match up about Maggie's current imprisonment here if you ask me..." Joe pulled out his walkie-talkie from his ever-so-plot-armor-reekingly trusty Birdman (security guard) utility belt and fearfully informed Chuck through it as he and Jezediah flew upward into the web-like midst of Maggie's neural network and found numerous bright-green tubes (where all of the others were bright-blue) that were all explicitly labeled in freakishly large (not to mention freakishly EXISTENT) font as her Mental Stability Regulators; amazingly enough, despite being heavily damaged and flickering on and off at completely random intervals, none of them actually WERE fully broken!

"MM-HMM...I'm listening..." Chuck smugly replied through his own end of the walkie-talkie connection line as he and Leon fascinatedly examined the anatomy of Maggie's poor, POOR little brain themselves using the hairstyling helmet's (again, LUDICROUSLY plot-convenient) "Encephaloscopy" function so that they could see what their little lab rats were talking about (not to mention how bizarrely human-like Maggie's brain itself was, much like those of mostly all of the other hum-animals in the Rocko-Verse...gee, I sure do wonder why).

"Well, you see, while this (African American) is definitely FAR from a stupid one, ESPECIALLY for her age...well, I suppose we're not really entirely sure how to say this without making you and Leon angry, but personally, I'd say we're pretty damned sure at this point that Maggie being declared insane in that one court trial all those days ago actually WAS, in fact, a complete bullshit lie whipped up by liberal media to make us feel sorry for her just because she came from a different ethnicity and gender than our own!" Jezediah long-windedly and jealously explained through his and Joe's end of the walkie-talkie connection line, suddenly growing an extra penis atop his head while Hutchison buried her face into her knees and hopelessly continued crying in the nearest corner of the torture room.

"AMERICANO, por favor!" Chuck sarcastically implored from the other end of the line, yawning loudly and then proceeding to disinterestedly check his right hand for hangnails while Leon lovingly straightened his sombrero and gently hand-tweaked his CLEARLY fake mustache, wishing dearly that Chuck actually WAS courteous enough to do the same for him.

"LISTEN, okay? We know very well how 'inconceivable' and whatnot this might seem to you, but after running a...well, rather GRAPHICALLY close inspection on Maggie's central nervous system, I've gotta say that we're pretty fucking sure that Maggie actually ISN'T, in fact, mentally ill enough to belong here after all! Not even fucking CLOSE, dare I say!" Joe angrily snatched his walkie-talkie back from Jezediah's greedy, bigoted hands (hypocritical, I know) and hastily explained to Chuck and Leon, suddenly growing an extra head atop his regular head as he internally began to VERY seriously question the Chameleon Brothers' moral integrity regarding economically profitable but politically/socially dangerous situations such as this one, shaking his

head regretfully and audibly gulping/trembling in the process while Jezediah just hatefully called him an "SJW pussy" underneath his breath.

"Oh, REALLY? Well, let's MAKE her crazy, then! You know what they say about monetary PROFIT made from jobs like locking people up in mental hospitals, right? THE MORE, THE MERRIER!" Chuck laughed every bit as evilly as he could manage, vigorously and ever-so-theatrically twirling his fake mustache with both hands while Leon annoyedly held his walkie-talkie for him, glaring blank-facedly and depressedly at the show's audience all the while as Joe just exhaustedly face-palmed himself and slid said hand all the way down said face in response while Jezediah impatiently put his hands on his hips and began tapping his foot as if waiting for Joe to "man up" and forget about "petty bullshit" like having an actual moral conscience where others around him clearly didn't.

"NO, GOD DAMN IT, DON'T, PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU! DO YOU EVEN REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DOING RIGHT NOW, YOU FUCKING HATEFUL BASTARD?!" Joe flight-lunged straight into Jezediah, grabbed him tightly by the shoulders, looked straight into his eyes, and furiously yelled at him right as he was just about to magically pull out a great big pair of thickly rubber-handled, weapons-grade lawn shears from his OWN utility belt and slowly but surely cut one of Maggie's Mental Stability Regulator cords in half with it.

"Man, KNOCK IT OFF, pansy! What the hell's your PROBLEM anyway? I don't see anything wrong with doing this! It's just BUSINESS, you fucking retard!" Jezediah rudely shoved Joe away from himself and indignantly bitched at him, readying himself to pull out the lawn shears yet again while Joe loudly cleared his throat and hastily readied HIM-self to concisely and passionately explain to his poor, misguided brother why the thing that said brother was clearly about to do WAS, in fact, morally wrong and unacceptable on numerous levels.

"ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?! You REALLY don't FUCKING SEE anything WRONG WITH THIS SITUATION that we're quite literally IN RIGHT NOW?!" Joe furiously snapped at Jezediah, grabbing him forcefully by the collar of his security guard uniform and yanking him RIGHT up against himself so that Jezediah would have no other choice but to look DIRECTLY into his lividly twitching eyes. "THE TEXT! ON THE FRONT OF THOSE WIRES! EXPLICITLY STATES! PLAIN AS A FUCKING HOT SUMMER DAY SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF GOD-DAMNED JULY! THAT THE ENTIRE MENTAL WELL-BEING OF THE FUCKING DEFENSELESS, WRONGFULLY IMPRISONED LITTLE GIRL! WHOSE BRAIN AND SURROUNDING HEAD WE ARE LITERALLY INSIDE AS WE FUCKING SPEAK! COMPLETELY REVOLVES AROUND THEM NOT BEING CUT INTO FUCKING PIECES! YOU DUMB, SADISTIC, BIGOTED FUCK!" he suddenly went COMPLETELY nuclear and boiling-hot-redly (albeit immensely cathartically) shrieked at Jezediah at the tops of his ever-loving lungs, shaking him so ridiculously violently that it even caused his eyeballs to dizzily roll around in their sockets and also well-deservedly spitting all over his face from how absurdly passionately he was screaming at him in the process.

"Geez, SAY it, don't SPRAY it..." Jezediah groaned, shaking his head annoyedly at Joe and immediately returning to what he had previously been doing while Joe just depressedly shrugged his shoulders, shamefully hung his OWN head in defeat, and decided that if he wasn't going to be able to stop his brother from doing the (HORRIFICALLY) wrong thing, he might as well at least try and make him feel HAPPY to be doing it.

"CORD CUTTING! CORD CUTTING!" Jezediah merrily sang in the tune of "Spring Cleaning" from the "Zanzibar" episode of Rocko's Modern Life as he excitedly pulled out his lawn shears and began hatefully, selfishly and (as Joe had already just VERY loudly mentioned) outright sadistically snipping Maggie's mental stability wires in twain, one by one, like he just didn't care at

all (probably because he DIDN'T).

"DESTROYING MAGGIE'S PSYCHE JUST TO MAKE A BUCK!" Joe screamed and cried in emotional agony; needless to say, he had quite frankly never regretted his actions more thoroughly at any prior point in his entire life as he also began violently sabotaging Maggie's brain from the completely defenseless inside using the exact same deplorable method that his brother was using.

"BRAIN GUTTING! BRAIN GUTTING!" Jezediah gleefully sang, doing a great big loop-dee-loop in the air with absolute delight as he continued internally reducing Maggie into a sad, quivering, brainwashed and pathetic shell of her former self while the Chameleon Brothers whipped out their dicks and began furiously masturbating to the horrifically rapid decline of Maggie's overall psychological health (as shown on the hairstyling chair control console's encephaloscropy display, from which the green dots indicating the wires that Joe and Jezediah were now viciously cutting in twain with their lawn shears were now dropping like...well, like FLIES) all the way down from 75 percent to roughly 8 percent.

"IF YOU GET OFF TO THIS, YOU'RE ONE SICK FUCK!" Joe shrieked and whimpered in an unbearable fit of regret as HE HIMSELF finally cut the very last cord holding Maggie's already-rather-questionable emotional stability together COMPLETELY in half with his lawn shears while Hutchison sprung right back up onto her feet and furiously yelled "SHAME ON YOU" at the Chameleon Brothers.

"Uh...heh heh...WHAT? What did WE do?" Chuck and Leon mortifiedly chuckled, meekly coving their crotches with their hands while Hutchison crossed her arms over her chest and glared disgustedly at them as Maggie's mental stability meter officially reached absolute zero percent, bringing Chuck's plan into its next and THANKFULLY final phase.

"Alright...it's...(sniffles regretfully)...it's done...what...what do we do next?" Joe devastatedly sobbed, cried and asked Chuck through his walkie-talkie while he and Jezediah quite literally hovered right in front of Maggie's Central Nervous Super-Computer, with Jezediah wanting to use it to take control over Maggie for (CHILD-TORTURING) fetish reasons while Joe just wanted to use it to kill himself.

"SIMPLE! Just try not to let your feet touch the inner surface of Maggie's poor, POOR brain until we've officially finished kick-starting it back on!" Chuck merrily explained as he dutifully converted the hairstyling helmet's function to its "Electrocution" default, with Hutchison reluctantly securing it firmly atop Maggie's gratuitously sabotaged head with a hug and a (possibly "goodbye") kiss on her puffy, freckly left cheek before quickly regrouping back to the control console area of the room as Leon theatrically threw the electrocution switch with all of his mangy Mexican might, briefly revealing Maggie's loudly screaming skeleton and poofing out her hair into a great big spiky ball yet again as she finally woke from her coma in a manic fit of extreme paranoia, struggling with all of her OWN might to break free from the hairstyling chair's harnesses.

"OH GOD, PLEASE LET ME OUT OF THIS INFERNAL, WRETCHED CHAIR! I SWEAR TO THE ROYAL SPACE CHICKENS FROM SOMEWHERE WEST OF PITTSBURGH, I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG AT ALL! AT LEAST NOT WHILE ANYONE WAS BEING FORCED TO WATCH, THAT IS, APART FROM HEFFER AND HIS ENTIRE FUCKING ADOPTIVE FAMILY, I SUPPOSE! GLUTTONOUS, BLOATED, DETESTABLE FUCKING MEAT PUPPETS, ALL OF THEM! THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE! NEVER! I'LL FUCKING KILL THEM ALL IF THEY EVEN THINK OF TRYING IT FOR ONE GOD-DAMNED SECOND! YOU HEAR ME, UNBORN PLASTIC MOCKERY OF MY DEAD RAPIST UNCLE?! WELL?! DO YOU?!" Maggie began incoherently shrieking at the tops of her lungs in All-Caps, rabidly foaming at the mouth and gnashing her teeth like a wild animal as she

violently, cryingly shook in her chair.

"Umm...y-YES! Of COURSE I do!" Hutchison horrifiedly picked up Flecko's creepily stuffed and puppet-ized corpse (that she had been dragging along behind her for quite some time now) off of the ground with her left hand and tremblingly, skirt-wettingly, nervous-grinningly used her ventriloquism skills to make Maggie think that it was the real thing. "We, uhh...traveled up Heffer's mom's ear canal into her brain...and then we mind-controlled her into smashing a nice big 400-degree pie right into her face while me and you furiously, um, MASTICATED our potato chips to it...and then we, uh, made her and the rest of her family have a lovely little, err, GET-TOGETHER...and then me and you tied all of the fat little piggies up and let them watch on their very own great big flat-screen television while me and you had a nice big, erm, JAMBOREE with each other in there, ya HEAR? And then you got super-fat from, UHH, eating way too many cookies and whatnot, and I ended up having to, err, make you jog around in circles for several minutes so that you could get rid of all of that excess fat!" she nervously explained through her Flecko puppet while Maggie just speechlessly stared at it in bewildered astonishment.

"OH MY GOD! LIVING GLOB OF DICK-CHEESE THAT TRIED TO CUT ME OPEN AND SAVAGELY DEVOUR MY NEWBORN MAGGOT FETUS, IS THAT YOU?!" Maggie gasped in shock while Joe and Jezediah regretfully discovered that the manual controls for Maggie's brain no longer even worked, since she was now completely beyond control altogether.

"Why, uhh, YES it is!" Hutchison spastically stretched out the side of her dress collar with her hook hand and nervously chuckled. "Come on, let's go home and read you a bedtime story!" she merrily suggested, using her Flecko puppet to encouragingly beckon Maggie to come with her as Chuck and Leon (and Hutchison, to a lesser degree) unfastened her from the hairstyling chair and IMMEDIATELY re-fastened the poor violently tossing and turning little thing into her straitjacket, followed by a vertical gurney and face muzzle that were both clearly ripped straight out of Silence Of The Lambs, and promptly wheeled her back out into the West Wing hallway while whistling as fake-innocently and shifty-eyedly as could be all the while; luckily, the remaining security guards were so amazingly stupid that none of them even took any notice whatsoever to what(ever in the unholy name of Fuck) had just happened in the so-called "fashion" room.

"Oh, don't worry, Hutchison; SANITY grows back!" Chuck patted Hutchison on the back and falsely reassured her with an extremely fake giggling grin on his face as the two of them and Leon dutifully wheeled Maggie over into the East Wing hallway and, from there, her new cell. "At least I THINK it does!" he nervously whispered into Leon's ear, causing Leon's pupils to suddenly shrink to nearly microscopic size as he just blank-facedly shuddered in fear at what his brother had just told him.

Meanwhile, inside Maggie's unspeakably tormented, internally sanity-bleeding brain, Joe and Jezediah had mutated into nearly indescribable tentacle abominations of themselves from the SCHLAM-O energy drink's influence on their cellular structures (and also as rather painstakingly blatant karma for what they had just done to their blissfully unaware new host, need I mention) and were now both eagerly looking for an effective way to finally eliminate their useless, plot-complicating selves from existence once and for all (well, Joe certainly was, at least).

"Hmm, let's see here...what do we have here that actually IS usable in this poor little sap's current mental state..." Joe-Thulhu grotesquely murmured to himself in demonic G-Major through his numerous mouth tentacles, spreading his massive bat wings for emphasis as he meticulously scanned up and down and back and forth across the main control dashboard of Maggie's Central Nervous Super-Computer until finally, at long last, he found a big, shiny red button labeled "Intruder Exterminator".

"OOH, I wonder what THIS button does?" Joe-Thulhu girlishly crooned, fluttering the hideously clawed and scaly fingers of his left hand while eagerly readying the index finger of his right to gladly push the button that would officially wipe him and his miserable joke of a brother clean out of existence once and for all!

"DON'T TOUCH IT!" Jezediarlathotep fiercely slapped Joe-Thulhu's hand away from the button with his left arm (as in one of the exactly five remaining parts of his body that WASN'T some kind of grotesquely deformed tentacle, mouth and/or pustule, with the other four being his two right arms and the main portions of his legs) with the horrifyingly misplaced and face-lacking mouth near the bottom of his head tentacle (his eyes and beak were at the top) and began angrily screaming at him. "THAT'S THE INTRUDER EXTERMINATOR BUTTON, YOU BUTT-UGLY FOOL!"

"Oh, come on, what's this button going to do to us that we aren't already asking for in the FIRST Azathoth-forsaken place?" Joe-Thulhu indignantly shrugged his shoulders and groaned.

"THAT'S JUST IT! WE DON'T FUCKING KNOW!" Jezediarlathotep angrily grabbed Joe-Thulhu by the tentacle-beard with all three of his hands and urgently explained to him.

"With our luck, MAYBE it'll kill us, or MAYBE it'll just cause some kind of freak-accident chemical reaction that'll end up mutating us into an even MORE hideous state! I GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW! CAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU FIND OUT, MOTHERFUCKER!" Jezediarlathotep continued explaining to Joe-Thulhu in a rather shockingly calm and gentlemanly tone, then suddenly began yelling at him like a complete madman as he attempted to tightly ensnare him in his tentacles...except that Joe-Thulhu was now far too strong for it to actually work on him, so it had basically no effect whatsoever.

"You know what? FINE. WHATEVER. I give up. Just do what you have to; I'll be waiting..." Jezediarlathotep regretfully sighed with a rather surprising tinge of modesty and humility on his part, using his tentacles to deftly scale Maggie's neural network like a giant organic jungle gym while also using demonic incantations to reform some of the poor girl's mental stability wires back together. Unfortunately, however, due to how much his power had been weakened by his now-laughably-diminutive size, he was only able to repair exactly half of said wires before completely running out of magical energy and exhaustedly, almost-comatosely collapsing back down onto the floor of her brain; it seemed that her psychiatrist was just going to have to fix the rest of them herself, IF that was even possible at this point. Meanwhile, surely enough, Joe-Thulhu was already desperately struggling NOT to push the aforementioned Intruder Exterminator button that laid before him.

"Oh, my dear LORD, how long can trusty eldritch-abomination-posing-as-anthropomorphic-dodo cadet Joe-Thulhu hold out? HOW can he POSSIBLY resist the DIABOLICAL URGE to press the button which could very well end up erasing his VERY EXISTENCE? WILL his tortured mind give in to its UNCONTROLLABLE desires?" Flecko's ghost suddenly materialized itself from Maggie's traumatic memory banks and began melodramatically asking the audience while Joe-Thulhu tried with all of his might to avert his ominously glowing eyes FROM said button but just (quite literally) could NOT do it to save his own life.

"CAN HE WITHSTAND THE TEMPTATION to push the button that, EVEN NOW, beckons him EVER CLOSER? WILL he succumb to the maddening urge to erase himself for the greater good of his blissfully unaware host's OWN mental health? AT THE MERE PUSH OF A SINGLE GOD-FORSAKEN BUTTON?!" Flecko's ghost continued melodramatically asking the audience, somehow grabbing Joe-Thulhu and easily lifting him up so that his entire face was planted DIRECTLY above the Intruder Exterminator Button!



"THE BEAUTIFUL, SHINY BUTTON!" Flecko's ghost laughed maliciously as he briefly but EXTREMELY mockingly began rolling Joe-Thulhu back and forth against the floor of Maggie's brain as if he were a rolling pin.

"THE JOLLY, LOLI-LIKE BUTTON!" Flecko's ghost laughed even MORE maliciously, once again lifting Joe-Thulhu up and planting his face directly above the button with downright freakish ease. "Will he hold out, folks? CAN he hold out?!" he began laughing uproariously as he finally set the now rather frighteningly twitchy-eyed Joe-Thulhu right back down into his seat so that he could inevitably end up delivering this chapter's grand finale once and for all!

"NO, I FUCKING CAN'T!" Joe-Thulhu maniacally shrieked at the tops of his lungs, his mouth tentacles disgustingly flapping every which way with pure unbridled wrath as he dramatically lifted his right index finger several feet above the Intruder Exterminator button, then, just as Jezediarlathotep came running up behind him and began yelling desperately for him to stop, slammed it RIGHT down onto said jolly, loli-like button with literally ALL of his might, actually BREAKING it into several pieces in the process as a giant laser cannon suddenly appeared right above Maggie's eye-socket display screen and vaporized the two of them into COMPLETELY featureless and unrecognizable ashes, unfortunately leaving the now tightly asylum-cell-confined Maggie with only HALF of a properly functional brain left despite their best efforts to redeem themselves as characters BEFORE being killed off rather than AFTER the fact.

MORAL OF THE STORY-SIZED CHAPTER: Sometimes, the hardest choices really DO, in fact, require the strongest wills.

## Chapter 3

Meanwhile, in the first-floor, first-layer East Wing hallway of the asylum, while Joe-Thulhu and Jezediarlathotep had been wildly arguing with each other deep inside her fluffy little pink-haired head, Maggie had been busy meeting several new and (mostly) familiar faces (that were once again all locked up in back-wall cells, yet again meaning that there were exactly three of them) on her way to her newly designated cell as Chuck laboriously rolled the gurney that he and Leon had now just recently strapped her into straight down said hallway while Leon and Hutchison just crossed their arms behind their backs and "innocently", shifty-eyedly whistled (in Hutchison's case most especially, the fact that she just so happened to be dragging Flecko's dead body behind her on a rope leash wasn't exactly HELPING her case either, just for the record).

"BE CAREFUL! THEY'RE WATCHING ALL THE TIME!" Floyd Cooper (an anthropomorphic grey-furred raccoon with a freakishly skinny, anorexic-looking physical build, a permanently glued-on tin-foil hat atop his head, and most notably frightfully large, drooping bags underneath his bloodshot eyes from what was clearly an extremely chronic and severe lack of sleep) wildly screamed, convulsed and thrashed around on the floor of his cell, once again trying desperately to escape from his straitjacket but luckily being completely unable to.

"YOU! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! STAY AWAY, I'M WARNING YOU!" Floyd suddenly shrieked at Maggie, frantically backing himself up against the back wall of his cell with his freakishly large (bare) feet and immediately drawing the immensely freaked-out attention of her, Hutchison AND the Chameleon Brothers alike as he did so.

"The freaky hunchback fanfiction writer who loves brains so much...got in bed with my first cat, Stigmund...in order to monopolize...the rodeo clown cartel...who are the puppet masters of...the doctors back at the clinic...those eggheads in their ivory tower...who are merely the pawns of...the five richest families in the country...CAN I REALLY BE THE ONLY PERSON THAT SEES THIS?! SOMEONE DRAGGED ME INTO THAT TORTURE CHAMBER OVER THERE AND SENT THE BIRDS OF FATE DIRECTLY INTO MY FREAKING HEAD UNINVITED! AND IF THEY FIND OUT I KNOW THIS STUFF, I'M FREAKING DEAD, FOR GOD'S SAKE! DON'T YOU GET IT?! THEY'RE GOING TO FREAKING SKEWER MY BRAIN LIKE AN OLIVE!" Floyd continued rambling, then suddenly began maniacally screaming his head off while also fervently, repeatedly pounding it against the front window wall of his cell.

"AHM!" the Chameleon Brothers briefly glanced over at each other and nervously coughed as Hutchison put her hand(s) on her hips and began hatefully glaring at them.

"HEY! LADY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT INFERNAL SWEATER?! SOMEONE HAS TO GET THIS INFORMATION TO THE INMATES AND THEIR SURROUNDING LIBERAL MEDIA SYMPATHIZERS! THE FREAKING TRUTH IS SLEEPING IN A GLASS BOX, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! THEY THINK THE WINDOWS ARE TINTED, BUT LET ME TELL YOU RIGHT NOW THAT THEY AREN'T EVEN NEARLY TINTED ENOUGH! THESE FUCKING PSYCHOTIC WEASELS THINK THEY'RE THE GODS OF US, BUT THEY'RE JUST AS MORTAL AS WE ARE! I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL FUCKING SHOW THEM ALL! STEAL MY GOD-DAMNED THEORIES AND REPRINT THEM INCORRECTLY IN ORDER TO FUCKING DISCREDIT THEM, WILL YOU?! YEAH, GO AHEAD, BURN DOWN MY FUCKING HOPES AND DREAMS, WHY DON'T YOU?! WHY DON'T I JUST BURN THIS WHOLE GOD-FORSAKEN BUILDING DOWN WHILE I'M AT IT, HUH?!" Floyd helplessly writhed around on the floor of his cell like a tortured wild animal and continued screaming and crying hysterically as the Chameleon Brothers unlocked his cell

(using the skeleton key that Chuck had been hiding up his ass, of course), ran inside and beat the ever-loving shit out of him until he was entirely unconscious, exiting back out of his cell, locking the door tightly behind themselves and coldly dusting off their now-rather-noticeably-blood-stained hands once they were done.

"HERE you go, missus!" Chuck smugly laughed as he forcefully dropped his literally ass-smelling skeleton key into Hutchison's dress pocket for safekeeping.

"I hate my life..." Hutchison depressedly sighed, dangled her arms down in front of her and leaned forward as she and her cohorts advanced to the next stop on their tour.

"Heh heh...what do you MEAN, my credit card debt is too high...I...I worked my scrawny little wallaby ASS off every single day, at the absolute WORST fucking job known to man-imal, just to please those fat, socially inept fucks...and HOW do they repay me? By eating literally ALL of my fucking food and treating me like a god-damned emotionless TOY for their own deplorable, SICK amusement!" the now tightly straitjacket-bound Rocko dejectedly sat and sobbed in the back-right corner of his cell, also clearly looking as if he had been starved nearly to death and gotten only a few measly hours of sleep in the past WEEK of his sad, abusive farce of a life while Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers just covered their mouths and blushingly snickered at the fact that Rocko actually DID, in fact, look every bit as cute AS a literal plush toy of himself.

"WHAT IN THE BLAZES ARE YOU SODDING DEGENERATES LAUGHING AT, HMM?!" Rocko furiously yelled at Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers, causing the three of them to nervously make the classic "jazz hands" gesture yet again and fake-grinningly shake their heads at him in the classic "no hard feelings" gesture as he angrily cleared his throat and continued.

"Let me tell you, if the local law enforcement knew how much FUCKING trouble Heffer and Filburt had caused me over the past couple of years, absolutely NONE of them would have blamed me for locking the former of the two up in my basement and forcing the fat, lazy FUCK to live off of his own literal shit for two entire days on end! DO YOU FUCKING HEAR ME, ASS-WIPES?! NO ONE would have convicted me! THEY WOULDN'T, I tell you! THEY WOULDN'T HAVE CONVICTED ME AT ALL!" Rocko bloodshot-eyedly began laughing, shrieking and crying hysterically as massive, flowing rivulets of tears began streaming down his unwashed, bony face.

"Geez, poor GUY..." Hutchison shuddered and regretfully thought to herself as she and the Chameleon Brothers rolled Maggie over to the next and final stop on her East Wing hallway tour.

"How DARE you...the love of my LIFE...locking me up in this filthy, degenerate SHIT-hole of a place just because I was willing to beat ONE stupid little girl nearly to death in order to defend my romantic attachment to her? WHO IN THE ACTUAL SEVEN NAMES OF FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, WOMAN?! Besides an ignorant, mindless TOOL for me to harden my fucking COCK with, that is?!" Filburt hopped over to the front window wall of his cell and lividly, sexistly ranted at Hutchison, once again furiously pounding his head against it as he desperately struggled with all of his might to break free from his straitjacket.

"And as for that filthy fucking (African American) WHORE standing over there in the gurney, I sure hope you make an AWFUL lot of fucking money off of locking her up here, because not only does she COMPLETELY fucking DESERVE it, but I'm also going to beat the fucking BRAINS out of her with my BARE GOD-DAMNED HANDS once she and I get out of here, I SWEAR IT ON MY FORMERLY MONEY-LOADED SHELL!" Filburt looked over at Maggie and began hatefully screaming in her general direction while Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers just irritatedly rolled their eyes and continued moving.

"And THAT'S also why I'm personally planning to BREAK UP my former marriage with that

greedy, hateful bastard once he and I get out of here!" Hutchison angrily whispered into Maggie's ear as Maggie suddenly inexplicably felt herself become exactly 50% saner than she had been when Chuck and Leon had initially strapped her into the gurney, causing her pupils to dramatically shrink in equal parts frightened shock AND confused astonishment as the Chameleon Brothers dutifully took their skeleton key right back from Hutchison's dress pocket and finally finished transporting Maggie into her designated cell (the third and therefore last one on the front wall of the hallway, unfortunately making it directly across from Filburt's), locking the door behind her and Hutchison as they immediately returned to the building's front desk without another word.

"Well, THAT was certainly something..." Hutchison exhaustedly sighed with relief as she gently steadied Maggie's gurney against the back wall of her surprisingly roomy and nicely furnished, yet still soul-crushingly gray and dismal-looking, new cell (granted, all of the inmates had this type of cell by default, but it wasn't exactly the most important of things to mention about them at the time, to say the least), which boasted a toilet and sink in the back-left corner, an electric single-lightbulb lamp hanging from the (exact center of the) ceiling, a personal dresser loaded with depressingly numerous copies of her obligatory straitjacket and prison uniform in the bottom drawers and some rusty old food utensils and seasoning containers in the top drawers (and also topped with a personal radio on the right side, along with a rather symbolically wilted and dull-looking potted sunflower on the left side) in the front-left corner, a personal refrigerator loaded with condiments and shitty canned/junk foods and microwave dinners in-between the dresser and the toilet on the left side, an incredibly old and rusty stove/microwave combo in front of the bed on the right side, a nice, square and wooden interrogation table with exactly two chairs surrounding it in the center, and a nice, cozy little wall-bed in the back-right corner (naturally, the cell's entrance door was in its front-right corner).

#### ONE EXTREMELY SYMBOLIC PLACEMENT OF FLECKO'S CORPSE UNDERNEATH MAGGIE'S BED BY HUTCHISON LATER...

"So anyway, what would you like to tell me about the way that things have been going for you lately?" Hutchison nervously asked Maggie, reluctantly freeing her from her restraints and setting her down in the right-side chair of the cell's interrogation table with her signature creepily massive and fake-looking grin while SHE took the left-side seat, sexily crossed her legs and immediately pulled out her clipboard and pen from her dress pocket so that she could take important notes on Maggie's more-than-slightly questionable mental condition.

"Um, could you perhaps EXCUSE me for just a measly little second first, pardon my asking?" Maggie asked Hutchison shockingly politely, eliciting a remarkably genuine utterance of "SURE" from her as Maggie frantically ran straight over to her toilet and violently puked into it at the mere thought of what had just happened to her in the so-called "fashion" room (with Hutchison herself suddenly wanting her money back REALLY badly upon realizing that Maggie actually DID, in fact, look EXACTLY the same AFTER her recent makeover as she previously had BEFORE it, purple-painted finger/toe nails that had already been thoroughly covered by her gloves and footwear anyhow aside), then promptly dashed over to the refrigerator and dresser and used her freakishly long, flexible and numerous arms to hyperactively fetch out all SORTS of random utensil/condiment/seasoning items from said household storage units and set all of them atop the interrogation table in a rather meticulously organized manner so that she could then proceed to ever-so-deliciously-ironically use them as props for what she was about to throw together in only THE most hilariously slapdash fashion imaginable.

"Well, I guess I appreciate your (suddenly and clearly-involuntarily mimics Virginia Wolfe's aforementioned head-twitching habit, forcefully stretching out the collar of her shirt with her upper left hand as a rather curiously one-time added bit of flair to signify her officially slipping WAY off the deep end) WASTING YOUR FREAKING TIME (suddenly turns back to normal again) to

discuss my (twitch) FUCKING OVERINFLATED EGO (twitch) I MEAN feelings, Hutchice...how do I feel (twitch) ABOUT BEING TREATED LIKE A WORTHLESS, STUPID FREAKING WHORE?! (VIOLENT TWITCH) Well, perhaps this little MEAT(!) puppet play I've (TWITCH) SCRAWLED OUT IN MY OWN EVER-FLOWING EMOTIONAL BLOOD (twitch) will explain what's wrong with me (twitch) BEING HORRIFICALLY FREAKING ABUSED AND TORTURED BY PRACTICALLY EVERYONE AROUND ME (VIOLENT TWITCH)..." Maggie horrifyingly began explaining, rabidly gnashing her teeth and tightly clutching her throbbing, aching head with all four of her dainty little hands as she desperately exerted every last bit of what remarkably little self-restraint she still had left in her at the moment into making sure that her newly developed "evil" split personality, later dubbed Big Bad Mags, couldn't fully consume her quite literally broken and tormented mind.

"Note to self: Do not send demented, sadistic redneck serial rapists who are most likely Lovecraftian monstrosities in disguise into fragile little girls' still-developing brains to completely wreck their emotional stability regulation networks when said girls are already remarkably deep into their 'rebellious angst' phases to begin with." Hutchison blankly murmured to herself, writing both exactly what she herself had just said and a rough summary of what Maggie had just said on the Notes section of her clipboard's rather alarmingly thickly-stacked contents as Maggie suddenly grabbed a nice big quartet of forks off of the table using exactly two hands (upper and lower, both on the same side of her body) for each individual pair of them and then forcefully slammed their prongs STRAIGHT down into the middle of the table, where they promptly became firmly stuck as a result while Hutchison just frightenedly hugged her clipboard against her chest and sweatily, shakily glanced from side to side.

"I am what currently appears to ironically be the (TWITCH) VAST FREAKING MAJORITY (twitch) of this asylum's current population. Woe is me, for I am wrongfully imprisoned." Maggie awkwardly warbled in an annoyingly high-pitched voice as she grabbed a salt shaker off of the table with her upper left arm and began waving and clinking it in-between the prongs of the forks from behind while Hutchison just cocked her left eyebrow at Maggie and soundlessly mouthed the words "what the actual fuck" to her.

"I am Maggie! Sad and unhappy am I without not having to (TWITCH) FUCKING DEAL WITH (twitch) being treated as a god-damned (twitch) COCK-SUCKING SLAVE N\*\*\*\*ER (TWITCH) all the FUCKING time! BOO HOO! BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!" Maggie angrily cried and screamed as she grabbed the pepper shaker with her upper right arm and also began waving and clinking IT in-between the prongs of the forks from behind before finally sprinkling a good bit of its contents into her nostrils and then violently sneezing a great big puddle of her own nasty, slimy mucus all over the table as a result while Hutchison just disgustedly flinched backward and left a VERY uncalled-for "overzealous Ren & Stimpy wannabe" comment in her notes.

"My life is COMPLETELY without (twitch) MEANING OR ANY FUCKING SORT OF (TWITCH) purpose WHATSOEVER. Emptiness wells up in my (twitch) GRATUITOUSLY RAPED AND (TWITCH) tortured soul. I'm going to...GOING TO...BLEAUGH!" Maggie regretfully sobbed, setting the pepper shaker back down onto the table and grabbing a nice big bottle of ketchup (that she flipped open with her upper left arm) with her lower left arm, as well as a nice big jar of relish (that she twisted the lid off of with her upper right arm) with her lower right arm, so that she could wholesomely squirt the former AND dump the latter all over the table at the exact same time for artistic emphasis as she suddenly dramatically covered her mouth with both of her upper hands and nastily threw up all over the table while Hutchison nauseatedly wrote in her notes that "this had damned better not be yet ANOTHER fucking fetish we've given her".

"I am (VIOLENT TWITCH) FLECKO (TWITCH); I also am indeed HUAGH!" Maggie continued, grabbing a great big jar of mayonnaise off of the table with both of her lower hands and

using her upper right hand to twist the lid off of it before finally using all four of her hands to furiously shake out roughly half of its contents all over the table while Hutchison hatefully described her as "completely insufferable and self-absorbed in quite nearly every possible way" in her notes.

"I'm just the sauerkraut but I'm gonna barf too, and the (TWITCH) POTATO SALAD, TATER BARF, TATER BARF!" Maggie began incoherently shrieking her poor little head off, her crazy side completely taking over as she respectively grabbed and opened a jar of sauerkraut with her lower and upper right arms while also respectively grabbing and opening a nice big tub of potato salad with her lower and upper left arms, then proceeded to respectively dump the jar AND the tub all over the table with both of her right arms AND both of her left arms while Hutchison rather hypocritically commented that Maggie "had absolutely no concept whatsoever of what food or money were actually worth" in her notes.

"BEHOLD THE GOOEY SLOP OF OUR SORROW!" Maggie melodramatically screamed in emotional agony, digging all four of her (thankfully gloved) hands right into the putrid, discolored, slimy, pretentiously choreographed mess that she had just made and then proceeding to dementedly smear it all over her face. "IT IS...SLOPPER...DAMMERUNG!" she continued incoherently rambling and screeching at the tops of her lungs while Hutchison frightenedly, hastily scrawled out "needless German references" in her notes, holding the clipboard increasingly close and perpendicular to her face so that Maggie wouldn't end up carelessly splattering random-condiment juice all over it in the process of throwing her ridiculously over-glorified "Neo-Classical Elizabethan" temper tantrum all over the table.

"THE TWILIGHT OF THE CONDIMENTS! WEEP FOR THEM, WEEP FOR THEIR SORROW-HO-HO-HO-HOHH!" Maggie HILARIOUSLY-melodramatically shrieked to the high heavens for everyone that said location implied, as well as everyone back down on Earth, to hear, with comically oversized waterfalls of tears streaming and gushing from her eyes as if there was, in fact, literally no tomorrow as she carelessly flung every single condiment/seasoning container and utensil (yes, INCLUDING the glass ones) that she had just used for this so-called "play" of hers right off of the table with her hands and then proceeded to hopelessly dunk her entire ginormous head face-first into the disgusting mess that she had made all over the table, with Hutchison horrifiedly curling up in her chair and desperately blocking her face using the back of her clipboard in order to prevent both of said things from getting wholesomely splashed with the resulting globs of condiment residue that Maggie had just sent flying ALL OVER the room in literally every possible direction.

"WOW...you have GOT to be easily THE single biggest fucking LUNATIC I've ever seen in my entire god-forsaken LIFE!" Hutchison "merrily" stuffed her clipboard and pencil back into her (magical hammspace) pocket, twitched her eyelids and nervously giggled in a desperate attempt to avoid breaking out of her usual "professional" ear-to-ear smile before finally COMPLETELY losing her shit once and for all and furiously grabbing Maggie by her neck with her left hand while also yanking her thoroughly condiment-soaked face directly into hers with her right hook, in very much the same exact fashion as what Joe had done to Jezediah back in this story's previous chapter!

"DO YOU HAVE?! ANY FUCKING IDEA?! HOW MUCH GOD-DAMNED MONEY AND GROCERY SUPPLY YOU JUST WASTED FOR...WHATEVER ON GOD'S GREEN FUCKING EARTH THAT WAS?! I SHOULD LITERALLY BE HAVING YOU FUCKING EXECUTED RIGHT ABOUT NOW, FOR FUCK'S EVER-LOVING SAKE!" Hutchison entirely broke character from how much Maggie had just frustrated her and began steam-shootingly, bright-orange-facedly screaming at her at the tops of her poor, aching, indoor-lifestyle-congested lungs, once again shaking (and also, in this case, choking) the living bejeezus out of Maggie while also wholesomely and ever-so-cathartically spitting all over her face.

"You know what? In this case, I'm honestly GLAD you sprayed it..." Maggie suddenly (and very dizzily) reverted back into her regular personality from much Hutchison had just scared the living shit out of her and sighed dejectedly, with about 90% of the condiment juice that had previously been coating her face now having been washed off by Hutchison's passionately, angrily spat saliva as Hutchison finally set her back down onto the ground and glared angrily at her in yet another classic "angry mother with hands on hips" pose.

"Speaking of SPRAYING things, I'd have to say it's about HIGH time that you cleaned up all of this absolutely freaking RIDICULOUS mess that you just sprayed everywhere!" Hutchison angrily growled at Maggie, gesturing indicatively toward the now-thoroughly-condiment-drenched interrogation tabletop with her left hand.

"Umm...using WHAT, might I ask?" Maggie began audibly trembling and asked Hutchison every bit as nervously as could be, tightly crossing all four of her spindly little arms behind her back in absolute terror at what she was more-than-secretly expecting the answer to be while Hutchison exhaustedly put her pencil and clipboard into one of the top drawers of Maggie's new dresser for safekeeping.

"OH DEAR GOD, NO, PLEASE! ANYTHING BUT THAT, I'M (TWITCH) WHOLEHEARTEDLY PRAYING ON MY KNEES TO YOU WITH LITERALLY EVERY LAST REMAINING FIBER OF MY BEING! (TWITCH)" Maggie actually got down on her knees for real, put her hands into prayer position and began disgustedly screaming, crying and generally begging Hutchison like a dog while Hutchison just smugly pointed at Maggie's mouth with her hook hand.

"Please, I'll do anything for you! ANYTHING, I SWEAR!" Maggie inelegantly and grovelingly blubbered as she flopped straight down onto her thorax, grabbed both of Hutchison's ankles using all four of her arms (both of her left arms for the right ankle and both of her right arms for the left ankle, of course), and began pathetically kissing her sexy, high-heeled feet.

"HMM...come to think of it..." Hutchison curiously cupped her chin in her left hand and thought to herself with only the most TRULY devilish and devious of grins!

ONE RATHER NAUSEATINGLY THOROUGH CLEANING/REMOVAL OF LITERALLY EVERY SINGLE CONDIMENT STAIN IN THE ENTIRE CELL THAT WASN'T ON THE INTERROGATION TABLETOP BY MAGGIE'S TONGUE LATER...

"Um, just for the record, I (TWITCH) THINK I'm pretty much (twitch) done now!" Maggie, who had now become grotesquely, morbidly obese from the sheer amount of outright nutritional garbage that she had just been forced to consume, "annoyedly" informed Hutchison, trying desperately to hide how much she was actually enjoying her rather exceptionally degrading new predicament as she slavishly licked, sucked and generally ate every last drop of condiment juice that had formerly been covering the tabletop right off of Hutchison's lovely bare feet while Hutchison just lazily kicked back in her chair in literally nothing but her astonishingly skimpy, hot-pink and white-polka-dotted bikini/panties combo, her luxurious straw beach hat and a nice big pair of summer shades, crossed her exquisitely long and slender legs atop the interrogation table and teasingly wiggled her adorable little rosy-red-nail-polished toes (not to mention scrunched her mouthwateringly gorgeous soles) at Maggie while absentmindedly flipping through her personal favorite fashion magazine in order to pass the time and also add even further to the "female domination" kink effect that she was VERY clearly having on Maggie at the moment (as was evidenced by how feverishly Maggie was blushing, sweating, moaning and panting, naturally).

"Nope, sorry, I'm afraid you still may have MISSED a few spots here and there!" Hutchison briefly

angled her sunglasses downward with her hook hand and laughed maliciously at Maggie, stomping forcefully onto the interrogation tabletop's last remaining puddle of condiment juice with her left foot and pressing/rubbing its filthy, reeking sole forcefully against Maggie's "revolted", "hopelessly crying" face.

"Now THAT'S a good little SICK, NASTY FUCKING FOOT SLAVE!" Hutchison cackled evilly as Maggie fervently licked her own entire face clean with her disturbingly flexible tongue and then finally finished licking out the last few remaining bits of toejam-infused relish from in-between the toes of Hutchison's aforementioned left foot, only to then get brutally kicked right across the face with said foot while Hutchison just spitefully laughed (and laughed, and laughed some more) at her, setting her magazine down onto the now almost-spotlessly clean table and seductively slinking her way over to Maggie's side of the interrogation table so that she could give her a nice, warm hug.

"OOGH!" Maggie nauseatedly, groggily retched as Hutchison quickly put her dress back on and then immediately ran straight over to her so that she could tightly, forcefully squeeze her massive, chubby belly with both of her "loving, motherly" arms.

"Oh, I'm sorry to TROUBLE you, dearie! What's the matter, you poor thing?" Hutchison teasingly asked Maggie, playfully twiddling her (distinct lack of a readily visible) nose with her hook hand while Maggie's stomach began growling, rumbling and churning nightmarishly from the sheer amount of pressure that Hutchison's hug had unfortunately just applied to it.

"I...don't (twitch)...feel so good...I think...I'm about to (twitch)...lose my...entire breakfast...lunch (twitch)...and supp-URK!" Maggie weakly moaned in unbearable digestive pain and began loudly gagging and dry-heaving while Hutchison horrifiedly rolled her over to the toilet as quickly as possible and immediately squatted down onto her left knee and placed her left hand onto said toilet's flushing mechanism in preparation for what was more-than-clearly about to happen as Maggie frantically, desperately grabbed for dear life onto the toilet seat and downright humiliatingly "released her inhibitions", so to speak.

"BLEEEAAAUUGGGHHH!" Maggie could be heard almost-literally puking her guts out into her cell's thankfully existent toilet (for well over half of an entire minute straight, no less) for several cell blocks around while Hutchison just nauseatedly shielded her eyes from the event (not to mention the puke) with her right arm while frantically, panickedly flushing said toilet to kingdom come with her left hand.

"So, uhh...heh heh...how do you feel NOW, sweetheart?" Hutchison relievedly asked good old wafer-thin Maggie, patting her on the back and accidentally knocking her over headfirst into her very own thickly puke-odored toilet in the process. "Um, ha ha, WHOOPSIE-DAISY!" Hutchison giggled and blushed, covering her mouth with her hook hand while Maggie, who now had quite nearly the entirety of her skeletal structure visibly showing through her shirt, nauseatedly pulled her head out from the toilet, dizzily stumbled across her cell from the toilet to her bed while groggily mumbling the words "HUNDRED...POUNDS...LIGHTER", then finally put her upper left hand over her forehead and exhaustedly swooned backward onto her bed.

"Ahh, the things she does for love..." Hutchison lovingly crooned with great big lovey-dovey hearts in her eyes as she put her hat and sunglasses in Maggie's dresser, got out her stethoscope from the utensil drawer (and a roofie bottle from her dress pocket) and somewhat worriedly placed it directly over Maggie's fast-asleep chest (right after also gently forcing Maggie's lower jaw open with her hook hand, dropping a roofie pill from the bottle into her mouth with her left hand, and then finally washing it down her throat with a nice big complimentary-glass-ful of water from the sink while her mouth was still open), only to thankfully find that her poor little heart actually



WAS, in fact, still beating after all!

"Oh, dear LORD, what a lovable, sexy, mouthwatering little scamp she is...why, I'm just positively DYING to fill the scrawny little weasel with MY love..." Hutchison hastily shoved the stethoscope and roofie bottle back into her dress pocket and somewhat regretfully moaned with arousal at the sight of Maggie's peacefully sleeping little body, stripping herself completely...NAAAKEEED (WITH NO CLOTHES ON) and hornily doing much of the same to her lovely little adoptive daughter before finally snuggling tightly into her bed with her and having delicious lesbian sleep sex with her for literally the entire night.

"OH, RAYNA..." Maggie could still be heard orgasmically moaning in her sleep at roughly 10 AM the next morning as she tightly, passionately gripped Hutchison's scrumptiously soft and slender, intensely blushing and sweaty body (that she had also just recently breastfed directly from, no less) with all four of her scrawny little insect arms and warmly, moistly, wholeheartedly French-kissed her with delight...only to then suddenly wake up with a start upon realizing that her (wet) dream figment of Rayna was actually wearing the wrong color of lipstick (red as opposed to blue).

"Um...h-HI there! EHEHEHEE!" Hutchison nearly blushed her face off, grinning even more ludicrously widely than she normally did as she teasingly waved her estrogen-coated left hand at Maggie, licking and sucking it clean with her tongue while winkingly pointing at Maggie's nether regions with her hook hand. Needless to say, it took Maggie all of about literally one measly split-second to realize what was going on here, at which point she did what almost any reasonable girl of her physical age would do in response.

"AIEEEEEEE!" Maggie disgustedly screamed, running straight over to her toilet, bloodily puking into it and then vigorously rinsing her mouth out with the complimentary mouthwash on her sink. "I'M NOT ONLY (VIOLENT TWITCH) SIX GOD-DAMNED YEARS UNDERAGE BUT ALSO TECHNICALLY (TWITCH) LESS THAN HALF OF YOUR OWN FUCKING AGE, YOU FILTHY SKANK! (twitch)" she continued screaming, running back over to her bed and repeatedly bashing the somehow still-completely-frozen-in-place Hutchison right across the face with her pillow in absolute revulsion.

"Um, Maggie-poo?" Hutchison mortifiedly asked Maggie with almost microscopic pupils in her eyes, gently taking her pillow from her and using it to cover her clearly milk-dripping breasts.

"What? FLY got your (twitch) tongue?" Maggie curiously asked Hutchison, then suddenly realized that she was staring directly toward the front window wall of the cell and therefore decided to follow suit, also mortifiedly, ridiculously-tiny-eye-dottedly freezing dead in her tracks in the process as she saw the local security guards for her cell block...AHEM...having just recently jerked their Gherkins to what Hutchison had just blatantly non-consensually (not to mention pedophilically) done in bed with her.

"UMM...T-THIS DEFINITELY ISN'T WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, WE PROMISE!" the Chameleon Brothers shifty-eyedly, unbelievably humiliatedly blushed and chuckled, covering their crotches with their hats while the pair of anthropomorphic brown-furred horse security guards behind them attempted to do much of the same with their hands but simply couldn't manage such a thing.

"GET A FUCKING (VIOLENT TWITCH) ROOM, FAGGOTS!" Maggie revoltedly shook her left fists at the guards and yelled at them while they just embarrassedly walked off with their dicks hanging wholesomely between their legs while Hutchison finally leapt back down onto her feet, reclothed herself (in her normal outfit this time, meaning no hat or sunglasses), slyly grabbed her pencil and clipboard back out from Maggie's dresser and wrote several notes in her clipboard about several different (not to mention equally fishy) characters: "shamelessly perpetuates completely

tired and overused fictional media tropes and has an absolutely ridiculous amount of plot armor" for Maggie, "are complete pedophilic frauds who have literally no fucking clue how to actually do their jobs properly" for the Chameleon Brothers, and "will very gladly fuck in a great big bukkake maledom threesome later on when the time is right" for the horse guards.

"Hey, don't you think that's just a (twitch) TAD hypocritical, what you just (TWITCH) wrote about the Chameleon Brothers?" Maggie, having thankfully also picked her clothes back up off of the floor and redressed herself, looked over Hutchison's shoulder as she was writing and teasingly asked her.

"Oh, SHUT UP!" Hutchison playfully retorted, swinging her left hand straight down like...well, a cat paw...and hastily shoving her clipboard and pen right back into her dress pocket as she and Maggie were promptly freed from their cell by the aforementioned horse guards (who now had their pants pulled up, thank Christ) for their daily morning-scheduled "shower and brunch" routine, starting with (oh, dear) the first-floor shower room (which was reached through a sharp right turn after the first front-wall-to-back-wall cell duo of said floor's second-layer West Wing hallway, naturally, with each of the building's six floors containing exactly seven layers that were all divided down the middle by an eerily straight vertical hallway at the center for a grand total of precisely eighty-four sextuple-celled prisoner-lodging hallways of which no less than eighty-two were, in fact, completely deserted, with the other two being only two-thirds occupied at most) and basically all that such a thing existing in this type of filthy, rotten and generally seedy setting implied, surprisingly minus the whole "soap-dropping" routine. (Don't worry; Hutchison thankfully left Flecko's corpse underneath Maggie's bed where it rightfully belonged.)

"Um (VIOLENT TWITCH)...h-HI, guys! How ARE (twitch) things?" Maggie nervously asked her fellow (last remaining) asylum-mates as she and the six of them creepily, nakedly huddled together (stood freakishly close to each other since they unfortunately had no other choice) and washed themselves in the shower room while Hutchison and the local security guards pervertedly watched.

"Oh, pretty fucking GOOD, apart from, oh, YOU know, HAVING MY FUCKING WIFE STOLEN FROM ME BY A GOD-DAMNED 12-YEAR-OLD GIRL WHO IS ALSO A FUCKING GARBAGE-EATING FLY JUST TO MAKE MATTERS EVEN MORE FUCKING HUMILIATING! DON'T EVEN TRY TO LIE TO ME; I FUCKING SAW WHAT YOU TWO DID LAST NIGHT! I'M NOT FUCKING STUPID, YOU LITTLE SLUT!" Filburt threw his arms out beside himself, rolled his eyes and sarcastically began, then suddenly violently pressed his face against Maggie's and began screaming at her with the passion of a thousand suns while his fellow asylum-mates (including Maggie) just speechlessly, shockedly glared at him in response.

"Um...uh...just for the (twitch) record, that wasn't actually under ANY sort of (TWITCH) consent from me at all; believe it or not, the crazy bitch actually used (VIOLENT TWITCH) FUCKING SLEEPING DRUGS (twitch) on me so that I wouldn't (TWITCH) notice what she was doing to me until it was too late!" Maggie frightenedly backed away from Filburt, did the (quadruple) jazz hands and embarrassedly explained to him.

"Oh, DID she now?" Filburt smugly replied, trying desperately to hide how angry he now was with Hutchison as he begrudgingly death-glared at her while his fellow asylum-mates (again, most especially including Maggie) placed their hands firmly onto their hips and disappointedly followed suit.

"Um...I-let's discuss this later, KAY?!" Hutchison nervously, shifty-eyedly stammered in response, punctuating her request with yet another freakishly sharp-angled tilting of her head as she meekly stretched out the collar of her dress with her hook hand in hopes that it would perhaps alleviate at least a little bit of her endless fear and stress from having to take care of Maggie...never mind the

fact that, in reality, said stress was actually almost entirely her fault for quite frankly being absolutely terrible at doing so in the first place.

"No problem-o, you (VIOLENT TWITCH) FUCKING PERV!" Maggie teasingly told Hutchison off as she gracefully, unabashedly twirled her breathtakingly beautiful (not to mention 12-year-old and technically insectoid), brilliantly glistening, soaking-wet and completely naked body around and around like a ballerina in glorious, sparkling, ultra-close-up slow-motion straight out of some cheesy-ass Japanese anime that may or may not have been Robotech, seductively feeling and stroking and scrubbing all over it from head to toe and literally every possible thing in-between with all four of her lovely little hands and causing Hutchison to violently, heart-eyedly bleed from her beady little nose, quite nearly blush her sodding face clean off, and nearly swoon onto the floor from how irreparably, masturbatantly love-struck she very clearly was by the mere sight of her own blatantly underage mental patient (I'm seriously not even kidding, by the way; she actually WAS, in fact, publicly fingering herself to a little kid) while the horse security guards standing behind her every-bit-as-shamelessly followed suit, except that THEY actually creamed themselves for real (roughly TEN FREAKING TIMES harder than the average real-life human male would have jizzed himself, naturally), dramatically placing their left hands over their foreheads and gaily, sideways-ly swooning head-over-heels onto the floor in the process.

"ANYWAY," Virginia depressedly shrugged her shoulders and sighed once she and her fellow asylum-mates had finally finished scrubbing themselves with the shower's rather disgustingly shared-between-seven-people soap bar, "I, for one, mostly just plain (twitch) MISS my family and wish that there was still at least (twitch) SOME sort of way in which I was (TWITCH) allowed to contact them. Does anyone in the general (TWITCH) vicinity happen to have a (VIOLENT TWITCH) PHONE on hand, by any chance? Because mine sadly got (TWITCH) confiscated when I was locked up in here..." she conveniently finished indulging herself in the admittedly rather quite relaxing feeling of the shower's disgustingly chlorine-filled water wholesomely spraying itself all over her rather bizarrely attractive naked body WAY before any of the male patients could and began mawkishly whimpering and pouting in a rather obvious puppy-dog-eyed attempt to squeeze sympathy out of Hutchison while Maggie shamelessly followed suit; luckily for them, however, Hutchison actually DID, in fact, end up completely falling for it like an absolute idiot after all!

"Alright, here you GO..." Hutchison dejectedly groaned as Virginia and Maggie excitedly stepped out of the shower and wrapped their complimentary floor-cleaning towels around their waists, pulling out her iPhone from her pocket, dialing the "7-1-4-9" passcode that was required in order to unlock it (while Maggie sneakily flew behind her and watched, interestingly enough) and somewhat hesitantly handing it over to Virginia so that she could use it to FINALLY, at obscenely long last, contact her tired, depressed and increasingly worried family.

"Um...hello? Who IS this?" George Wolfe (Virginia's husband) picked up his OWN loudly ringing iPhone off of the living-room coffee table over at the Wolfe Family Residence and curiously asked.

"George, it's me (twitch), Virginia! Your (VIOLENT TWITCH) WIFE!" Virginia overjoyedly replied with numerous bittersweet tears running down her face. "Tell me, how are things lately?"

"Oh, you know, the usual..." George lazily slouched backward into his sofa, boredly checked his right hand for hangnails and sighed. "Peter and Cindy are still balls-deep in their stereotypical emo phases; Heffer's still a fat, lazy slob who openly refuses to ever learn literally anything at all...Grandpa Hiram's still actively wishing that his life was over every single day, and to be honest, I can't really blame him at this point...and as for me, I've been desperately trying to get Heffer to move out and get a job so that he can actually do something MEANINGFUL with his life for once, but of course, literally NOTHING'S working, as always..." George exhaustedly groaned, angrily

glaring over at his firmly loveseat-bound adoptive steer son, Heffer Wolfe, who just nervously, fake-grinningly threw his arms out beside himself and glared back at him in response.

"Truly, some things never change..." Peter Wolfe (Heffer's adoptive brother, of which Cindy was the sister) smugly sighed, taking a nice big glass-mugged sip of coffee over at the dinner table in the living room and blank-facedly, droopy-eyedly glaring aimlessly into the living room, with Cindy also following suit so that she could post about it on social media using her OWN iPhone.

"Well, that's (TWITCH) good to hear, I suppose; just remember to tell my (VIOLENT TWITCH) precious little darlings I said hi, okay?" Virginia mushily, lovingly concluded, passing Hutchison's iPhone over to Maggie so that SHE could contact her OWN tired, depressed and increasingly worried family that she hadn't seen in literally over an entire week (even though it hadn't really felt like that long of a time to her, due to her aforementioned beating-induced coma at the hands of a VERY angry Filburt whose wife she had foolishly chosen to willingly tamper with and get herself caught by him in the process).

"Um, hello? Who IS this?" Frieda Pesky (Maggie's sickeningly sweet, gratuitously 80s-sitcom-haired mother) picked up her OWN loudly ringing makeshift wall phone off of the cardboard pantry wall of her kitchen over at the Pesky Family Milk Carton back in Stickyfeet (Maggie's original hometown in the local O-Town garbage dump, back when she actually HAD been properly fly-sized like most of the rest of her species) and curiously asked while scrubbing moldy green egg residue and even moldier blue bread crumbs off of both Aldrin Pesky's (Maggie's bizarrely muscular jerk-jock big brother's) and Pupert Pesky's (Maggie's obnoxiously cutesy little pupa brother's) recently eaten-off-of recycled-glass plates with nothing more than her signature rubber gloves and a rather impressively smooth-shapen piece of a discarded sponge from the infinitely nicer (looking) hum-animal world outside of Stickyfeet.

"Frieda, it's me (twitch), Maggie! Your (VIOLENT TWITCH) DAUGHTER!" Maggie frightenedly explained to Frieda, dearly hoping that the poor lady would still be able to recognize her voice.

"OH MY BUG, IS THAT REALLY YOU, MAGGIE?! WHY, WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU FOR LITERALLY OVER A WEEK, FOR BUG'S SAKE! TELL ME, HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?!" Frieda overjoyedly gasped, shrieked and cried at the tops of her ever-loving lungs while Chauncey Pesky (Frieda's awkward, nerdy, thickly bespectacled and ever-so-slightly pot-bellied husband) just nonchalantly stood next to her and wordlessly nodded with bloodshot, drooping eyes and a rather frightfully noticeable five-o-clock shadow adorning his face as he did so.

"Well, you see, I got viciously (VIOLENT TWITCH) raped by my adoptive uncle (TWITCH) Flecko, whom I rather quickly ended up having to savagely (TWITCH) murder in self-defense, inside the now-deeply-traumatized (TWITCH) brain of this sweet, innocent old wolf lady named (VIOLENT TWITCH) Virginia about eight days ago," Maggie embarrassedly, shifty-eyedly explained, placing her upper left hand over her mouth and blushing intensely while Virginia rather audibly retched, winced, whimpered and shuddered at the mere mention of said event, "and now I've been stuck in (twitch) rehab at the local mental asylum for almost two entire (TWITCH) days now after having to heal up at the local O-Town hospital for basically an entire (twitch) week...but as for the good news, my (VIOLENT TWITCH) psychiatrist just recently artificially (twitch) grew me to human size! That's right, I've officially grown (twitch) BIGGER than you folks ever could have previously imagined, and let me (TWITCH) tell you, life is SO much more glamorous out here than it was back where YOU guys are (VIOLENT TWITCH) living right now!" Maggie ecstatically continued while Frieda and Chauncey just blank-facedly, frozenly, period-pupiledly stared off into space for several seconds, too terrified to even be able to think of what to say next.

"W-Well, THAT'S cool, I suppose..." Chauncey took the phone from Frieda and sighed with relief, also fearfully shuddering and revoltedly gagging at the mere thought of what Flecko must have done to Maggie in you-know-where while Aldrin just smugly stood next to him, crossed all four of his arms behind his back and began whistling as if to say "I told you so".

"Anyway, is there any SORT of way in which you could perhaps maybe, oh I don't know, convince local hum-animal society to artificially grow US and the REST of Stickyfeet's population to the seemingly massive size that you supposedly are currently at?" Chauncey worriedly asked, tightly clutching his phone with both of his upper hands in eager anticipation of the answer.

"Oh, uhh...sorry, but the local (VIOLENT TWITCH) food chain currently only has room for ONE O-Town-resident (twitch) fly to be as big as I am right now, I'm afraid! Look, just give me a couple more (VIOLENT TWITCH) weeks to sort out all of the legal issues with what you've (twitch) just suggested, and then I'll get back to you once they've all been taken care of (TWITCH), alright?" Maggie nervously chuckled and explained, rather questionably only NOW starting to realize just how cripplingly BAD she now felt for her admittedly pathetically diminutive and culinary-taste-deprived family.

"Oh, of COURSE, dear, no hard feelings!" Frieda took the phone back from Chauncey and giggled merrily. "Well, goodbye, I suppose; is there anything else you'd like to ask me before I hang up, dear?" Frieda continued while Aldrin annoyedly wiped off the family's straw-impaled restaurant-drink-cup-lid dinner table using their VERY old and worn-out (torn-off piece of a) dish rag.

"Uh, yeah...just for (TWITCH) the record, how has my adorable (twitch) little brother Pupert been doing lately?" Maggie eagerly smiled and asked, clenching both her upper left hand and both of her lower hands into merry fists of excitement as she happily, bouncily awaited her ever-so-warmly-beloved mother's answer.

"Oh, don't worry about HIM, my little SNOOKUMS; why, he's doing just FINE!" Frieda relievedly swung her upper left hand straight down like a cat paw and laughed. "In fact, it sounds like he's already holed up in his room watching The Prancing Princess for, oh I don't know, somewhere around literally the FIFTIETH bug-darned time right about now!" she embarrassedly continued, angrily muttering to Chauncey about how Pupert seriously needed to learn what having his television at a reasonable volume level meant while Maggie just humiliatedly stuck out her tongue in disgust and went "oh, BLECH, yeah, now I remember that weird obsession of his".

"OKAY, Mom (twitch)...well, it sure has been awfully (twitch) nice getting to finally hear your sweet, soothing (VIOLENT TWITCH) voice again and whatnot, but I'm afraid I really must be (TWITCH) going, so GOOD-BYE!" Maggie exasperatedly groaned and began nonchalantly explaining, then suddenly rudely yelled at Frieda while hastily slamming her upper left index finger onto the End Call button of Hutchison's iPhone.

"My GOLLY, has she really metamorphosed into yet another one of those diddly-dang TEENAGERS again?" Frieda gasped while Chauncey smugly nodded his head at her and lovingly kissed her on the right cheek in response, prompting her to warmly smile from ear to ear and wholesomely return the favor on her dearly beloved husband's unshaven, gristly left cheek while Maggie's OTHER fellow asylum-mates back in the shower room, who had now already long since finished their showering session and wrapped themselves in their OWN complimentary floor-cleaning towels, impatiently tapped their still-completely-bare feet on the painfully cold floor and pointed at a nearby wall clock with their index fingers while silently mouthing the words "we're going to be late for brunch, you damned idiot" at her.

"Guys, please CHILL! We've still got, like, FIFTEEN MINUTES left before brunch time!"

Hutchison did the jazz hands and nervously explained to her prisoners...I mean, patients.

"Alright, look, guys, just one more (twitch) call, PLEASE? I SINCERELY promise I'll (twitch) pass the phone RIGHT on over to the next guy that wants it as SOON as I'm (twitch) done here!" Maggie also did the jazz hands and nervously explained to her fellow asylum-mates as she hastily dialed the number of her black(er) best friend, Rayna Cartflight, so that she could make an important announcement to her (no, not THAT kind, you fucking pervert; need I mention that Rayna herself is ALSO twelve years old in this story?).

"Yo, WAZZUP, moth-a-flock-er?" the ginormously bespectacled Rayna slyly pulled out her cell phone from her right blue-jeans pocket with her upper right arm, lazily crossed her legs and rather enthusiastically asked her rather ironically unknown-at-the-moment caller, lying face-up (and also luckily fully clothed, disregarding her rather obviously-fanservice lack of footwear at the moment) and wholesomely chilling out on the nice comfy bed in her bedroom over at the Cartflight Family Boot back in Stickyfeet.

"Knock it off, Rayna...I don't need you to (TWITCH) tell me how fucking black you are...I've already known you for at least eight god-damned (VIOLENT TWITCH) YEARS, for fuck's sake..." Maggie exasperatedly face-palmed herself and groaned annoyedly while Rayna just ironically winced at the fact that she was now hearing her best friend swear so much.

"DAMN, poop-digga, what garbage-trucking foul LANGUAGE you've been using lately! Yo, Maggie, is that snarky little bitch on the other end of my line still you, or is I talking to somebody else entirely?" Rayna suavely (but still worriedly) wiggled her wholesomely plump toes, seductively scrunched her supremely sumptuous soles at the audience and asked Maggie, reaching over to her bedside die to grab her recycled-glass water cup so that she could smugly sip water from it while eagerly awaiting her response.

"YES, Rayna, it's me..." Maggie unamusedly shrugged and sighed. "Look, I'm going to need your (TWITCH) assistance for something VERY important later on, okay?" she rather suspiciously explained, suddenly lowering the volume of her voice considerably while Hutchison nervously scratched her chin with her hook hand and rather curiously cocked her left eyebrow at Maggie in response.

"Man, what the Heck it BE, ya silly little THANG?" Rayna chuckled wholesomely, somehow unintentionally painting her OWN sexy little toenails the exact same pulsating-purple color that Maggie's OWN formerly rosy-red (same color as Hutchison's) toenails had just recently been re-painted into by the Chameleon Brothers using the nail polish that she had also just grabbed off of her bedside die (not to be confused with her makeshift lamp, the bottom portion of which had somehow been made FROM the miniature-lightbulb-infused brush cap of a makeup canister while the lampshade on top appeared to be the clear plastic cap off of a much larger perfume spray canister) while she patiently waited for Maggie to finally finish formulating her answer...unfortunately, however, said answer wasn't exactly a very intriguing or detailed one, to say the least.

"Just...it's just (twitch) SOMETHING, okay? I'll tell you more (twitch) about it later." Maggie hastily finished and hung up, prompting Floyd Cooper to then immediately snatch the iPhone right out of her foolishly unsuspecting hands like a complete kleptomaniac lunatic and excitedly dial the number of Sly Cooper, his long-lost Thievius Raccoonus cousin over in Paris.

"Um, h-hey, Sly, it's your old pal Floyd!" Floyd nervously greeted Sly over Skype chat, needlessly darting his eyes all over the shower room at complete, freakishly-hunchbacked random while doing so.

"Oh, dear Lord, it's YOU again...listen, you're not calling me again just so that you can 'enlighten' me with your hogwash conspiracy theories straight off of the front pages of grocery-store tabloid magazines written by the god-damned Wa-Cowski Sisters, are you? Because if you seriously are, then I swear to all that is holy-" Sly irritatedly sighed and began explaining to Floyd through his binoc-u-com for what must have been at least the HUNDREDTH time.

"No, trust me, it's EXTREMELY important!" Floyd desperately begged Sly to understand. "You see, me and my new friends here...have been locked up in O-Town's insane asylum for quite some time...and as usual, the place treats us like absolute dog shit...but WAIT A MINUTE, I think I've just discovered the TRUE PHILOSOPHICAL MEANING behind all of it!" he began nonsensically rambling, foaming at the mouth and shaking intensely while Sly, Bentley (his badass version of Filburt) and Murray (his badass version of Heffer) just boredly propped one each of their elbows against the main conference table of their hideout apartment (well, actually one of his wheelchair's Doc Ock tentacles in Bentley's case, since he was now permanently bound to said wheelchair after a rather tragic leg-crippling accident that I'd rather not spoil), rested their heads against said elbows' corresponding hands and patiently sat and waited for Floyd to finally stop talking so that they could get back to formulating the plan for their next heist.

"Personally, you see, I believe...that this is all part of a great big show...and WE'RE the Truman!" Floyd fearfully began explaining, biting his nails as he did so.

"Roughly FIVE seconds in and I already have practically NO freaking clue what in the hell he's talking about." Murray confusedly scratched his head with his left hand and groaned.

"Heh, your guess is as good as mine, pal!" Sly amusedly chuckled with an ever-so-devious grin on his face, patting him on the left shoulder with his right hand.

"Wow, you guys really do have absolute SHIT taste in movies, you know that?" Bentley regretfully hung his head in shame and face-palmed himself with his actual left hand.

"Alright, so here's how it works...people, you see, are like oranges...and oranges, as we all very well know, have LAYERS." Floyd hastily explained, already slipping into yet ANOTHER extremely blatant movie reference while Sly and Bentley just exasperatedly rolled their eyes.

"Yeah, like TWO of them, to be exact...wait, or was it THREE?" Murray smugly quipped, briefly cupping his chin in his left hand and running the numbers through his head just to make sure.

"The walls surrounding us...are merely the metaphorical PEEL that protects the weak, pathetic and helpless truth about this miserable government lab-rat experiment of a place from the outside world of the space chickens and whatnot, you see, with our rulers' incessant lies representing the flavedo of said peel while the cheaply made discount bricks of our cells serve as its albedo." Floyd continued explaining while Sly, Bentley and Murray just boredly, tiredly yawned in response.

"Expanding upon that analogy, we ourselves, nothing more than sad, miserable little puppets for our rapacious masters to quench their sick, perverted desires with, represent the orange's juice vesicles, with the metaphorical seeds that the birds of fate plant into our minds obviously representing the literal seeds of the orange itself." Floyd CONTINUED explaining in an increasingly pretentious and overworded manner while Sly, Murray and Bentley began frustratedly bashing the sides of their heads against the conference table in response.

"And just like that of a real orange, the true CORE essence of this revolting joke of an establishment isn't actually fed by its surrounding parts the way that it's supposed to be, but rather uses said parts as an insultingly blatant front behind which to hide its revoltingly tasteless and colorless true nature. We aren't patients, you see; we are merely PAWNS of the government!"

CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT HERE?!" Floyd furiously raised his voice at Sly, Bentley and Murray, causing all three of them to flinch back into their seats with QUITE a start from just how vehemently he had done so.

"So, let me just get this straight here: basically, what you're saying here is that you and a bunch of other annoying weirdos whom you still haven't given us any of the actual NAMES of yet despite being able to rattle off that entire RIDICULOUSLY pompous, redundant and overwritten spiel you just threw at us in practically one measly breath without even breaking a SWEAT are currently trapped in a heavily corrupt mental asylum and need our help in order to bust yourselves out from it?" Sly perplexedly asked Floyd, confusedly scratching his head with his right hand.

"That's a...ROUGH translation." Bentley flatly stated, tossing his arms out beside himself in a truly classic "whatever" gesture while his wheelchair instinctively did much of the same with its mecha-tentacles.

"I CAN COUNT TO POTATO!" Murray dizzily rambled to himself while Floyd finally caught his breath again and used it to insufferably continue his already stupidly long philosophical speech even further.

"To get a better idea of what type of situation we're in here, just imagine us as additional, smaller oranges WITHIN the larger one. Imagine us as CLOCKWORK oranges, if you will." Floyd explained.

"Oh boy, here we go again..." Sly, Bentley and Murray all exhaustedly groaned, shook their heads and face-palmed themselves in unison as Floyd FINALLY reached the last few paragraphs of his speech once and for all.

"You see, beneath our admittedly energetic and stalwart appearances, we really are, in fact, being treated as nothing more than soul-less, free-will-less automatons to serve the almighty Tinseltown and its comically over-inflated ego. Once again, juicy on the outside but bitter on the inside, if you will." Floyd continued explaining.

"Boy, HE sure is one to talk about having a stupidly oversized ego..." Sly cupped his chin in his left hand and deviously snickered underneath his breath as Floyd's speech promptly began breaking down into completely stereotypical conspira-tard nonsense.

"But you know what? FUCK the so-called 'difficulties of reconciling the conflict between individual freedom and social order' and everything that they stand for! NONE OF THAT SHIT FUCKING MEANS ANYTHING ANYMORE! OUR MINDS ARE BEING CONTROLLED BY ALIENS! ALIENS, I TELL YOU! RAPACIOUS JUDAIST REPTILIANS FUNDING ISRAEL TO KILL THE PALESTINIANS SO THAT THEY CAN IGNOMINIOUSLY FABRICATE BEING DISENGAGED FROM GRATUITOUSLY MASTURBATORY SOCIO-POLITICAL COITUS WITH ALL OF THE ADDITIONAL DEGENERATE, PLEBEIAN, BIN-LADDIN'S-DISEMBODIED-HEAD-IN-A-GLASS-JAR-WORSHIPPING FUCK-TARDS POPULATING THE MIDDLE EAST!" Floyd suddenly completely lost his mind yet again and began incoherently, hilariously overwordedly shrieking his lungs out in "gratuitous" all-caps, causing his fellow Cooper Gang and his fellow asylum-mates alike to quite nearly actually DIE laughing at him.

"So basically, he hates Jews." Filburt and Bentley both exasperatedly shrugged their shoulders and sighed in unison while Floyd actually passed out head-over-heels onto the floor from how hard he had just been screaming his head off, THANKFULLY hanging up his call in the process.

"Well, it's not our fucking problem anyway, I suppose." Sly gently clutched his now-intensely-



aching head with both of his hands and indifferently sighed while Murray even more indifferently walked over to the fridge to make himself a nice big turkey sandwich, speaking of so-called FOOD for thought.

"Alright, guys, so before we move on to the cafeteria for brunch time, is there ANYONE else who'd still like to make a call or two? We've still got about five more minutes or so before the brunch-arrival deadline, so make it extra-snappy if any of you ARE planning to do so, KAY?!" Hutchison merrily explained, once again punctuating her explanation with a freakishly sharp-angled tilting of her head as she gently took her iPhone back from Floyd's shady conspiracy-theorist hands while his fellow asylum-mates crossed their arms over their chests and glared evilly at him.

"Nah, my family's every bit as generic and boring as I am, believe me..." Rocko dangled his arms down in front of himself, hung his head in shame and sighed dejectedly.

"And mine's too fucking CHEAP to even ANSWER my damned calls, for crying out loud!" Filburt threw his arms out beside himself and angrily yelled in annoyance.

"Um, Filburt, sorry to have to break it to you, but not counting Crazy Aunt Gretchen, I'm pretty sure that your family's already DEAD from old age by now!" Rocko leaned over to Filburt and nervously, eye-dartingly whispered into his ear while Filburt horrifiedly stopped dead in his tracks and shrunk his pupils into comically tiny dots in response.

"Oh. Right." Filburt flatly stated, then suddenly buried his head in his hands and broke out into a manic fit of bawling while his fellow asylum-mates and Hutchison just blankly stared at him in response.

"There, there, Filburt, come on; pull yourself TOGETHER, would you?" Rocko kindly asked Filburt, gently and warmly rubbing and patting him on the back as he frantically ran over to the shower room's nearest sink and violently blew his nose into it, then pulled out a conveniently stored handkerchief from his shell and wiped the tears from his eyes with it before finally shoving it back into his shell compartment and reluctantly but obligedly rejoining his fellow asylum-mates in the act of standing around and basically doing nothing.

"Looks like that one fortune cookie from all of those years ago that told me that bad luck and extreme misfortune would infest my pathetic soul for all eternity actually WAS right after all..." Filburt dangled his arms down in front of himself and depressedly sighed, shooting a rather aggressively evil death glare over at Maggie in the process.

"ANYWAY," Hutchison exasperatedly groaned, "there's only room for exactly ONE more call right now! John K and Sub Man, which of you two wants it more?" she curiously asked, teasingly making the classic "eenie-meenie-minie-moe" movement between the two of them with her hook hand as she eagerly awaited their responses.

"Meh...probably neither of us, to be honest with you. Quite frankly, in my case, I HAVE NO FAMILY!" John Kricfalusi shrugged his shoulders and depressedly explained, then suddenly threw his arms straight out in front of himself in a ridiculously melodramatic gesture and arrogantly bellowed at the tops of his lungs while his fellow asylum-mates and Hutchison alike just uninterestedly groaned and rolled their eyes in response.

"Submarine Manatee WOULD be calling his family right about now, if not for the fact that he just recently ended up being locked in compactor as punishment for KILLING his family and locking their feet in his freezer!" Submarine Manatee disturbingly joyfully explained in his painfully Autotuned voice while his fellow asylum-mates and Hutchison just irritatedly covered their ears in response.

"Well, it looks like that about does it for our introduction session, KAY?! Time for us to get ourselves dressed and head out to the cafeteria for a nice, warm brunch! HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE!" Hutchison merrily explained with yet ANOTHER freakishly sharp tilting of her head, giggling eerily to herself while Maggie and her fellow asylum-mates systematically filed out of the room one by one and headed back to their cells, which they (the non-Maggie portion of them, at least) were escorted to by exactly six anthropomorphic stock "police officer" badgers that all looked rather strangely identical to each other (for whatever completely unexplained reason, the horse security guards who had just publicly jerked themselves off to watching Maggie buck-nakedly prison-shower herself had just up and vanished entirely, in much the same type of manner as that in which the dodo ones had earlier) while Hutchison rather disturbingly clingily led Maggie back to her own cell.

"MAN, don't these hallways just look BEAUTIFULLY pristine?" Hutchison joyfully asked Maggie as the two of them boringly trudged their way through the very same dank, dismal, dilapidated and generally depressing old medieval-brick hallways that she was referring to en route to Maggie's honestly almost equally dismal and depressing cell, with Maggie herself also taking rather immensely unsettling (to say the LEAST) notice of the numerous suspiciously empty and forcefully-evacuated-looking cells lining the walls of said halls along the way.

"Yeah (twitch), SURE, if by 'PRISTINE' you mean 'like a freaking hellish (TWITCH) Middle Ages TORTURE DUNGEON haunted by the (twitch) ghosts of its own former (VIOLENT TWITCH) victims!'" Maggie angrily threw her arms out beside herself (well, except for her upper left hand, which was naturally the one that Hutchison was dragging her by with her OWN left hand) and sarcastically growled at Hutchison as the two of them finally reached Maggie's cell, at which point Hutchison then quickly let go of Maggie's upper left hand, dug out a rather unfortunately single-purpose key from her dress pocket with her OWN left hand, dug it straight into the keyhole to the entrance door of Maggie's cell and deftly twisted it into "unlocked" position.

"Oh, COME ON, now THAT'S just plain pessimistic!" Hutchison laughed nervously and shiftily-eyedly as she opened the door to Maggie's cell and politely welcomed her back in.

"HMPH...like YOU would know..." Flecko's ghost irritately grumbled from within his body as said body continued to lifelessly, rottingly, symbolically lie beneath Maggie's bed.

"Alright, my lovely little sex slave- I mean, mental patient; NOW let's dress you up in your adorable little PRISON uniform! KAY?!" Hutchison merrily giggled and blushed, neck-crunchingly sharply tilting her head once more as Maggie playfully dug into the clothing drawers of her dresser and pulled a nice big four-piece set (using exactly one hand per piece, naturally) consisting of a black-and-white-striped pair of pants (with some more of those good old magical hammerspace pockets, thank God), a pair of black rubber shoes with equally black socks, a black-and-white-striped shirt, and last but not least, an adorable little black-and-white-striped cylinder hat.

"So, uhh, tell me (twitch)...how do I look?" Maggie nervously asked Hutchison once the creepy, child-molesting psychopath had finally finished pervertedly ogling and redressing her.

"POSITIVELY FUCKABLE!" Hutchison tightly, blushingly covered her mouth with her hand(s) and ear-to-ear-grinningly squealed from sheer cuteness overload.

"Yeah, I (twitch) thought so..." Maggie groaned disgustedly as Hutchison excitedly led her over to the rather exceptionally shady, putrid (to the point where its sheer stench could actually be smelt from at least four if not FIVE entire layers of the first floor away), run-down-beyond-belief, and generally nasty-looking cafeteria that also happened to conveniently be on the first floor (seventh

layer, center door on back wall) while her fellow badger-led asylum-mates begrudgingly followed along behind her, with the badgers rather mysteriously dissipating into the West Wing and East Wing side hallways surrounding said cafeteria's front door and never being seen or heard from again as Maggie and her cohorts nervously held their breath for more reasons than one and fearfully, tremblingly opened the door so that they could walk inside.

"PEE-FUCKING-YEW! Why, this place smells as if at least roughly 512 people just DIED in it for God's sake!" Floyd revoltedly whined, with tears already streaming down his face from the sheer stench alone as both he and all five of his other asylum-mates besides Maggie (who fortunately lacked a properly visible nose) pulled out one clothespin each from their pants pockets and clamped them tightly onto their noses while Hutchison also did much of the same. "When I get the chance, I swear to God that I'm going to make the local health inspectors get utterly Presto Agitato on these hogwash-spewing, pantaloons-wearing, cock-juggling, Satan-enamored rodeo clowns' infidelic pagan asses that are exclusively reserved for men and small children only!" he continued rambling, making all sorts of ludicrously over-the-top orchestral gestures with his hands in the process while Hutchison nervously gulped, trembled and hid behind her clipboard (luckily, since she was standing behind them, none of Floyd's wholeheartedly agreeing asylum-mates were actually able to notice this).

"My dead grandmother's FEET smell better than this, and believe me, I would know!" Submarine Manatee winced and moaned in revulsion (not to mention repulsive Autotune).

"Certainly smells awfully (twitch) FISHY, that's for sure!" Virginia angrily crossed her arms over her chest, nodded her head and agreed.

"My god, it actually somehow smells even worse than this fucking show's art style LOOKS!" John Kricfalusi coughed, choked and hatefully sneered in disgust.

"HMPH...smoldering, nostalgia-crazed, decrepit old TOAD..." Rocko irritably rolled his eyes, crossed his arms over his chest and muttered to himself underneath his breath.

"I'M NAUSEOUS...I'M NAUSEOUS...I'M NAUSEOUS..." Filburt weakly clutched his chest and began flatly stating to himself for literally everyone in the cafeteria to hear.

"Wow, I really have (TWITCH) NO idea what you guys are (twitch) TALKING about; it smells absolutely (VIOLENT TWITCH) DELICIOUS to me!" Maggie overjoyedly did a loop-dee-loop straight up into the air and sang as she wholesomely gazed upon the crumbling, moldy, dimly-lit, wooden-tabled, grossly under-sized rat-hole (quite literally, as it was also rat-infested) that laid before her and her fellow asylum-mates while said prisoners just awkwardly cocked their eyebrows, glared at each other and confusedly shrugged with a generous side portion of their usual exasperated eye-rolls in response. Meanwhile, Hutchison was just love-strickenly grinning from ear to ear and beaming at Maggie and her ever-so-adorably-youthful innocence with ridiculously huge hearts in her eyes while the thoroughly gas-masked Chameleon Brothers who had just walked in behind her did much of the same as well.

"Anyway, could someone (twitch) PLEASE explain to me why literally NONE of us are (TWITCH) wearing actual straitjackets as opposed to standard prison (twitch) outfits right now?" Maggie flew back down onto the grimy, grungy tiled floor of the cafeteria, walked over to Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers and rather curiously asked them.

"Because as part of our latest social experiment, we are planning to let exactly ONE of you little rascals per week out into the REAL world so that you can perform GLORIOUS community service in the form of your ULTIMATE dream jobs!" Chuck ecstatically explained, throwing his arms straight up into the air and gleefully jumping for joy.

"Oh YAAH, and also, since our new anthropomorphic-elephant Republican president, Donald Frump, has now officially declared to revert the United States' political system back into the complete white-power anarchy that it originally was and THEN some, you guys are going to have COMPLETE legal freedom to do absolutely WHATEVER you want!" Leon smugly nodded his head and continued explaining, also throwing his arms straight up into the air and gleefully jumping for joy as he finally finished.

"GULP!" Hutchison audibly gulped while all seven of those so-called "little rascals of hers" maliciously grinned from ear to ear and rubbed their hands together like flies in response.

"Come on (twitch), guys, let's discuss it over (VIOLENT TWITCH) brunch!" Maggie energetically encouraged her fellow asylum-mates, excitedly flying over into the kitchen while everyone else that she was talking to just squeamishly skipped the whole tray-loading process and walked straight over to the cafeteria's center table, taking great care not to kick up any of the numerous mold spores scattered around on the floor as they did so.

FIFTEEN SECONDS AND ONE EXTREMELY NAUSEATING SLUDGE-LADLING SOUND EFFECT LATER...

"Hey guys, I'm (twitch) BACK!" Maggie happily greeted her (almost) equally deranged friends as she carefully flew straight over to the rotting old wooden table at which they were now seated, very unapologetically took the one remaining free seat between Hutchison and Floyd, and VERY carefully (AUTHOR'S NOTE: sarcasm) plopped her now-rather-generously-filled brunch tray, of which the one and only content was a bowl of rather grotesque-looking reddish-brown stew that, to say the LEAST, contained a rather abnormal amount of eyeballs, fingers, testicles, brain bits, pubic hair, toenails, literal rat tails and the like (yes, even by the standards of restaurants like Stuff On A Stick and Chokey Chicken, no less) onto the tabletop while her fellow asylum-mates speechlessly watched in terror as, displaying a truly unbelievable amount of naivety even by an 8-year-old's standards, she immediately dug right into it with her newly-acquired rusty old fork and spoon and actually began EATING it...INDULGENTLY AND HAPPILY, no less!

"BLEEEAAAUUUGGGHHH!" Filburt pulled out a nice big paper bag from his pocket, buried his head straight into it and violently heaved his guts out.

"Damn, and I thought Ren Seeks Help was fucked up..." John Kricfalusi terrifiedly shook in his chair and thought to himself.

"YOU SICK LITTLE ROTTER!" Rocko disgustedly screamed at Maggie, briefly leaning across the table so that he could fiercely slap her right across the face. "DO YOU HAVE ANY FREAKING IDEA WHAT MIGHT BE IN THAT PUTRID, REVOLTING SLIME, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD?! JUST THINK OF THE FAT! THE SODIUM! THE CHOLESTEROL!" he furiously continued, shaking his fist and once again spraying a crap-ton of saliva all over her embarrassedly blushing face as she annoyedly attempted to shield herself from it with her hands in response.

"THE PEOPLE! THINK OF THE PEOPLE WHEN OUR LOCAL GOVERNMENT WON'T! I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S LITERALLY THE ONLY FREAKING WAY TO STOP THEM FROM DESTROYING US ALL WITH THEIR OWN WOEFULLY CHRONIC NEGLIGENCE OF THE UNIVERSAL IMPORTANCE OF CIVIL RIGHTS! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE, I TELL YOU, WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!" Floyd suddenly grabbed Maggie by the collar and began shaking the crap out of her while furiously screaming his head off at her in a direct continuation of what Rocko had just said right before him. Needless to say, he also ended up spraying a metric crap-ton of saliva all over her face as well, ironically grossing her out WAY more than the actual "food" did

thanks to her blissful unawareness of just HOW unbelievably disgusting the thing that it was more-than-secretly made out of actually was.

"Oh, COME ON, don't be ridiculous, this isn't made out of PEOPLE for crying out loud! There's absolutely NO FREAKING WAY!" Maggie swung both of her upper hands straight down like cat paws and teasingly giggled at Floyd while the rest of her fellow asylum-mates just unanimously, horrifiedly nodded their heads in wholesome agreement with him.

"Oh, REALLY? Then how do you explain all of the blatantly exposed FEET sticking out of it, HMM? Or how about the fact that being locked into this disgusting, dog-poop-covered llama den of a place feels so eerily much like being literally shoved into compactor?" Submarine Manatee obnoxiously crooned and sneered at Maggie in his usual completely insufferable Autotune voice.

"NEVER in ALL OF MY (VIOLENT TWITCH) FORTY-EIGHT YEARS OF EXISTENCE have I seen a (twitch) child with such utterly (VIOLENT TWITCH) DETESTABLE nutritional taste in food! And I freaking (VIOLENT TWITCH) raised HEFFER for God's sake!" Virginia revoltedly spat, angrily shaking her head at Maggie and tightly clutching it with both of her hands in absolute disbelief while Maggie gluttonously scarfed down the whole bloody bowl and then loudly burped at her in response.

"TEE HEE! Scuse (twitch) me!" Maggie smugly threw her arms out beside herself and childishly giggled, causing her fellow asylum-mates to VERY judgmentally and disappointedly glare at her in unison while Hutchison briefly pulled out her clipboard from her dress pocket and infuriatedly scrawled out the words "has absolutely NO table manners or food-taste refinement whatsoever" in her notes, actually being rather unfair with the second part while Maggie nervously did the jazz hands and wholesomely cleared her throat.

"ANYWAY," Chuck annoyedly rolled his eyes and groaned at Maggie, "what would you personally consider your ULTIMATE dream job?"

"OOH, I KNOW! POLITICAL ACTIVIST, POLITICAL ACTIVIST!" Maggie excitedly raised her hand and cheered. "I'll be able to finally restore peace to American society!" she continued ecstatically cheering, throwing all four of her spindly little insect arms straight up into the air and gleefully jumping and wing-flapping for joy as she did so.

"NOTE TO SELF: Maggie is downright hopelessly naive and I love it so much." Hutchison adoringly scribbled into her notes in a rather remarkably "tsundere" fashion.

"WELL? How about YOU guys?" Leon aimlessly pointed his left index finger all around the table and asked Maggie's fellow asylum-mates.

"Me? PUBLIC CHURCH SPEAKER!" Submarine Manatee proudly exclaimed in a classic Superman pose, already imagining himself standing atop his just-recently-usurped-from-Lama-Goldendoodle throne as the official Emperor Of The World. "I would proudly, patriotically indoctrinate my loyal students with my totally-not-retarded religious beliefs that I am God and my feet are Jesus!"

"Me? AIRPLANE (TWITCH) TOUR GUIDE!" Virginia merrily threw her arms out beside herself in a hugging gesture and cheered with excitement. "I'd hit ALL the major landmarks!"

"Me? FOOD DRIVE DONOR. I AM THE MILK-RAT. MY MILK IS DELICIOUS." Floyd creepily, robotically began chanting to himself, with the pupils of his eyes suddenly shrinking into nearly microscopic dots of pure, unrelenting goal focus while everyone else around him just confusedly cocked their eyebrows and weirded-outly glared at him in response.

"Me? DEMOLITIONS EXPERT. And I ain't just talking about wrecking BUILDINGS either, if you catch my drift!" John Kricfalusi explained with an insufferably smug snap of his fingers, then proceeded to creepily, winkingly whisper to the audience while everyone else around him just annoyedly rolled their eyes in response, having already become rather profoundly sick of his shit to put it lightly.

"Me? COMEDIAN!" Filburt assertively pointed at himself with his right thumb and smugly laughed. "With a good bit of SEX ED mixed in as well, if you catch my drift!" he teasingly winked at the audience while even John Kricfalusi himself audibly shuddered at the mere thought of what he could potentially end up pulling if given the proper chance.

"Me? PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES! Now THAT'S that I would call making our country GREAT again!" Rocko proudly, unbelievably-naively explained in yet another Superman pose, already imagining himself leisurely sitting at the main presidential desk of the White House and sipping a nice big smoothie while the window-exposed night sky behind him lit up wholesomely with firework explosions.

"WHOA, whoa, whoa, HOLD ON, pal! President Of The United States?! That's a rather TALL order, don't you think?" Leon worriedly waved his left index finger at Rocko and warned him.

"YAAH, you'd have to literally straight-up KILL the current President in order for THAT to ever happen!" Chuck thrust his palms out toward Rocko and matter-of-factly explained to him while literally everyone else in his general vicinity orgasmically moaned at the mere thought of what he had just warned Rocko about the possible occurrence of actually happening.

"Oh, I think that can (VIOLENT TWITCH) DEFINITELY be arranged..." Maggie deviously hunched forward and cackled evilly to herself, rubbing all four of her hands together like the dirty little fly that she was while Hutchison terrifiedly scrawled out the words "oh dear GOD, this was such a terrible idea" in her notes.

(cue the Third Movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata here)

ONE PRISON-BUS TRANSPORTATION OF SUBMARINE MANATEE TO THE LOCAL O-TOWN CATHOLIC CHURCH ON THE EXACT NOON OF THE VERY NEXT DAY (OCTOBER 1st) LATER...

"The SMELL of the righteous foot is BESET on all sides by the inequities of the stockings and the tyranny of evil llamas." Submarine Manatee egomaniacally dressed himself up as the Pope (Bishop of Rome), stood proudly upon the altar of O-Town's most famous and beautifully decorated (not to mention most horribly defaced and dilapidated due to Frump's new anarchist movement) Catholic Church, of which the Jesus statue out front had already long since been tragically beheaded and dismembered while the stained-glass windows and lovely stone walls of the main building itself had roughly just-as-long-since been broken, cracked and spray-painted all over, and began "religiously" announcing in his hilariously awkward Autotune voice while the entirety of the completely-random-anthropomorphic-animal-comprised crowd beholding his ridiculously overblown spiel just shook their heads and speechlessly mouthed out the words "what in the actual Hell" in response.

"BLESSED is he who, in the name of stinkiness and bad smell, shepherds the EVIL BLOOD-SUCKING LLAMAS into Submarine Manatee's Compactor of Doom, for he is TRULY his master's servant, and the feeder of yummy dog poop to him!" Submarine Manatee continued rambling while his audience just perplexedly scratched their heads and cocked their eyebrows at him in response.

"And I will SPRAY down upon thee with GREAT StinkBoost and FURIOUS SmellCheck, THOSE who attempt to POISON and DESTROY my lovely foot odor! AND YOU WILL KNOW! MY NAME IS THE MANATEE OF THE SEA! WHEN I LAY MY COMPACTOR UPON THEE!" Submarine Manatee began shouting increasingly melodramatically, concluding his inane and nonsensical speech by thrusting his leg-shaped Catholic staff straight up into the air with both arms and ear-bleedingly shrieking to the highly Autotuned heavens, his unspeakably horrendous singing voice shattering every single stained-glass window in the entire church as the world's largest B-17 bomber plane (piloted by Virginia, of course) suddenly flew directly over the church and dropped a humongous, church-sized, foot-shaped anvil on top of it, literally compacting every single person in it (including Submarine Manatee himself, thank GOD) to death.

ONE WEEK OF COURT BRIBERY LATER, AT THE LOCAL O-TOWN AIRPORT...

"Alright, everybody, be sure to (TWITCH) fasten your seatbelts! We have QUITE a lot of famous (twitch) O-Town monuments to hit on this (twitch) tour, so keep your (TWITCH) eyes peeled!" Virginia explained through her new single-piloted tour plane's intercom system at the local O-Town airport while her passengers just worriedly trembled in their seats due to the fact that she had literally NEVER flown an airplane before (at least not without it horrifically crashing and burning in some place or another, that is).

"Now LET'S (twitch) see here...blah blah blah...yadda yadda yadda..." Virginia wholesomely yanked off her shoes and socks and began absentmindedly mumbling to herself, burying her face into the local architecture map on her iPad with her hands while haphazardly operating the cockpit's steering wheel with her freakishly large (not to mention smelly and germ-covered) bare feet. Needless to say, she was clearly following her GPS (Global Positioning System) instructions far, far, FAR too literally to say the least.

"First up, we have the O-Town Statue Of (TWITCH) Liberty!" Virginia exclaimed merrily as her nigh-indestructible tour plane crashed right through the statue's chest and knocked it clean in half, causing the top half of poor old Lady Liberty to collapse straight down onto Liberty Island down below and crush only-god-knows-how-many innocently naive tourists in the process. "Feast your eyes upon its majestic (TWITCH) glory as you- oh, dear God, NOW I really HAVE gone and (VIOLENT TWITCH) done it, haven't I? I REALLY FUCKING (TWITCH) DID IT, DIDN'T I?! OH, GOD DAMN ME! GOD (VIOLENT TWITCH) DAMN ME TO HELL, DAMN IT!" Virginia continued calmly explaining, then suddenly began maniacally shrieking as she briefly circled her tour plane around the statue's mangled remains and realized what she had just done.

"Next up, we (twitch) have the world-famous Con-Glom-O (VIOLENT TWITCH) TWIN TOWERS!" Virginia, upon FINALLY lowering her map from being directly in front of her sodding face, threw her arms straight up into the air, frantically wiggled her legs up and down and resoundingly screamed at the tops of her lungs in absolute terror as her tour plane completely SKEWERED said skyscrapers at roughly 200 miles per hour, passing entirely THROUGH them in the process and therefore causing both of them to collapse horrifically to the ground, leaving the iconic martini-glass-with-Earth-substituted-for-its-obligatory-olive-accompanied "WE OWN YOU" that had formerly been plastered atop it rather symbolically lying on the ground in ruin as countless people down on the streets began frantically fleeing and screaming for dear life.

"Boy, THAT'S sure to (VIOLENT TWITCH) leave one hell of a death toll...OH, DEAR GOD!" Virginia regretfully sighed to herself as she absentmindedly let go of her steering wheel so that she could reflect on what she had just done...only for her tour plane to then immediately begin plummeting like the stock market and crash nose-first into the world's biggest and saddest "crying Thom Yorkie in an iron lung" statue, smack-dab in the middle of Zucchini Park!

"Meh, I highly (TWITCH) doubt anyone really misses him at this (twitch) point in his musical career anyway..." Virginia exasperatedly threw her arms out beside herself, shrugged her shoulders and sighed as she nonchalantly hopped out of the plane and walked away from it without a care in the world while all of the former passengers ran out screaming for dear life. "Gee, I sure do (twitch) WONDER what's gotten into THEM?" Virginia scratched her head and wondered as the plane nuclearly exploded right behind her.

"Now THAT'S just (TWITCH) darned RUDE!" Virginia angrily waved her left index finger at the plane and scolded it while the countless police officers that were now overwhelmingly concentrated around her loudly grunted "AHEM" at her in unison, wrapped her right back up in her straitjacket, tossed her into their prison van and immediately sent her straight back to the asylum without even a SINGLE second thought (indeed, even complete anarchy, contrary to the Chameleon Brothers' belief, DEFINITELY had its limits).

ANOTHER WEEK OF COURT BRIBERY LATER, IN THE SKYSCRAPER-DOTTED DOWNTOWN SECTION OF O-TOWN...

"If the Food Bank is no longer going to actually be used for its proper intended purpose, then it may as well not even exist in the first place." Floyd began monologuing to himself in reference to the fact that Donald Frump was now PROUDLY allowing rich, arrogant sons-of-bitches such as himself to shop at said bank as if it were just any regular old grocery store as he rabidly drooled from the sides of his mouth and completely FLOORED the gas pedal of the loudly nursery-rhyme-blaring ice-cream van of which he now had the freezer tightly packed with an entire hospital destruction's worth of signature-phrase-triggered five-second time bombs that were disguised (by his own demented word and literally nothing else whatsoever) as filled-to-the-brim milk bottles, heading straight down Loathing Road at roughly 96 miles per hour.

"At this point, us human-imals are literally nothing more than worthless, miserable tapeworms in the intestines of our government. And NOWHERE is this more apparent than in the current state of the food business, which now SHAMELESSLY lives off the teat of the smartphone industry." Floyd continued monologuing to himself, "accidentally" plowing over several children, breaking open several fire hydrants and knocking over numerous light posts with his van as he suddenly swerved MASSIVELY right onto Regret Road, nearly causing several cars on its corresponding T intersection to crash in the process while their drivers angrily shook their fists and loudly yelled "LEARN HOW TO DRIVE, YOU FUCKING IDIOT" at him.

"To me, there are only two types of people in this world; the sane, and the enlightened. The main difference, you see, is that the sane are essentially nothing more than robotic, state-controlled bricks in the collective walls of society, while the enlightened understand that the entire world we live in is, in fact, merely an artistic representation of itself; a broad, cynical farce wrought by the almighty power of artists and writers, if you will." Floyd continued rambling, wildly swerving back and forth to skip past all of the cars on Regret Road as he then continued straight through the nearest cross-intersection and hung a sharp left onto Fear Road, causing an utterly ridiculous number of unsuspecting cars on the aforementioned cross-intersection to brutally dogpile together in easily one of the top 20 biggest crashes of the past week in O-Town (of which there were now well over 100).

"HMPH...that god-damned electoral fungus with cotton-candy hair who calls himself Donald Frump wants to fucking MILK the fact that he is the single biggest scapegoat in the history of liberal media as an artificial method of making himself famous, does he? Wants to fucking TEAR APART modern-day society like the soggy, MILK-soaked papier-mache mockery of its former self that it has now devolved into like classical music becoming mainstream pop music, DOES he? I'll fucking SHOW him! I'LL SHOW THEM ALL! THERE IS ONLY ONE CAULIFLOWER-



HEADED DOOFUS REMAINING ON THIS MISERABLE, ALIEN-INFESTED PLANET WHO IS STILL SMART ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO SEE THE TRUTH ABOUT THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY THROUGH HIS UNDERWEAR, AND THAT IS ME! I AM THE MILK-RAT! MY MILK IS DELICIOUS AND NO ONE CAN FUCKING STOP ME!" Floyd once again dramatically (but gradually) lost his cool and began shrieking at the tops of his lungs as he passed underneath a remarkably long series of dimly-lit bridge overpasses on Fear Road, once again manually swerving his way around all of the cars as he quickly made his way to the end of the tunnel and made another sharp left onto Pain Road, which rather conveniently ended up leading straight to the exact front side of the local Food Bank building.

"SPECIAL DELIVERY TODAY!" Floyd waited until he had gotten suitably close to the Food Bank and then laughed maniacally, slamming his right index finger onto the Rocket Propulsion button right next to the van's steering wheel and immediately lunging out of its right side door for dear life as the whole damned van suddenly sprouted metal wings on the bottoms of its left and right sides, along with no less than FOUR rocket-propulsion pipes on the top-left, top-right, bottom-left and bottom-right corners of its rear section, and took off flying straight into the Food Bank in an incredibly flashy barrel-roll motion before blowing up the entirety of the establishment with a great big KA-BOOM!

"Sometimes, it seems that you really DO have to destroy the local food storage facilities in order to properly feed the world...in other news, WAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Floyd regretfully hung his head in shame and sighed at the sight of what he had just done, then suddenly got down on his knees, threw his arms straight up to the high heavens and began laughing maniacally as all sorts of cartoonishly explosion-proof lead-lined aluminum food cans came raining down from the sky for all of the local rich guys, middle-class dudes and hobos alike to grab...or ignominiously get conked right on the head by, which unfortunately was exactly what ended up happening to Floyd while he was busy chewing the local scenery to death as always.

"The universe...is an artificial hologram designed by...(faints)" Floyd dizzily slurred with literal pieces of bullshit spinning around his head, then finally collapsed head-over-heels onto the ground while local police officers quickly arrived at the scene and hauled his unconscious body back to the asylum in the exact same manner that they had previously demonstrated with Virginia, straitjacket and all.

YET ANOTHER WEEK OF COURT BRIBERY LATER, IN VARIOUS LOCATIONS THAT WERE ALL TRAVELED DIRECTLY TO BY LIGHT-SPEED JET...

"Who isn't meeting the fucking deadline NOW, assholes?!" John Kricfalusi screamed lividly, boiling with rage as he completely demolished the Blue Man Group Sharp Aquos Theatre (formerly Nickelodeon Studios) attraction in Universal Studios Florida with both a nearby wrecking ball and the vehicle that it was attached to.

"In your fucking FACE, you god-damned unfunny and overrated hack that has literally only made ONE even-remotely-close-to-decent show in his entire MODERN life!" John Kricfalusi laughed arrogantly at Joe Murray's expense as he completely "demolished" poor old Murray at the local Cartoonist Art Contest in San Jose, California (AUTHOR'S NOTE: Camp Lazlo also exists, just for the record).

"You know how the Big Bad Wolf had to blow on the Three Little Pigs' house in order to knock it down? Do it again, you pretty little whores...just...JUST DO IT ON MY DING-DONG THIS TIME..." John Kricfalusi creepily whispered, backing exactly three adorably chubby and helpless little 8-year-old anthropomorphic pig girls at one of many local O-Town day-care facilities firmly up against a nearby blue-sky-and-rainbow-painted wall that his shadow then quickly began to

ominously loom over as he excitedly pulled down his pants and readied himself to "demolish" their virginity.

YET ANOTHER WEEK OF COURT BRIBERY AFTER JOHN K'S INITIAL INCIDENT  
LATER, ON THE STAGE AT THE LOCAL O-TOWN COMEDY CLUB...

"Look, I know VERY well about how the edited kiddie version of me and Hutchison's marriage history that you normally see on TV shows us to have simply, ahem, laid a giant fucking CHICKEN egg with each other, which our babies then popped out of later on, but in reality, I can assure you that what actually happened was significantly closer to THIS!" Filburt straightened his cheesy new bowtie and awkwardly, nervously explained to his audience, then suddenly loudly yelled out the last word of his sentence as he manually (with his BARE, clammy hands, no less) reached into the nasty, sweaty, wrinkly, hairy, pimply, middle-aged and forcedly impregnated (by him behind the scenes) vagina of Beverly Bighead, who was now worriedly, nakedly and spread-eagly lying face-up on a hospital bed right next to him and glaring at him in equal parts eyelid-cocked confusion and immensely vehement disgust at the sheer unrelenting insensitivity of what he was now willingly doing in front of a (rather decently sizable) public audience; for what it was worth, John Kricfalusi was initially positively beaming with morbidly fascinated delight as he rather impressively well-hiddenly sat in the back of the audience and watched Filburt go...well, that is, until he saw what would shortly thereafter become the, AHEM, real meat of Filburt's act.

"WHOA HO HO HO HOH, THAT TICKLES SO MUCH! YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY, YOU!" Beverly Bighead embarrassedly put her left hand over her blushing, widely grinning mouth and giggled as Filburt finally dug all the way through her vomit-inducingly putrid birth canal into her uterus and violently pulled out a nice big fast-asleep turtle-headed tadpole that was still rather firmly and bloodily attached to its umbilical cord.

"Oh my, what an absolutely PRECIOUS little tadpole!" Beverly Bighead lovingly crooned at the mere sight of her newborn baby as Filburt suddenly did the unthinkable with it.

"AND NOW FOR THE CEREMONIAL CUTTING OF THE CORD!" Filburt loudly bellowed to his audience as he grabbed tightly onto the midsection of his new baby's umbilical cord with both (of his bare) hands and savagely bit down on it with his freakishly massive teeth, causing its blood to repugnantly gush and squirt all over the place while the audience screamed and gagged in horror (most especially Edward Bighead and his Joe Murray stand-in son Ralph Bighead, whose jaws had long since dropped to the floor in utter disbelief).

"AND NOW FOR THE WAKING OF THE BABY! DON'T WORRY, DEAR, I'LL WAKE YOUR BABY! WAKE THE BABY! WAKE THE BABY! WAKE THE BABY! AHAHAHAH! AAH-HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! OHH HO HO HOOH! HUHUAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Filburt began laughing more maniacally than ever before as he took what was left of the baby's umbilical cord and swung it around and around over his head like a lasso, then grabbed tightly onto the end of it with both hands and began swinging it around and around in a great big merry-go-round circle, disgustingly sending its blood flying all over the place and hitting several members of his audience RIGHT in the face (most notably including Edward and Ralph Bighead, who both just nonchalantly licked it off of their faces and continued staring empty at the freakish horrors that now laid before them).

"SO LONG, GAY VAXXER!" Filburt yelled mockingly as he finally let go of the baby (tripping headfirst over his own shoelaces and literally falling flat onto the floor in the process), sending it flying straight into Edward's outstretched, eagerly awaiting arms while the entire rest of the audience except for him and Ralph threw their arms straight up into the air and frantically ran away screaming for dear life.

"AH, my beautiful new baby..." Edward gently, lovingly cradled his new tadpole in his arms and gave it a wet, sloppy smooch with his moldy blue lips (that Beverly also happened to have a REALLY bad case of, unfortunately enough) while Ralph just stuck his tongue out in disgust and audibly winced in response.

"BEHOLD its simple yet elegant MAJESTY, I eagerly implore ALL of you!" Edward dramatically bellowed to the high heavens, holding his new baby straight up in the air with both hands and eagerly waiting for applause...but alas, none came apart from Beverly Bighead sarcastically slow-clapping her hands at Filburt back on the stage.

"UHH...w-where IS everybody?" Edward nervously looked around himself and asked Ralph curiously.

"They're GONE, father, due to how awful Filburt's act was." Ralph flatly explained to him.

"HMPH...well, I can't say I really BLAME them, I suppose..." Edward hung his head in shame and dejectedly sobbed while Ralph reassuringly began patting him on the back.

(stop playing the Third Movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata here)

YET ANOTHER WEEK OF COURT BRIBERY LATER, ON THE STAGE OF THE LOCAL ROCK CONCERT HALL...

"I see our future, and what do I see? People going crazy on a NATION-WIII-I-IDE scale!" Maggie Pesky, having finally gotten over her head-twitching habit for the time being (due to how happy the fact that she was now playing in front of a live audience made her, of course) but still being every bit as crazy as ever nonetheless, began Autotunedly singing in the tune of "Death To Squishies" from Ratchet & Clank 3 (ironically, at that moment, she was, in fact, the only member of her not-even-named-yet band that actually was contributing to the song itself; the rest of the song was all digitally assembled and was, in fact, directly plagiarized from the aforementioned game that it was "inspired" by, much to John Kricfalusi's wry amusement), shredding several resounding power chords on her new double-necked guitar while her fellow asylum-mates hopped around in their straitjackets like complete idiots behind (and around) her.

"Can't stand politics, they're pompous and SHA-dy! The time is now; DEM-O-CRATS MUST PRE-VAIL! DO YOU WANNA BE CALLED RACIST? NO? THEN SHOUT WITH ME, YEAH!" Maggie valiantly sang and shouted, shredding several more power chords on her guitar while her hypocritical Neo-Nazi nest of an audience jumped for joy and loudly cheered in response.

"This goes out to all citizens of A-MER-I-CA; it's time for you and me to GROW up and strike BACK! Don't stop until we make the world a better place, by wiping every last FUCK! ING! TRACE! OF! FRUMP!" Maggie powerfully concluded while her crowd overwhelmingly cheered and began maliciously chanting "KILL THE FRUMP" in response.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE FRONT STEPS OF THE O-TOWN CITY HALL, DURING YET ANOTHER INCREDIBLY MISGUIDED SPEECH BY DONALD FRUMP...

"Anyway, what I'm trying to say here is that Mexican and Indian people are ugly, hairy monkeys that America should get rid of ASAP so that they can finally stop fucking up our economical ethics and destabilizing my wonderfully, incomparably massive ego that I literally cannot live without. The same also goes for worthless LGBT faggots and most especially those fucking jailbird N\*\*\*ERS living among us as well, just for the record." Donald Frump (quite literally the elephant in the room as far as liberal media was concerned, not to imply that him having his wife and son,

Melaria Frump and Barrogant Frump, standing right behind him at the moment was exactly helping him in that regard either) hatefully announced from behind his presidential lectern, clenching his solid-gold, colorfully jewel-decorated White Male Affinity Gauntlet tightly in his left fist while his cleft-lipped, lazy-eyed, shotgun-toting, incest-supporting, at-least-roughly-fifteen-percent-Klan-robed audience loudly fired its shotguns straight up into the air and cheered "FUCK YEAH, HWITE MURICAN POWER" in response.

"HMPH...I'll show you a (VIOLENT TWITCH) fucking worthless, pathetic, ambiguously (twitch) lesbian jailbird N\*\*\*ER!" Maggie, who had just recently shrunk herself to ant size with her newly "borrowed" Grink Ray, revoltedly sneered as she bravely, stealthily bobbed and weaved in-between the legs of Frump's audience with her wings flapping on all cylinders, deftly tunneling her way through the crowd with rather remarkable speed and precision until she finally reached Frump himself, at which point she then immediately proceeded to fly straight up his unsuspecting trunk!

"Wait, hold on a second, I think I may have an angry vocal minority in my nose right about now!" Donald Frump embarrassedly sniffled and explained to his audience while Maggie wholesomely dug her way through his mouth-wateringly gooey, slimy, crusty and delicious boogers with her already rather dirty (albeit thankfully gloved) hands (not to mention her mouth, which she was gleefully and frantically shoveling said boogers into with all FOUR of her hands like the absolutely revolting and sadistic hog that she was), outright-horrifyingly-rapidly tunneling her way straight through into his wondrously bulbous, spongy and throbbing brain and ever-so-excitedly worming her way inside!

"GAAAH! Libtard in head...LIBTARD IN HEAAD!" Donald Frump suddenly stopped dead in his tracks and horrifiedly gasped while tightly clutching his now-completely-defenseless head with both hands, then every-bit-AS-suddenly threw his arms straight up into the air and began even MORE horrifiedly screaming at the tops of his lungs and frantically, immeasurably panickedly running around in circles like an idiot while literally everyone in the general vicinity (well, apart from the cameramen, that is) promptly followed suit.

"Hmm, let's (twitch) see what you have to say about liberty and (VIOLENT TWITCH) justice now that I'M the one in (TWITCH) control..." Maggie cackled maliciously as she eagerly manned Donald Frump's manual control cockpit (AKA his Central Nervous Super-Computer, which she was now REALLY putting the "nervous" into the name of to say the least), politely cleared her now-nauseatingly-mucus-congested throat and began loudly and assertively speaking into his voice control microphone.

"My dear fellow citizens of America, I am a fucking fraudulent clown who cannot be trusted in the slightest and has absolutely no idea what in the fuck he is talking about." Donald Frump began "regretfully" explaining to his audience while Maggie sadistically watched through his eye-socket screen, briefly yanking her shoes and socks off with her lower hands so that she could give her bare, sweaty, dirty and stinky little feet a nice little much-needed massage against his ever-so-delightfully moist, squishy and pulsating inner brain tissue, curling her mouthwateringly plump, pulsating-purple-painted toes into said relaxingly soft and wrinkly grey matter and orgasmically moaning with pleasure as she did so.

"To be honest, this is basically what I've been treating you folks as being to me...(suddenly gets right down on all fours, wags his tail and begins sweatily panting and howling like a dog as his faggot son literally fucks him up the ass on-stage while about 90% of the entire audience, including Melaria, furiously masturbates to it)...AROOO! AROOO! ARF! ARF! WOOF!" Donald Frump VERY unsubtly continued explaining while Maggie switched his eye-socket screen into third-person view and giggled uproariously as she deftly rewrote Mr. Frump's "use White Male Affinity Gauntlet to exterminate every non-white-male person in the universe" command line into

"use White Male Affinity Gauntlet to bring back all of the people that her fellow asylum-mates' misadventures had ended up resulting in the deaths of" while he and his audience were still busy being...AHEM...distracted.

"Anyway, now that THAT's over with," Donald Frump embarrassedly sighed as his now heavily pants-creamed audience returned to its original positions, "I believe it's about time for me to finally make up for what I've done and APOLOGIZE to liberals and Democrats everywhere!" he explained, snapping the fingers of his Gauntlet hand and instantly making everyone in America see him wholeheartedly for the hateful demon that he was, at which point the audience (not counting Melaria and Barrogant, that is) began angrily booing him and pelting him with tomatoes in response.

"Well, looks like my (TWITCH) work here is done!" Maggie slipped her footwear back on and chuckled merrily as she threw on an industrial-grade gas mask from her left prison-pants pocket, pulled out a nice big quadruple set of (flesh-melting) neurotoxin spray cans from her right prison-pants pocket (holding one in each hand, naturally) and manically, sadistically sprayed them all over the inside of Donald Frump's brain, his body already becoming horribly weakened by the sheer destructive force of the Affinity Gauntlet's activation as he ignominiously collapsed onto his knees, tightly clutched his now-thickly-tomato-splattered-and-horrifically-bleeding-from-the-eyesockets head, crossed his eyes in mismatched directions, stuck his tongue out and began slack-jawedly drooling like a caveman, giving Maggie the perfect opportunity to fly right back out of his massive, dangling, violently blood-gushing trunk and ever-so-wonderfully-excitedly head straight into his rather ignominiously wide-open mouth from there while she still had the chance!

"It sure wouldn't (VIOLENT TWITCH) hurt TOO much to take it just a tad (twitch) FURTHER, though!" Maggie arrogantly shoved the neurotoxin cans right back into her pockets and laughed psychotically, her "Big Bad Mags" alternate personality having long since dominated at least roughly seventy-five percent of her entire thought process as she eagerly flew straight down Donald Frump's crusty, phlegm-coated throat into his tired, aching old lungs and sprayed them positively FULL of weapons-grade pesticide!

"ACK!" Donald Frump clutched his chest and gasped hopelessly for air as Maggie shoved the (exactly four) pesticide cans (along with her gas mask) back into her pockets, pulled out "her" Grink Ray (set to GROW, of course) and went straight for his cold, bitter, slimy and shriveled-up heart!

"TA-DAAAH!" Maggie happily, human-sizedly sang as she did a headfirst frontflip straight through Donald Frump's now-pathetically-brittle ribcage, splattering gratuitous amounts of blood all over the place (not to mention herself) and landing gracefully on her left knee with all four of her arms merrily outspread beside her and Donald Frump's still-beating heart clutched tightly in her upper left hand, briefly turning around and showing Mr. Frump so that he and his family could see how cold and black it was before he died.

"YAAAY! OUR HERO! OUR HERO! OUR HERO!" Maggie's now-adoring audience began resoundingly cheering as she lifted Donald Frump's heart directly over her mouth, dropped it right in, chewed it up with her mouth wide open while facing directly toward his wife and son (who understandably ran away screaming in response) and wholesomely gulped it down, washing it down with the leftover blood from his chest cavity and finishing with a nice, loud burp right into the presidential lectern's microphone.

"Mmm...tastes (twitch) like Kentucky-Fried (VIOLENT TWITCH) CHICKEN!" Maggie laughed and sobbed dementedly, licking her blood-soaked lips and patting her belly with horrifically sadistic delight.



## Chapter 4

ON THE EVENING OF THAT VERY SAME RATHER OPPRESSIVELY GLOOMY NOVEMBER-5th DAY, AT THE ASYLUM'S FRONT DESK...

"Alright, listen, guys; I know we've all done things that we haven't exactly been PROUD of during periods of anarchy, but my fellow mental patients' behavior over the past five weeks was just downright UNACCEPTABLE and you know it." Rocko, who was now proudly seated at his obligatory massive desk in the White House as President of the United States, regretfully informed the Chameleon Brothers on the computer atop their main secretary desk through Skype chat, using a rather painfully obvious silhouette filter to wafer-thinly disguise himself as your typical "generic shady government figure" as he did so.

"UNACCEPTABLE? Oh, come ON, Rocko, didn't you see the world-famous Catholic Church one of them visited? For crying out loud, he COMPACTED the bitch!" Chuck and Leon both smugly threw their arms out beside themselves and laughed uproariously at Rocko while he just annoyedly rolled his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, cleared his throat and continued.

"Yes, and they also 'accidentally' tore apart the O-Town counterparts to New York City's two most famous monuments apart from the Empire State Building, futzed up the local stock market quite nearly beyond repair, caused multiple HORRIFIC street traffic accidents, blew up the local food bank, plummeted the local airport business' profits to absolute ROCK bottom, gave several innocent homeless guys head concussions, tore down the former Nickelodeon Studios like it was NOTHING, raped several day-care students in an UNGODLY creepy fashion, nearly gave Mr. Bighead's wife a TRAGIC miscarriage on a freaking TELEVISED COMEDY SHOW while he and his son were forced to watch, blatantly mocked one of the remarkably few actually good Radiohead songs outside of OK Computer, shamelessly ripped off an utter CRAP-ton of real-life pop culture properties, performed a sodding MORTAL KOMBAT fatality on our former President at one of his biggest speeches while HIS wife and son were forced to watch, attempted to convert the local Catholic population into literal god-forsaken FOOT worshippers, and even openly insulted my original show's freaking CREATOR in public!" Rocko furiously slammed his palms straight down onto his desk and began vehemently ranting at Chuck and Leon while they just audibly gulped, drummed their fingers together and began nervously whistling at each other in response.

"FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST, KNOCK IT OFF ALREADY!" Rocko yelled furiously at them while they just speechlessly, frightenedly nodded their heads at him in response.

"Now, listen up, pals, and listen good; if you don't get those little psychopaths back into their proper restraints, I AM GOING TO DO SOMETHING NOT NICE!" Rocko seethingly continued, slamming his now-tightly-clenched fists straight down onto his desk and screaming at them with the collective fury of a thousand boiling suns (that "thing that must not be mentioned" that he was almost certain that the food in their cafeteria was being made from didn't exactly help their case either, just for the record; the mere THOUGHT of it made his stomach turn, in fact).

"Something...n-NOT NICE?" Chuck broke out into a cold sweat, nervously stammered and audibly gulped, frantically wobbling his knees and trembling in outright pathetically cowardly terror all the while.

"Like w-WHAT, might we ask?" Leon comfortingly hugged Chuck with his left arm and frightenedly (but still curiously) asked while frantically biting the nails of his right hand.

"Like SHUTTING THAT FREAKING DISMAL ABOMINATION OF A PLACE DOWN, that's what!" Rocko continued yelling at them. "Those poor souls need a more responsible and less seedy establishment taking care of them like a damned FISH needs water! Personally, I don't even want to KNOW what the hell you've been force-feeding them in the cafeteria!"

"Well, that's, UHH...h-highly classified INFORMATION, you see!" Chuck nervously chuckled and stammered, biting his lip and shifty-eyedly drumming his fingers together.

"YAHH, and besides, they've got PLENTY of hot dogs, microwave dinners, canned foods and general fat/cholesterol/sodium loaded CRAP to eat in their rooms! Oh, WAIT...that's not really going to HELP their situation all that much, is it?" Leon merrily continued explaining, then suddenly hung his head and sighed in (clearly fake) shame as he "realized" just how awful the prisoners' living situation really was.

"Well, anyway, try not to sexually abuse and/or generally torture them too much in the meantime, comprende?" Rocko assertively curled his hands together atop his desk and asked the Chameleon Brothers with rather surprising politeness while they just deviously grinned and nodded their heads at each other in response, clearly up to no good.

"Oh, of COURSE we won't, Rocko, we PROMISE!" Chuck twirled his fake mustache, nodded his head and nervously replied with an obviously fake ear-to-ear grin on his face.

"YAHH, trust us, you have absolutely NOTHING to worry about!" Leon twirled his OWN fake mustache, nodded his OWN giant-sombrero-adorned head and ALSO sarcastically "reassured" Rocko, who luckily was still JUST naive enough to actually fall for it.

"WELL, uh...OKAY then, I suppose! HEH HEH! Just make sure that your prisoners have at least a LITTLE bit of fun in there over the next few weeks, okay?" Rocko nervously drummed his fingers together, confidently curled his hands together yet again and happily concluded.

"Sure THING, Rococo! Good-BYE!" Chuck and Leon merrily waved goodbye to him in unison, disabling their Skype chat and then immediately proceeding to maliciously rub their hands together like flies while the overall mental status of Maggie and her fellow asylum-mates ironically began to slowly but surely DETERIORATE over their next sixteen days in the establishment.

To make a long story slightly shorter, the prisoners were now kept in their straitjackets at all times (and quite often their gurneys as well, although muzzles were thankfully no longer needed and therefore no longer used) except for when it was absolutely necessary for them to be removed, which was usually only when Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers needed to sadistically torture them for their own selfish amusement (which also sometimes happened to him while they were still IN their straitjackets, just for the record). Just to name the six most extreme examples from the following fourteen days depicted below:

ONE WEEK LATER, ON NOVEMBER 12th, IN MAGGIE'S CELL...

"Come on, SUCK MY ITALIAN- I MEAN SPANISH COCK, YOU FUCKING ADORABLE LITTLE WHORE!" Chuck teasingly screamed at the now-unwillingly-naked Maggie (who now had all four of her arms tied behind her back in an agonizingly tight manner), repeatedly and remorselessly flogging her (left and) right across the helplessly bleeding and crying face with a dual-wielded pair of barbed-wire dildos as she obediently sucked and sucked and sucked some more while Leon violently forced her entire face against Chuck's increasingly erect and throbbing penis from behind, shoving his OWN penis STRAIGHT up Maggie's grossly underaged and quite frankly undersized vagina in the process until said vagina bled...and also AFTER it had already started bleeding, just for good measure.



"THAT'S my good little girl! GO! GO! GO!" Hutchison ecstatically cheered Maggie on, fingering herself intensely to the mere sight of the poor mentally-broken girl's suffering and leaving several "she was a precious little angel" comments in her notes with the exact same hand that she was using TO finger herself while Chuck and Leon respectively shoved their dicks into Maggie's right and left pupils, causing her to blood-curdlingly shriek and writhe in agony as the two of them ejaculated heaping loads into her retinas, completely blinding her eyesight for the next several hours.

ONE HOUR LATER, IN THE MEDICAL ROOM (SECOND FLOOR, FIFTH LAYER, EAST WING, END OF FRONT WALL) THAT ALSO LOOKED LIKE A MEDIEVAL TORTURE CHAMBER...

"Tell me, can you read the letters now?" Hutchison somewhat annoyedly asked Maggie, pointing eagerly to the eye exam poster on the wall behind her with her hook hand.

"Does it fucking LOOK like I can?" Maggie threw her arms out beside herself and frustratedly replied, forcing her crust-glued eyelids apart with two (same-side) hands each and revoltingly displaying her thoroughly pink, bloodshot, swollen and yellow-pus-mixed-with-semen-oozing eyes to Hutchison while Hutch just shot pepper spray from her dress pocket directly INTO them in response. Needless to say, this caused Maggie to scream and cry so loudly that it could easily be heard from a rather impressive distance AROUND the asylum.

ON NOVEMBER 14th, AT THE TABLE AT WHICH MAGGIE HAD PREVIOUSLY DINED IN THE CAFETERIA, AFTER MAGGIE'S ABORTION WAS ADDED INTO THE STEW...

"Here comes the AIRPLANE! VROOM! VROOM!" Hutchison playfully teased the now tightly-straitjacket-bound and forcedly-baby-costumed Floyd from the opposite side of the brunch table, forcing his mouth painstakingly wide open with her hook hand and forcefully spoon-feeding him the rather obvious corpse-remnant stew from the kitchen with her left hand while his stomach began agonizingly, tear-jerkingly churning and cramping in response (and also while all of the fellow asylum-mates sitting around him began degradingly and insensitively pointing and laughing at him so that the Chameleon Brothers wouldn't prematurely execute them as punishment for NOT doing so).

"I now regret everything that I've ever said about the government...THESE deranged, pedophilic rodeo clowns are SO much worse..." Floyd gently wept and depressedly thought to himself.

ON NOVEMBER 16th, IN VIRGINIA'S CELL...

"Alright, the scalp's off; her poor little brain is all yours now!" Hutchison excitedly announced to Chuck and Leon with a psychotic grin on her face, holding her blood-dripping hacksaw with her left hand while carelessly dangling the once-again-disembodied top part of the tightly-straitjacket-bound and upright-gurney-strapped Virginia's skull from the tip of her hook hand.

"OH, DEAR (VIOLENT TWITCH) GOD...not this (TWITCH) place again...ANYTHING but this (VIOLENT TWITCH) place..." the tightly straitjacket-bound and ball-gagged Maggie horrifiedly shivered, desperately squirmed and wriggled for dear life and thought to herself as Chuck agonizingly pulled Virginia's entire brain open at the numerous still-clearly-visible stitch seams in-between her left and right hemispheres with his bare hands (once again causing her to mismatchedly cross her eyes, stick out her tongue and drool like an idiot, naturally) while Leon gently plucked the now-properly-fly-sized, also-very-tightly-straitjacket-bound Maggie right off of the palm of his left hand with a nice big pair of tweezers and dropped her right in, giving her a lovely introduction to all seven of the parasitic, carnivorous worms that Chuck and Leon had secretly planted into said brain through Virginia's unsuspectingly comatose nose and ears when she

had initially been locked up in the asylum.

"HUH? WHAT? What's (TWITCH) going on here?! OH...OH (twitch) GOD...WHY...WHY ARE YOU DOING (TWITCH) THIS TO ME...OR TO HER, FOR THAT (twitch) MATTER..."

Virginia frantically gasped in surprise as Hutchison slapdashly stitched her brain back together out of thin air, her eyes wildly darting all around the room before finally stopping dead in their tracks and shrinking their pupils into nearly microscopic dots upon seeing what was now being displayed on the television that Hutchison had just recently wheeled into her cell thanks to the nice, long endoscopy tube that Chuck and Leon had just stuck into the one remaining hole in her brain that HADN'T been re-stitched shut yet.

"Um...h-HELLO (twitch), p-p-parasites...n-NICE (TWITCH) worms...s-SWEET (VIOLENT TWITCH) WORMS..." Maggie helplessly thought to herself, squirming her way across Virginia's temporal lobe into her frontal lobe like an inchworm in a laughably futile and generally pathetic attempt to escape from her parasitic, annelid, frightfully ravenous pursuers and quickly becoming backed up against her Central Nervous Super-Computer, with the worms' shadows even MORE quickly beginning to ominously, pedophilically loom over her while Virginia speechlessly watched in horror.

"Personally, I don't see what you're looking so SCARED about; I honestly don't see anything wrong with this situation at all!" Chuck sarcastically chuckled as he sat in one of the interrogation chairs (that he had just moved) next to her and shoveled the contents of his recently-microwaved bowl of popcorn into his mouth while sadistically masturbating with his right as Virginia's brain worms quickly ate right through Maggie's straitjacket (cocoon, if you will), rendering her completely naked and corner-pinned yet again while the worms drooled and blushed intensely in response. Meanwhile, Virginia awkwardly twitched her eyelids, turned bright green in the face and loudly gagged and retched in disgust.

"YAAH, me neither!" Leon laughed absentmindedly, also eating popcorn and masturbating furiously as the first six of Virginia's brain worms (as in the comparatively large ones that were each roughly the size of Maggie's entire body at the moment, much to her thoroughly and deeply revolted dismay) used their grotesquely long and slimy adhesive tongues to forcefully drag and pin Maggie tightly (face) up against the left hemisphere side wall of Virginia's brain by her hands and feet in a rather cleverly combined "one tongue per limb" effort while the seventh and final one (also the smallest by a rather jarringly massive stretch to say the least, looking to be about half the size of an average earthworm even to Maggie at that moment, since it WAS the baby one after all) slithered its way straight up her gorgeous naked body in ever-so-glorious close-up view (yes, the Chameleon Brothers indeed had a smart endoscopy tube; please don't question it) and very painfully squeezed, burrowed and...well, WORMED its way into her left nostril so that it could start its own warm, happy, slowly-but-surely-mind-devouring family in HER completely defenseless and unspeakably horrified brain!

"PLEASE (VIOLENT TWITCH) tell me that fucking thing's (TWITCH) breeding process takes more than eleven (VIOLENT TWITCH) days..." Maggie horrifiedly thought to herself, already realizing how disgustingly tight of a fit that seemingly pitiful little worm-let was going to end up being for her actual brain size at that moment as she acutely felt it making its way through her nasal passageway into the very thing of hers that said thought was COMING from, with part of her also more-than-somewhat wishing that the worm would just immediately start multiplying like a rabbit in there and kill her overnight while she was asleep, as opposed to her having to wake up to her own so-called "psychiatrist" molesting the living shit out of her again.

"Boy, THIS sure does remind me of the good old days! How about YOU?" Hutchison turned directly toward Virginia, pulled out Flecko's corpse from her pocket and began using it as a puppet

yet again while Virginia just haplessly shrieked and cried from the mere rekindled remembrance of what had happened between him and Maggie all those weeks ago.

(Don't worry; Maggie and the worms were both removed from Virginia's brain shortly thereafter. The Chameleon Brothers had mostly just put the worms there to fuck with her.)

ON NOVEMBER 19th, IN SUBMARINE MANATEE'S CELL (OF WHICH THE HEATER HAD JUST RECENTLY BEEN CRANKED UP TO ITS ABSOLUTE MAXIMUM SETTING BY CHUCK AND LEON), AFTER MAGGIE'S BRAIN WORM HAD THANKFULLY ALSO SUCCUMBED TO THE MADDENING URGE TO ERASE ITSELF...

"Sweet merciful Emperor Of The WORLD, it's so freaking hot in here! I haven't had anything to drink all freaking DAY, and it feels like my damned FEET are about to burn off! AND WHO IN SUBMARINE MANATEE'S NAME DECORATED THIS INFERNAL, LLAMA-INFESTED ROOM?! SERIOUSLY, WHY ARE THERE SO MANY FREAKING STOCKINGS AND LLAMAS ALL OVER THE WALLS?!" Submarine Manatee exhaustedly, sweat-drenchedly, barefootedly, strait-jacketedly moaned, panted and whined in his ridiculous Autotune voice (that somehow, at that moment, sounded even WORSE than it normally did, due to the fact that his cell's borderline-skin-meltingly hot temperature conditions at the moment were causing it to ever-so-slightly glitch out) as he almost-lifelessly sat on the side of his bed, with his legs dangling straight down into a wooden washing-water bucket beneath him while his mind struggled desperately to think of a good reason why his entire cell would be coated wall-to-wall with printed-out pictures of socks and llamas.

"Well, I'm afraid WE'RE going to have to answer the former of THOSE two questions rather abruptly to say the LEAST, friend!" Chuck and Leon suddenly waltzed right into Submarine Manatee's cell like they owned the place (well, technically, they actually DID at the moment, but still) and sarcastically informed him as the two of them lifted up his foot-sweat bucket in a combined effort (after mixing rat poison into it, that is) and poured it right into his eagerly awaiting mouth.

"AAH, YES...WHY, THAT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL TASTE I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED IN MY (URK) LIFE..." Submarine Manatee orgasmically moaned...then suddenly choked, coughed, sputtered, and finally collapsed dead onto the floor (surprisingly forward and face-down this time, unlike most of the other occurrences of such a thing happening in this story).

"AND THIS TIME, STAY DEAD, YOU FUCKING WORTHLESS PIECE-OF-SHIT FILLER CHARACTER!" Chuck and Leon heartily laughed as they gaily held each other's hands, merrily skipped out of the room together and INCREDIBLY rudely slammed the door behind themselves like they just didn't care about anyone or anything in the whole sodding world except FOR themselves (again, probably because they DIDN'T).

ON NOVEMBER 22nd, IN JOHN KRICFALUSI'S CELL...

"You know what? Maybe I really HAVE been stereotyping shows like Rocko's way too much after all..." John Kricfalusi surprisingly fault-admittingly thought to himself as he was strait-jacketedly, upright-gurney-strappedly forced to watch a full-series marathon of the infamous Mega Babies (1999) cartoon series, with his eyes being permanently pried open by a rather strikingly grotesque helmet device straight out of the actual Clockwork Orange movie all the while as he vehemently cursed his own show for inspiring the one that he was now being forced to watch underneath his breath.

ON NOVEMBER 25th, IN FILBURT'S CELL...

"How do YOU like being nailed onto a fucking cross, HMM?!" Hutchison, who was now dressed in Klan robes for VERY largely fetishistic reasons, angrily yelled at her former husband, whom she had just recently stripped naked (except for the glasses) and bloodily nailed onto a giant wooden cross by his hands and feet, as she repeatedly flogged him with a cat-o-nine-tails whip. Funnily enough, he had already endured the pain of being hit with said weapon so many times that it didn't even remotely cause him to scream or yell at all anymore (you'd better believe that he was indeed rather loud during the FIRST two hours of the session that's being recounted here, however).

"Actually, you know what? Two hours of this quite frankly isn't enough for me...I think I just might need two MORE for fuck's sake..." Filburt sarcastically groaned at Hutchison, his body now being thickly covered with whiplash scars and weakly dripping with what horrifyingly little non-caked blood was still coming out of it (which Hutchison dutifully lifted up the bottom part of her cone hood and daintily lapped up with her tongue to show her appreciation for his charmingly exotic flavor, naturally enough).

"OKAY!" Hutchison lowered her cone hood back down over her mouth and gleefully agreed with yet another neck-crunchingly sharp tilting of her head. "SURE THING, FUCKING CHRIST KILLER!" she began laughing maniacally as she ever-so-sadistically continued brutally and bloodily whipping Filburt for literally two additional entire HOURS straight.

FINALLY, AT ABOUT 7:30 PM ON THE EVENING OF NOVEMBER 27th, IN MAGGIE'S CELL...

"Alright, listen, Maggie, I love you and all..." Hutchison diligently scanned over her clipboard and the various Maggie-related notes that she had left on its pages over the past roughly sixty-seven grueling days that she had spent with her, looked straight into the eyes of the tightly straitjacket-bound and upright-gurney-strapped Maggie at the back of the room and sternly began, prompting Maggie to equally-sternly roll her eyes at Hutchison as if to tell her "no, you DON'T truly love me and all, or else you wouldn't treat me like the absolute dog shit that you do"...

"But there's a certain thing about you that I simply MUST call to attention before it worsens any further." Hutchison regretfully continued, briefly looking back down at her clipboard and exhaustedly nodding to herself in agreement. "Out of literally ALL of the patients we've studied so far, you've had easily THE single most utterly despicable, albeit simultaneously adorably naive, personality out of every single ONE of them!" she angrily growled at Maggie, grabbing her by the collar and shaking her violently.

"TELL me (VIOLENT TWITCH) about it..." Maggie sarcastically chuckled at Hutchison, prompting her to furiously slap Maggie right across the face with her clipboard in response.

"HMPH...now, let's SEE here, shall we?" Hutchison disgustedly asked Maggie as she began listing just some of the numerous reasons for her rather profoundly unfavorable personal thoughts on the poor girl (finding her exceptionally attractive for not only her physical age but also most ESPECIALLY her species aside) right off of her clipboard. "You have food taste that is equal parts revoltingly gluttonous AND just generally revolting, appear to be afflicted with a sadism fetish that easily has the potential to put even those of me and my Chameleon benefactors to shame if left unrestrained..." Hutchison began flatly stating, causing Maggie to VERY worriedly nod her head in agreement with the sadism complaint.

"...will do literally ANYTHING possible to avoid having to take any kind of responsibility or suffer any kind of consequence for ANY of the crazy shit that you do on a fairly regular basis, are extremely egomaniacal and narcissistic, have absolutely NO respect for authority whatsoever, have no real appreciation for your own friends and family at all beyond simply using them as means to

an end as far as I can tell, are generally disgustingly greedy, selfish, childish and impulsive even for your current age of twelve...oh yeah, and also, you're just generally fucking gross, so there's that too." Hutchison exhaustedly sighed as she FINALLY finished reading what little of her comically oversized note gallery (much of which was also creepy stalker shit like Maggie's personal breast and inseam sizes, blatantly implying exactly what Hutchison had been more-than-secretly been using the classic "making sure that she took her doctor-prescribed sleeping pills every night" excuse to do to her in her blissfully unaware sleep despite the fact that she was clearly only TWELVE YEARS OLD for fuck's sake) actually mattered in the grand scheme of things, hastily stuffing her clipboard back into her dress pocket and dejectedly dusting her hand(s) off.

"Alright, so...in a basic (twitch) sense, what does all of (twitch) that MEAN, exactly?" Maggie cocked her left eyebrow at Hutchison and curiously asked her, suddenly realizing how much less (not to mention less genuinely and convincingly) she was now smiling by comparison to back when Maggie had first been thrown into the asylum with her. Clearly, Maggie's personality was indeed more-than-slightly beginning to rub (one) off on "poor" old Hutchison, to say the least.

"Long story short, as far as I can remember, you are EASILY, with hardly even a single fleeting SHADOW of a doubt, the SINGLE most blatantly torture-DESERVING prisoner that this establishment has EVER had to offer!" Hutchison revoltedly explained to Maggie, dramatically gesturing to her several times for emphasis as she did so.

"Well, personally, I'm (twitch) PROUD of it! It's called being an actually interesting (TWITCH) character in a show full of lame and boring (twitch) stereotypes; look it UP, for (twitch) crying out loud!" Maggie hatefully sneered at Hutchison, with Hutchison ironically being unable to find any particular reason to disagree with her (even after briefly cupping her chin in her left hand and thinking about it for exactly five seconds more than she normally would have, as in EXACTLY five seconds) but still being highly irritated with her nevertheless.

"Well, I sure do hope you have some interesting DREAMS tonight, because as far as I'm concerned, it's already EASILY your bedtime, PAST it in fact, after what you've done to Virginia's mental health ALONE. Simply because I actually feel somewhat sorry for you, what with this being quite possibly the VERY last night of your entire short and miserable farce of a life and whatnot, I suppose I'll let you sleep on your bed the way that you normally would, as in without your straitjacket or your prison uniform or most ESPECIALLY any of that stupid gurney bullshit...but you have to absolutely PROMISE me that you won't try anything fishy in the process, do you understand me?" Hutchison nervously wagged her left index finger at Maggie and warned her as she VERY reluctantly freed Maggie from her obligatory asylum restraints, refreshingly leaving her back in her regular outfit again as she audibly swallowed her pride and decided that it was about for time for her to once again take some good old advantage of that rather admittedly irresistible cuteness of hers.

"Yes, but can I please (twitch) make just ONE measly little (TWITCH) phone call first? Trust me, it's VERY (twitch) important...I just wanna be able to (twitch) talk to my best (VIOLENT TWITCH) friend in the whole wide world one more (TWITCH) time, pretty PLEEEASE?" Maggie put both her upper and lower hands firmly together in prayer position, got down onto her scrawny little knees and began mawkishly mewling like the pathetic little quim that she really and truly was deep down, deliberately squeezing a whole multitude of fake tears into her already adorably large eyes to make them look as irresistibly "puppy-dog-ish" as possible. Surely enough, Hutchison was indeed COMPLETELY unable to resist the adorable-ness, even despite her best (lip-quivering, sparkly-eyed) efforts.

"AWWWWW, sure, you precious, lovely little sweetheart!" Hutchison resoundingly squealed with pure joy, reflexively scooping Maggie right up into her arms and warmly cuddling and smooching

her.

"AWWWWW, FUCKING QUIT IT, YOU'RE (TWITCH) MAKING ME BLUSH!" Maggie wildly flailed her noodly little insect limbs all over the place and yelled nauseatedly at her, sticking her tongue out and gagging loudly in pedophilia-induced abhorrence as Hutchison gently set her back down onto the floor and lovingly patted her on her fluffy, pink-haired little noggin.

"Here, go ahead and use my iPhone; the password for it is 7-1-4-9!" Hutchison rather over-generously pulled her smartphone out of her pocket and just handed it straight over to Maggie like it was nothing. "Just be sure to put it back in my POCKET once you're DONE, sweetums, KAY?! I'll be WATCHING you, believe me!" Hutchison once again waved her left index finger at Maggie and teasingly warned her, making sure to punctuate it with her classic demented ninety-degree head-tilting habit this time while Maggie just greedily snatched the iPhone right out of the crazy old cat lady's hand(s) with her own upper right hand, devilishly grinned and snickered behind her back, and (of course) promptly began sadistically visualizing all of the different (absolutely HORRIBLE) things that she would be able to do to poor Hutchison if and when her latest evil plan actually DID manage to successfully reach fruition after all.

"Well, good NIGHT, sweetums! Remember, dear, I'LL BE WATCHING YOU!" Hutchison tiredly and somewhat worriedly yawned, waving her left index finger at Maggie and teasingly warning her one last time as she clipped on a nice big pair of fluffy earmuffs from her dress pocket, warmly curled up in fetal position on the floor of Maggie's cell (near the toilet, right where she would be able to get an, AHEM, perfect view of Maggie HOPEFULLY sleeping peacefully and non-mischievously in her bed so that she could perhaps slip one last roofie into her pretty little mouth a few hours later), and fully-clothedly fell asleep, blissfully unaware of what Maggie's upcoming phone call with her so-called best "friend" in the world was actually going to be about.

"Wow, what a (twitch) fucking IDIOT..." Maggie shot a brief aside glance at the now tightly-earmuffed and fast-asleep Hutchison and snidely snickered at her as she then proceeded to immediately kick off her shoes and socks, clumsily flop down onto her chest atop the bed (in its intended sleeping direction and facing directly toward its EXACT corresponding back-right corner of the room, of course, so that Hutchison wouldn't be able to read her lips), unlock Hutchison's iPhone, sexily cross and backward-fold her lovely little legs so that her even lovelier little soles pointed straight up into the air while also alluringly waving themselves up and down in the process (in hopes that it would be able to effectively distract Hutchison from the actually important things for her to be paying attention to about her, just in case she actually DID wake up at some point during the phone call; luckily, however, she actually DID, in fact, remain entirely fast-asleep all throughout said phone call, effectively making the whole mouth-wateringly seductive but also disgustingly premature foot-teasing gesture of hers utterly pointless aside from being insultingly blatant fetish fanservice for the audience), and frantically dial Rayna's number with her upper left index finger before Hutchison could develop any more sneaking suspicions, so to speak, about Maggie's motives behind wanting to "borrow" said phone from her so cripplingly badly.

"HELLO? Who IS it?" Rayna idly laid face-up atop her bed and teasingly asked Maggie after once again absentmindedly fishing her cell phone out of her right blue-jeans pocket with her upper right hand, still barefootedly crossing her legs atop her bed and gratuitously exposing her bare soles to the audience just like she had during the previous phone call that Maggie had sent her.

"Yo, Rayna, it's (TWITCH) Maggie; listen, I need you to do something VERY (twitch) important for me, and I need to make absolutely (VIOLENT TWITCH) sure that NONE of the folks that watch over this (twitch) building know about it until the time is (VIOLENT TWITCH) right! Can you keep a (twitch) secret? If so, then PLEASE do, I'm (twitch) BEGGING you!" Maggie insistently implored Rayna, clutching Hutchison's iPhone tightly with both of her upper hands and

nervously darting her eyes all around her cell just to make sure that it DIDN'T feature any hidden recording cameras with which Chuck and Leon could potentially eavesdrop on what she was about to tell Rayna. Thankfully, however, since the Chameleon Brothers were far too lazy and greedy to actually make such a thing as opposed to simply (fraudulently) buying it off of the Germans, Maggie's room contained nothing of the sort. Just like all of the asylum's numerous other cells (even including the padded ones up on the top floor, no less, as if THOSE are ever going to actually come into play here), it had exactly ONE security camera of the most basic type available planted right above its front door, and that was literally it as far as Chuck and Leon being able to watch over their prisoners was concerned; they clearly cared so little ABOUT their own prisoners' well-being, however, that said camera was actually rather unexpectedly difficult to notice at first glance, causing Maggie to audibly gulp in response as Rayna loudly cleared her throat and nervously replied to her.

"Uh...SURE, fool! What exactly did you have in mind?" Rayna suddenly flipped herself over and lazily laid face-down on her bed in more-or-less the exact same manner that Maggie also happened to be demonstrating on the other end of the line (involuntarily complete with the drool-inducing foot-waving, no less) and teasingly but head-noddingly reassured her, then suddenly shifted her voice into a far more grim and serious tone and suspiciously, sternly, eye-dartingly asked her, so as to make sure that she wasn't up to anything TOO unbearably fishy (not to mention selfish; believe me, even WITHOUT mentioning that one time when Maggie had unplugged her beloved German rock idol's life-support helmet just to make room in its socket for her own electric guitar, Rayna had known Maggie to have a VERY long history of doing and most ESPECIALLY planning all manner of absurdly selfish things for QUITE some time).

"Well, you (TWITCH) see, psst psst psst..." Maggie began obviously-up-to-no-goodly whispering into Hutchison's iPhone, with Hutchison obliviously remaining gently curled up and fast asleep on the floor of Maggie's cell all the while as Rayna respectively pulled out a notebook and pencil from her right and left blue-jeans pockets with her lower right and lower left hands and began diligently writing down each step of Maggie's plan while intently pressing her cell phone extra-tightly against her right ear-hole with her upper right hand, quizzically cupping her chin in her upper left hand and sarcastically nodding her head "mm-hmm" in response to each one of Maggie's increasingly contrived step explanations.

A FEW SOLID MINUTES LATER...

"So, basically, what you're saying here is that, in order to retrieve the skeleton key that this Chuck Chameleon guy you speak of supposedly stated a few hours ago that he was going to swallow in order to prevent you or any of your fellow inmates from stealing it, you want me to completely abandon my beloved family, sneak out the window of this lovely little bedroom of mine and fly straight over to the local O-Town mental asylum, where I will then proceed to deftly slip inside through its air ventilation system, make my way into your cell from there, and sneakily steal a magic size-altering gun and some kind of weird futuristic tablet phone thing-a-ma-jig that you also just so happen to know the exact 7-1-4-9 password for unlocking from the dress pocket of your child-molesting, schizophrenic, Joker-grinned cat psychiatrist, whose wife is a bug-darned TURTLE for flock's sake, while she's busy sleeping on the floor of your cell in fetal position..." Rayna began boredly recapping to Maggie, already beginning to strongly question just how LUDICROUSLY contrived this plan of Maggie's really was as she vigorously scratched her head in confusion with her upper left hand while Maggie just smugly smirked and muttered "I always WAS the (VIOLENT TWITCH) smart one" to herself, causing Rayna to annoyedly roll her eyes and throw her left arms out beside herself as if to angrily yell "oh, give me a fucking BREAK" at her in response.

"THEN you want me to take ANOTHER trip through the air vents, magically grow myself to

human size and mix some goofy-arse 'conveniently slow-acting sleeping powder' shiz-nit that just so happens to be lying around in the pantry closet of said building's bizarrely security-camera-lacking private 'employees-only-except-for-special-occasions' break room/kitchen, whose entrance door you somehow just so happen to know is located precisely after the first two cells on the front wall of the building's third-floor, fourth-layer West Wing hallway and is also ironically one of remarkably few doors in the entire facility that actually DOESN'T require keys to open, along with the one for the emergency bathroom in the back-left corner of the first floor and also the ones for the stairwell tower in the back-right corner of the building as a whole, into said break room's signature iced coffee as I manually make a nice big batch of it myself and then sassily announce 'COFFEE FOR EVERYONE' through the room's intercom microphone and magically shrink myself into the exclusively, not to mention painstakingly brutally, laxative-laced mug labeled 'CHUCK' so that I can freaking WILLINGLY get myself gulped straight down the esophagus of some crazy-arse, money-laundering, government-scamming, pseudo-Mexican, quite probably GRATUITOUSLY CANNIBALISTIC child-rapist neo-Nazi skinhead mother-flocker, where I will then land RIGHT in his stomach with a nice big PLOP and end up having to slide my way through his intestines shortly thereafter once the laxative kicks in and causes him to have to frantically run to the nearest toilet so that he can he can take a MASSIVE diarrhea dump with me included in it and then immediately fall asleep right there on the toilet from a combination of the sleeping powder and how hard he's just exerted his arse muscles..." Rayna disgustedly continued rambling, narrowing her eyelids Clint-Eastwood-style and already rather strongly suspecting that there were indeed FAR easier ways of accomplishing this that Maggie was simply refusing to tell her about just to fuck with her like the selfish, sadistic little bitch that she was.

"UH-HUH!" Maggie smarmily nodded her head and "reassured" Rayna while she just clutched her thorax with her left hands and painfully struggled to re-catch her breath.

"(INHALES LOUDLY) And THEN you want me to dig up the skeleton key that Chuck just pooped out by swimming into his revolting, putrid DIARRHEA, before finally shrinking said key to a suitable size for my OWN hands with the size-alteration ray and worming my way back into Chuck's ANUS so that I can THEN climb my way back UP through his digestive system into his mouth while he's asleep and, from there, travel straight up his sinus passageway, eustachian tube and inner ear in that exact order until I finally reach his brain, from which, ironically using his own skeleton key, I shall then become able to finally access and therefore extract the horrifically dark and disturbing behind-the-scenes information and secrets that will hopefully officially run this bug-forsaken poop-hole of a place that you speak of clean out of business after I snap a whole bunch of mortifyingly incriminating evidence photos of said 'skeletons in the closet' with Hutchison's iPhone before finally returning said iPhone and the size-alteration gun back into Hutchison's dress pocket where they belong and immediately buzzing off without a trace?" Rayna shrugged her shoulders and finished with an exhausted sigh, collapsing face-first onto her bedroom floor.

"That's a... (twitch) ROUGH translation! Anyway, be sure to be here ASAP once you recover from how long of a time you just spent TALKING!" Maggie snarkily chuckled at Rayna while she just weakly choked out the word "OKAY", hung up her cell phone and passed out while Maggie surprisingly-patiently waited for her to wake back up, briefly walking back over to Hutchison and politely returning her iPhone to her dress pocket (where it belonged) in the process while Hutchison just lovingly purred the words "THANK YOU" to her and went right back to sleep in response.

"Soft kitty, warm (twitch) kitty, little ball of CRAZY..." Maggie nervously sang to herself as she gently stroked Hutchison's lovely red hair and then immediately went straight back to her bed, curling up into her OWN extremely tight and horrifiedly trembling variety of fetal position in hopes that Hutchison wouldn't suddenly wake up and try to murder and/or rape her again. Luckily, her fear was rather ill-founded in this case, but she was still tightly clutching her fully bent knees with



her lower arms and helplessly sucking both of her upper thumbs in terror nevertheless as she eagerly, desperately waited for her best "friend" Rayna to finally arrive on the scene.

APPROXIMATELY TWENTY MINUTES OR SO LATER...

"Alright, here I am..." Rayna exhaustedly sighed as she finally reached Maggie's cell through the air vent opening in its ceiling.

"Now, WHAT was I supposed to do next, exactly?" Rayna scratched her head confusedly with her upper hands, curiously looking around the dilapidated and depressing prefab room surrounding her to find Hutchison and Maggie both indeed sleeping rather remarkably soundly (genuinely so for the former, fakely so for the latter) as she pulled out her notebook from her right blue-jeans pocket with her lower right hand and briefly looked over it before then immediately shoving it back into her pocket and excitedly gasping "OF COURSE".

"Man, TALK about stuff that's only possible in cartoons!" Rayna snickered merrily as she quickly but quietly flew straight into the fast-asleep Hutchison's dress pocket, rummaged around in the extra-dimensional Hammerspace warehouse contained within it for a good few seconds (literally just by THINKING about the items that she happened to want at the moment and therefore causing them to literally fly right off the shelves and into her eagerly awaiting hands in response, no less), then finally pulled out her Grink Ray (which somehow magically shrunk ITSELF so as to properly match Rayna's hand size at the moment) and her iPhone (which also did the same), greedily stuffed them into her OWN respective right and left pockets and immediately proceeded to fly straight back up into the air vents before whoever happened to be monitoring the building's security camera system at the moment could catch any meaningful sight of what she was doing (spoiler alert: there actually WAS no one monitoring any of the security cameras; in order to help prevent the true ulterior motives of the asylum's main staff from being accidentally revealed to the general public through live feed recording by someone with at least some degree/resemblance of an actual non-fabricated conscience, said cameras were now entirely just there for show, as in the great big over-written and ridiculously over-dramatic show that Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers deliberately made life for literally every single one of the asylum's prisoners at essentially EVERY possible opportunity).

"Alright, now let's see...what have we here?" Rayna intriguedly cupped her chin in her upper right hand and whispered to herself as she suddenly popped out of the air vent opening in the ceiling of the employee break room upstairs, grew herself to human size using the Grink Ray, and then curiously scanned over said room with her eyes to find that it looked almost exactly like a typical modern-day suburban United States house kitchen, except with a few rather jarring differences to say the least; the cutting board atop the "island" table in the center of the room took up literally the entire surface area of the tabletop itself and was rather heavily stained with blood, and the food pantry also had another pantry next to it, from which numerous desperate screams for help could faintly be heard emanating.

"Wow, KINKY...heh...heh..." Rayna gasped in surprise (then nervously chuckled and suspiciously glanced over at the aforementioned blood-stained cutting board behind her) as she opened up the second pantry to find the asylum's most recently vanished group of security guards (no less than five anthropomorphic police-officer pigs that all looked exactly identical to each other as always) ball-gagged, tied up, stripped naked and explicitly marked with permanent-ink full-body diagrams of the meat cuts that they were presumably going to be reduced into rather frightfully soon.

"Well, now that THAT'S over with, let's see what's in the OTHER pantry..." Rayna nervously whispered to herself, disgustedly shuddering at the mere thought of what the incredibly disturbing scene that she had just witnessed in the second pantry was implying as she gently, nonchalantly

closed it just like any other old closet (so as to avoid drawing unwanted attention to herself) and now-rather-worriedly opened up the food pantry to see what was in THERE.

"WHEW! Thank BUG..." Rayna sighed with relief, brushing the sweat off of her forehead with her upper hands as she (actually rather surprisingly) found that the pantry was, in fact, filled with perfectly normal grocery items, causing her to briefly but very disgustedly furrow her eyebrows into a tight V shape and go "UGH" as she realized that Chuck, Leon and (probably) Hutchison, being their abhorrently sadistic, selfish and hedonistic selves, had indeed stashed literally ALL of the actually GOOD food in the asylum for themselves; granted, Rayna hadn't actually checked the inside of Maggie's worthless-junk-food-stuffed fridge yet, but after seeing how freakishly malnourished-looking Maggie had become even when compared to her usual bodily build, she personally felt that she didn't really need to, since Maggie's clearly anorexic and horrifically decaying physical (not to mention MENTAL) condition alone easily spoke for itself.

"Hmm...let's see here...AH, HERE WE GO!" Rayna quizzically cupped her chin in her upper right hand and mumbled to herself as she intently scanned up and down the pantry before finally uttering yet another huge sigh of relief as she caught sight of the great big respective bag and can on the pantry's bottom shelf labeled SLEEPING POWDER and TASTER'S CHOICE and respectively pulled them out of the pantry with her lower left and lower right hands before finally nudging the pantry door firmly shut with the heel of her right boot and eagerly walking over to the coffee machine right next to the fridge so that she could get started on her new iced coffee project!

ONE GOOGLE SEARCH ON HUTCHISON'S SMARTPHONE, SIX TEASPOONS OF INSTANT COFFEE GRANULES FROM THE TASTER'S CHOICE CAN THAT RAYNA HAD JUST PULLED OUT OF THE PANTRY, ONE-AND-A-HALF CUPS OF BOILING WATER FROM THE SINK, SIX TEASPOONS OF CHOCOLATE SYRUP FROM THE FRIDGE, ONE QUARTER-TEASPOON OF VANILLA EXTRACT FROM THE SEASONING CABINET, ONE-AND-A-HALF CUPS OF FAT-FREE MILK FROM THE FRIDGE, SIX TEASPOONS OF SUGAR FROM THE PANTRY, A METRIC CRAP-TON OF ICE CUBES FROM THE FREEZER, SIX TEASPOONS OF FLAVORLESS SLEEPING POWDER FROM THE CONVENIENTLY LABELED BAG THAT RAYNA HAD JUST PULLED OUT OF THE PANTRY, ONE NICE BIG BOTTLE OF TWIST-CAPPED AND LSD-LACED WHISKEY THAT RAYNA NAUGHTILY STOLE FROM THE ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE COLLECTION NEXT TO THE COFFEE MACHINE AND STUFFED DOWN HER LEFT PANTS POCKET FOR LATER STRESS-RELIEF DRINKING EVEN THOUGH SHE DIDN'T ACTUALLY PUT ANY OF IT AT ALL INTO THE COFFEE ITSELF, AND ABOUT FIVE MINUTES LATER...

"Yo, WAZZUP, local asylum leaders? Just wanted to let y'all know that there's a nice big mug of your personal favorite ICED COFFEE waiting for all of y'all upstairs in the break room! Now PEACE OUT, all y'all!" Rayna sassily announced to Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers through the very conveniently placed intercom microphone right next to the coffee machine as she pulled out a nice big gratuitously-portioned packet of drink-lacing laxative and sprinkled/stirred it into the CHUCK-labeled one of the exactly three giant glass mugs of joe that she had just set out onto the break room's center island, then immediately proceeded to shrink herself to ant size with the Grink Ray before finally pulling out an acid-resistant, aluminized, luckily brown hazmat suit that she had somehow JUST so happened to have lying around in her wardrobe at home (mainly just for recreationally swimming in toxic waste pools, naturally) from her left blue-jeans pocket and squeamishly layering it over herself as she quickly stuffed the Grink Ray back into her right blue-jeans pocket, opened up the back zipper of her suit so that it would allow her to use her wings, and frantically flew straight up to the top of the island table so that she could gracefully dive right into Chuck's designated mug of coffee with a nice, big, bone-chilling PLOP and then promptly proceed to meekly hide herself in-between the many, MANY ice cubes that were now floating around on the drink's surface alone, luckily doing so just in time to avoid being spotted by Chuck

as he and his cohorts rudely swung the break room's entrance door right open.

"HELLO? SASSY BLACK WOMAN WHOSE VOICE GIVES ME A MAJOR HARD-ON? WHERE ARE YOU?" Chuck confusedly searched all around the kitchen, formed his hands into a nice big megaphone tube in front of his mouth, and loudly yelled through said makeshift tube in an attempt to get Rayna's attention while Rayna just nonchalantly zipped the back zipper of her suit back up to avoid freezing her sodding wings right off, embarrassedly put her upper right hand over the lower portion of her suit's face visor and embarrassedly, nervously giggled to herself about how she had basically just heard a grown man call her "sexy" as she continued sneakily hiding in Chuck's coffee, literally BEGGING to get accidentally swallowed by him.

"Oh, I don't think she's ANYWHERE anymore, Chuck! You silly goose! TEE HEE!" Hutchison, having just recently removed her earmuffs and returned them to her dress pocket, merrily giggled and grinned from ear to ear as always while Chuck did the same in response; meanwhile, Rayna just terrifiedly, shiveringly (for multiple reasons) held her breath and submerged herself beneath the surface of Chuck's coffee as he and his cohorts all licked their lips in unison and ominously approached the island table in triangle formation, with their faces clearly showing rather palpable coffee-chugging intent to put it lightly.

"Anyway, come on, guys, let's DRINK this stuff already! CHUG LIKE YOU MEAN IT, EVERYONE!" Leon threw his arms straight up into the air and excitedly cheered his accomplices on as the three of them passionately clinked their glasses together in, AHEM, "celebration of good spirits" and gluttonously chugged their entire drinks straight down, blissfully unaware of Rayna's former presence in Chuck's as the crazy faux-Mexican bastard unknowingly sent Rayna careening and tumbling straight down his throat with a rather rudely loud burp of approval and an ever-so-disgustingly-contented rubbing and patting of his belly as the camera suddenly began zooming in on said belly so that the audience could see what was ACTUALLY going on in there.

"AAAAAAH!" Rayna screamed in terror as she defensively curled up into the classic "cannonball" diving position and landed forcefully in Chuck's rancid, visibly bloody stomach acid with an indeed remarkably huge and resounding splash, with the seemingly massive waterfall of iced coffee that he had just poured down his esophagus cooling it down a bit but not by much (luckily, Rayna's suit was built to be heat-resistant, not cold-resistant) as she nauseatedly, squeamishly clambered her way up onto the nearest swallowed-whole mushroom slice, unzipped her suit's wing zipper and reluctantly began an intensely thorough flight tour of the inside of Chuck's stomach in hopes of perhaps maybe, just MAYBE, being able to find the skeleton key floating around somewhere in there before it was too late, only to basically find everything BUT the key!

"HMPH...I fracking KNEW that this nutcase was actually Italian all along...I probably SHOULD head into his brain once I'm done with this part of the job, just to see what in the actual hell is going on in there..." Rayna queasily gagged and exasperatedly sighed, briefly pulling out Hutchison's iPhone from her suit's left pocket compartment and snapping a very important anatomical photo as she saw that Chuck's loudly rumbling, bubbling and growling stomach at the moment was indeed filled with none other than only THE most ridiculously stereotypical of spaghetti, french bread, wine and meatballs...that also appeared to be marinated in other people's BLOODY REMAINS, no less!

"UGH...it's been one of those nights..." Rayna dejectedly sighed as she briefly removed her helmet with her upper right hand, unzipped the left-pants-pocket compartment of her suit with her lower left hand, pulled out her recently stolen new bottle of LSD-laced, 120-PROOF (exactly 10-proof for each year of her age in this story, need I mention) whiskey with both of her left hands (using the lower one to hold it and the upper one to open it, of course), chugged down a good QUARTER of it in record time, then disgustedly closed it and shoved it back into her pocket with those very same

hands, rezipped its corresponding suit compartment, wiped her mouth off with her lower right arm, put her helmet back on with her upper right hand, and last but not least, resoundingly went BLECH with her tongue in response.

"Dear LORD, that tastes like absolute garbage...I LOVE IT!" Rayna revoltedly gagged, then suddenly happily cheered, with the already-bad-sounding rumbling of Chuck's stomach already beginning to rapidly worsen from the laxative's influence (not to mention the metric crap-ton of dietary fiber and body parts that was also occupying said stomach at the moment) as she dizzily, drunkenly stumbled around atop several poorly chewed bits of bones and bread before finally falling right back into Chuck's stomach acid with yet another intensely resounding SPLASH sound effect as she suddenly went all rainbow-swirly-eyed and red-facedly smiled from ear to ear as she drug-inducedly hallucinated herself to be an astronaut swimming around in a hollowed-out, melted-chocolate-and-candy-filled miniature half-moon in outer space (just above the Earth itself), with all manner of ridiculously adorable cat-bird and dog-bird hybrids gleefully floating through the air all around her while The Loving Spoonful's "Do You Believe In Magic" played in the background.

"OH DEAR, THIS IS NOT GOOD, THIS IS NOT GOOD!" Chuck tightly clutched his tear-jerkingly aching stomach, danced around like a lunatic and began yelling in a fit of panic.

"What's the MATTER, dear?" Hutchison nervously bit down on her hook hand and asked him while he just doubled over and shrieked in pain.

"I'm about to have the screaming SHITS, for God's sake! SOMEBODY, PLEASE GET ME TO THE NEAREST BATHROOM NOW!" Chuck helplessly wailed, cried and writhed on the floor in agony, almost seriously thinking that he was actually going to DIE from how much his stomach was hurting at the moment.

"Well, luckily, since I just so happen to have a spare copy of the skeleton key hidden in my HAT," Leon explained, smugly winking at the audience as he briefly took off his sombrero and held it upside-down so that he could dig said key out of the conveniently located hammerspace portal inside of IT, "THAT would be literally right across the hall!"

"COME ON, LET'S GO ALREADY!" Leon urgently egged his brother on, grabbing him tightly by his left arm and forcefully dragging him over to the doorway of the third and therefore last back-wall cell of the (again) rather unsettlingly deserted third-floor, fourth-layer hallway within which the break room was located so that he could unlock the door for him.

"BOMBS AWAY, brother!" Leon crudely joked, quickly swinging the door open and politely letting Chuck in as Chuck then proceed to immediately bolt STRAIGHT to the cell's resident toilet at quite nearly actual lightning speed, plop his ass right down onto it, relax his butt/chest muscles and eagerly allow the gastrointestinal carnage within him to FINALLY end itself once and for all as the giant moon bowl that Rayna was imagining herself swimming in suddenly got a massive hole punctured through it by a passing cookie-dough meteorite and sent her careening straight down into a massive anti-gravity rainbow-tube chocolate-slide that she merrily and excitedly rode Nyan Cat all the way through while overjoyedly squealing and chirping with girlish delight all the while.

"AWW, YOU'RE SO CUTE! WHEEEEEEE!" Rayna rabidly, light-headedly crooned to herself in a cloyingly high-pitched and cutesy fashion as she held tightly onto Chuck's just-recently-diarrhea-dislodged tapeworm with all four of her arms and lovingly kissed it on the back as the two of them careened their way through the murky brown river of nasty, watery feces that was now chaotically rushing straight through Chuck's small intestine. "SUCH A FUN, HAPPY RIDE THIS IS!" Rayna continued squeaking like an idiot as the two of them finally reached Chuck's colon.

"HNNNGH!" Chuck loudly grunted with all of his might as Rayna and Nyan Cat happily flew over the world's largest arc rainbow (not to mention Sleeping Beauty Castle) together.

"GYAAAAAAH!" Chuck tightly folded both of his arms across his poor, POOR belly and blood-curdlingly shrieked in absolute agony as the chocolate slide finally came to an end, depositing Rayna and Nyan Cat straight down into the world's largest, most embarrassingly thickly and eye-searingly colorfully flower-and-fairy-and-butterfly-surrounded pot of gold as it did so; needless to say, Rayna was horrifically disfigured and killed by the impact once she landed, even though she was STILL overjoyedly squealing with delight all the way down.

"AHHH...OOGH...MUST...GRAB...KEY...BUT...I'M JUST...TOO...SLEEPY...(snores)" Chuck embarrassedly smiled and relievedly, exhaustedly moaned, rubbing his tired eyes and yawning loudly as he almost-immediately passed out completely unconscious (while still sitting on the toilet, no less, unfortunately enough for poor little Rayna) while Leon and Hutchison, who were both worriedly huddled around him at the moment, just collapsed lifelessly (not to mention once again sideways-ly) onto the floor and did much of the same.

TEN MORE MINUTES LATER...

"UGGGH...I'm NEVER drinking Jackrabbit Daniel's in that big of a dose again, I swear to all that is HOLY..." Rayna exhaustedly moaned, bloodshot-eyedly regained consciousness, groggily clutched her aching head with her upper hands and pathetically struggled to get herself moving again as she just laid there in the toilet, lazily sprawled out and absentmindedly floating face-up atop the disgustingly massive and abhorrently reeking pool of crap juice that Chuck had just recently shat into the toilet (in a rather obscenely undignified fashion, might I add) along with her.

"Man, they REALLY don't give me enough screen time for this crap..." Rayna nauseatedly groaned as she tightly held her breath and used her suit to scuba-dive straight down INTO the toilet's thickly diarrhea-filled water (still-wriggling tapeworm and all) and degradingly fish out the skeleton key from it with her THANKFULLY double-layer-gloved (upper) hands.

"Well, there goes my DIGNITY..." Rayna irritatedly and IMMENSELY humiliatedly scoffed, once again unzipping her wing zipper as she flew up into the space between the toilet water and Chuck's literal fat, lazy ass, briefly unzipped the pocket compartments of her suit with her lower hands so that she could pull out the Grink Ray from her right blue-jeans pocket with her lower right hand, shrunk the skeleton key to a suitable size for her tiny little insect hands using said Grink Ray, then finally shoved both things into their respective left and right blue-jeans pockets and promptly zipped them back shut using her corresponding lower hands.

"And NOW here goes my self-RESPECT!" Rayna angrily growled as she audibly swallowed her pride and flew not-quite-straight up (almost like Superman, no less, if not for the whole inebriation part) into the space RIGHT in-between Chuck's ass cheeks, pulled his ridiculously tight anal sphincter wide open with the combined might of all four of her hands, fluttered her wings at maximum speed and DESPERATELY slingshotted herself inside with her arms!

"OOH...AHH...OHH, that feels so GOOD..." Chuck orgasmically moaned in his sleep, his previously dangling penis quickly becoming VERY firmly erect from what he was now clearly dreaming about as Rayna ever-so-degradingly squeezed and clambered her way through his shit-covered anus with all of her might, using the shit itself as lube as she did so.

"Man, TALK about having seen some CRAP..." Rayna dangled her arms out in front of herself and continued dejectedly groaning as she flew her way back up Chuck's gastrointestinal tract, followed by his esophagus, where she then took a brief stop next to his vigorously beating heart so that she could see (and photograph) just how disgustingly cold and black it really was along the way,

causing her to wince and gag revoltedly in response as she finally made it back up into Chuck's loudly and wide-openly snoring mouth.

"UGH...finally, I get to take this gosh-darned hot, stuffy thing off..." Rayna triumphantly stood atop Chuck's tongue (just barely past his suavely, sexily dangling uvula) and relievedly sighed as she took off her hazmat suit, shoved it back into her left blue-jeans pocket and then immediately went right to the back of his throat and flew straight up his nasopharynx (and from there, his nasal passageway) into his scrumptiously fleshy, veiny and throbbing brain, where only-GOD-knew-how-many of the asylum's deepest and darkest secrets awaited for her to sneakily uncover while she still had the chance!

"My BUG! If there's ANYONE that belongs in a fracking asylum, it's DEFINITELY this guy!" Rayna horrifiedly covered her mouth with both of her upper hands and gasped in shock as she flew straight up into Chuck's rather grotesquely twisted and tangled but surprisingly still-active (since he technically wasn't actually in a full-fledged coma at the moment) neural network and quickly noticed just how many of his mental stability wires actually WERE, in fact, broken (roughly seventy percent of them, in fact, technically making HIM even crazier than MAGGIE was at the moment).

"I truly SHUDDER just to IMAGINE what INHUMAN thoughts must be lying behind that despicably phony 'NICE GUY' facade of his...what DREAMS of chronic, sustained RAPE and CANNIBALISM and MURDER and NARCISSISM..." Rayna VERY frightenedly whispered to herself as she flew back down into Chuck's temporal lobe and slowly, hesitantly tiptoed her way forward into his frontal lobe from there, almost too afraid to even LOOK at what many of the contents of his Central Nervous Super-Computer most likely were as she finally reached the computer itself, tremblingly took her seat in front of it, and then immediately proceeded to delve straight into his memory banks...except that she wasn't actually able to properly do so at the moment, since the crazy bastard had somehow managed to actively block out literally every single one of his criminal-activity-related memories with a great big firewall! Rayna, however, had other ideas to put it lightly; ideas of the classic "DOES it truly unlock everything" type, more specifically.

"Hmm...I wonder..." Rayna cupped her chin in her upper right hand, deviously thought to herself and smirked wholeheartedly as she deftly reached into her left blue-jeans pocket with her lower left hand, pulled out the skeleton key from it, then swiftly passed it over into her lower right hand and gently but firmly stuck it into the "CLASSIFIED MEMORIES" keyhole that she had just cleverly spotted right below the main control dashboard of Chuck's Central Nervous Super-Computer, gasping in shock as her twisting of the key actually DID end up doing something after all...unlocking all of Chuck's ever-so-delightfully-juicy private memories that he didn't want ANYONE else to ever find out about, to be exact!

"AHH, now LET'S see here..." Rayna maliciously cackled to herself, rubbing her upper hands together like a fly while returning the skeleton key to her left blue-jeans pocket with her lower hands as she then proceeded to sneakily click her way into the PERSONAL CRIMES folder of the CLASSIFIED INFORMATION section of Chuck's memory banks...unfortunately, however, the freakish horrors that she ended up witnessing and photographing (for legal purposes, obviously) as a result of her morbid curiosity were not exactly for the faint of heart, to say the LEAST.

"OH...MY...BUG...IT'S SO FREAKING INHUMANE AND SELFISH THAT I ALMOST CAN'T EVEN BEAR TO LOOK AT IT..." Rayna placed all four of her hands tightly over her mouth and gasped in shock as the computer photographically showed her exactly what Chuck, Leon and Hutchison had done to each of their new prisoners after enrolling them into their so-called mental health "restoration" program (Virginia, as I've already mentioned before, got her aural and nasal

passageways filled with brain-eating parasites while she was asleep; Submarine Manatee was religiously indoctrinated by Gordon The Talking Foot while Hutchison haphazardly and VERY bloodily implanted an Autotune device into his vocal cords by removing horrifically large portions OF said vocal cords; Floyd was directly brainwashed with nonstop political conspiracy propaganda through a specialized helmet device and forced to listen to Fitter Happier on repeat for literal hours on end; Maggie, as I've also already mentioned before, had not one but TWO mentally deranged idiot rednecks with gigantic lawn shears sent into HER completely defenseless central nervous system so that they could MANUALLY cut literally EVERY SINGLE ONE of her mental stability wires in twain, which ultimately ended up being only halfway successful anyhow, but STILL; Filburt had been forced to helplessly sit and watch in the cell more-or-less directly across from Maggie's while his own former wife molested her in her sleep while Chuck, Leon and a couple of horses JACKED THEMSELVES OFF to it; John Kricfalusi, as I've ALSO already mentioned before, was forced to binge-watch Mega Babies nonstop from beginning to end; last but not least, Rocko was strapped into a tickling machine, ALSO for hours on end).

SEVEN EXTREMELY IMPORTANT I-PHONE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE EXACTLY SEVEN THINGS LISTED IN PARENTHESES IN THE PREVIOUS PARAGRAPH LATER...

"OH...MY...BUG...IT...IT REALLY IS, ISN'T IT...T-THE FOOD...IN THE CAFETERIA...IT'S...I-IT'S...P-P-PEOPLE..." Rayna froze completely in place and stammered almost speechlessly, putting literally ALL of her willpower into resisting the urge to violently puke all over the wrinkly, pulsating floor of Chuck's cerebral cortex in absolute abhorrence as the computer photographically showed her all of the nitty-gritty details of what the so-called "FOOD" in the asylum's cafeteria, if you could even CALL it that, was actually made from; security guard cloning machines in the basement to maximize the "food's" production, grotesquely violent cutting-up of former prisoners AND security guards in the process OF its production, inhumane stuffing of selected victims into closets and freezers, COMPLETELY unacceptable general disregard for health code regulations in the cafeteria itself, you name it.

TOO MANY EXTREMELY IMPORTANT I-PHONE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PREVIOUS PARAGRAPH'S SUBJECT MATTER TO EVEN COUNT WITHOUT IT BEING PURE FILLER LATER...

"Well, I'VE definitely learned WAY more about this absolute HELL-hole of a place tonight than I'll EVER be comfortable with, thank you very LITTLE!" Rayna loathingly, furiously scoffed and spat in revulsion as she finally exited Chuck's brain and flew straight back down his nasopharynx into his mouth, only BARELY resisting the maddening urge to turn around, head BACK into that precious little brain of Chuck's and effectively reduce him into nothing more than a big green vegetable by directly, savagely and mercilessly attacking his completely defenseless central nervous system from the inside (or just painfully twist and stretch his uvula with her hands on the way out of his body, more reasonably) as she seethingly tiptoed her way across his soft, bumpy tongue and then finally hopped, skipped and flew right out of his mouth while he was still busy loudly snoring on the toilet with said mouth comically wide open.

"What an absolute fucking PIG!" Rayna angrily shook her head (not to mention all four of her fists) at Chuck and hatefully sneered at him as she used the Grink Ray to finally grow herself back to human size again so that she could carefully, gently steal the OTHER skeleton key from Leon's rather impressively still-head-secured hat and ever-so-quietly slip said key into her right blue-jeans pocket with her lower hands (also pocketing the hats themselves with her upper hands immediately thereafter) so that she could then proceed to (rather surprisingly strenuously, might I add) scoop up Hutchison's impossibly fast-asleep, gently-purring-and-moaning-in-response body off of the floor with all four of her arms and dutifully (but still quietly) carry it down the stairwell and thus back into Maggie's cell where it belonged, making sure to VERY tightly lock the door to the cell that

Chuck and Leon were now EXTREMELY well-deservedly trapped in behind herself and Hutchison with her new duplicate skeleton key as she did so; believe me, the police most definitely WOULD deal with THEM later (not to mention Hutchison herself, although Rayna strongly suspected that Maggie had...well, let's just say MUCH worse things planned for her than simply killing her or locking her up in some stupid prison like the one that she was technically already in).

"Yo, Maggie, I'm back!" Rayna suddenly unlocked the door to Maggie's cell with her (original) skeleton key, gently set Hutchison back down into her original position, tightly locked the door TO said cell with her (duplicate) skeleton key, and then finally eagerly shook Maggie awake and greeted her, waving all four of her hands at her just to make sure that she actually WAS awake.

"So (twitch) tell me, Rayna, did the plan (twitch) work?" Maggie, who was now wearing her prison pants in combination with her regular outfit (purely for pocket purposes, obviously), quietly slid out of her bed, interestedly cocked her right eyebrow at Rayna and very quietly asked her.

"Oh, HELL yes!" Rayna satisfiedly chuckled, lovingly patting Maggie on the back with both of her left arms.

"And you wanna know what's even BETTER?" Rayna teasingly leaned toward Maggie and whispered into her right ear, grinning ecstatically all the while.

"WHAT?" Maggie put her hands on her hips and sarcastically asked Rayna.

"I actually DID find out about all of this place's deepest, darkest secrets after hacking into Chuck's memory banks while he was asleep, believe it or not! LOOK!" Rayna whispered excitedly to Maggie, pulling out Hutchison's iPhone from her left blue-jeans pocket with her lower left hand and extremely un-necessarily using all four of her hands to operate it (upper hands to hold the device itself; lower hands to manipulate its touch-screen) while Maggie excitedly watched in astonishment as Rayna thumbed her way over into the Photos app and showed her all of the terrifyingly crazy shit that she had just found in Chuck's head.

"Oh, dear (twitch) GOD...him and Leon...they're...they're not (VIOLENT TWITCH) coming after ME right now, are they?!" Maggie suddenly grabbed Rayna by the collar and hips with all four of her hands and began low-key screaming at her underneath her breath in a fit of obscenely shifty-eyed, sweaty and hyperactive panic.

"CHILL the Heck out, okay? GOSH, you're so fracking weird!" Rayna annoyedly shoved Maggie away from her (again, using all four arms) and scolded her.

"Anyway, no, Chuck and Leon are NOT coming after you; in fact, I honestly think you'll be rather glad to know that there's currently literally NO way, as far as I myself know, in which they CAN come after you, as I've now FINALLY managed to lock them up in a nice, cozy ASYLUM CELL where they fucking belong! Oh, and best of all, I even got BOTH of their skeleton keys AND both of their hammerspace sombreros! Come on, GIVE ME A QUADRUPLE FIST BUMP! YEAH, now THAT'S what I'M talking about, mother-flocker!" Rayna overjoyedly explained to Maggie, repeatedly jumping for joy and ecstatically fist-bumping her with (yet AGAIN) all four of her arms.

"Well then, my dear (TWITCH) friend, just hand over Hutchison's personal (twitch) belongings and the Chameleon Brothers' skeleton (TWITCH) keys directly to me and you're good to (VIOLENT TWITCH) go!" Maggie wrapped her upper right arm tightly around Rayna's right shoulder and urgently but teasingly implored her, making the classic "give it" gesture with both of her left hands in the process.



"UGH...FINE..." Rayna dejectedly sighed in response to Maggie's complete unappreciative-ness, reluctantly and respectfully transferring the Grink Ray, iPhone, and skeleton keys in her blue-jeans pockets to Maggie's own new prison-pants pockets with her upper left hand, upper right hand, and lower hands while Maggie just evilly cackled with delight underneath her breath and triumphantly patted her on the back with both of her right hands.

"Well, anyway, I guess I'll just be going now...just call me if you need anything..." Rayna annoyedly shrugged as Maggie shrunk her back to her normal fly size with the Grink Ray and uninterestedly (but actually rather QUITE gratefully) watched her take off through the air vents, obviously FAR more interested in what she was now planning to do to Hutchison.

"RIGHT where she (VIOLENT TWITCH) fucking BELONGS, the stupid (TWITCH) sadistic WHORE..." Maggie hatefully thought to herself as she used the Grink Ray to grow her straitjacket and gurney restraints to "Hutchison size", then eagerly but gently buckled and strapped her into both of them (making sure to also remove her hook hand and stuff it into her OWN left pocket in the process so that she wouldn't break free, naturally) before finally proceeding to pull out a nice big roll of duct tape from her left prison-pants pocket with her lower left hand and angrily (but, again, still gently nevertheless) place it over the (other) crazy bitch's mouth with her upper left hand, maliciously rubbing all four of her filthy little hands together and downright evilly grinning from ear to ear with deeply twisted satisfaction as she ecstatically marveled at the lovely work of dramatic-irony art that she had just assembled.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: The events depicted in the next chapter are extremely sadistic and disturbing, even more so than normal for this story. You HAVE been warned.)

## Chapter 5

CONTINUING FROM EXACTLY WHERE WE PREVIOUSLY LEFT OFF, IN MAGGIE'S CELL, AFTER SHE HAD FINISHED RESTRAINING HUTCHISON AND PLACING HER IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM...

"Hutchison...she...she was so (twitch) MEAN to me these past (VIOLENT TWITCH) two months..." Maggie began angrily whispering to herself as she squatted down onto her left knee, grabbed Flecko's corpse out from underneath her bed with her right hands and irritatedly shoved it into her right prison-pants pocket just in case she ended up needing to...AHEM...use it later on in her rapidly blossoming evil scheme.

"USING me as a fucking (twitch) PUPPET with which she could cater to (TWITCH) her own DISGUSTING fetishes..." Maggie revoltedly spat as she crossed all four of her arms behind her chest and impatiently paced in circles around the interrogation table at the center of the room, trying desperately to decide on what the most favorable thing for her to do next would be.

"Hmm...you know (TWITCH) what? Speaking of PUPPETS..." Maggie cupped her chin in her upper left hand and deviously, smirkingly thought to herself as she reached into her right prison-pants pocket with her right arms, pulled out Flecko's rotten, festering, button-eyed, hideously stuffed corpse and carefully, gently set it down onto the right-side chair of the interrogation table while she took the left-side chair, audibly swallowed her pride, and reluctantly began speaking to him as if he was still alive and (personal hygiene aside) well.

"HEY there, my lovely little rape-victim-slash-niece! I see you've got yourself a nice cozy ASYLUM CELL to live in now, eh?" Maggie imagined Flecko greeting and asking her.

"No (twitch) thanks to YOU!" Maggie angrily spat at him, crossing all four of her arms vehemently over her chest and loudly grunting "HMPH" in response.

"Oh COME ON, you should be THANKFUL!" Maggie imagined Flecko throwing his (weirdly two) arms out in front of himself and exasperatedly scolding her.

"WHY, though?" Maggie cocked her right eyebrow at Flecko, cupped her chin in her upper right hand and curiously asked him, tossing her arms out beside her and shrugging her shoulders as if to say "seriously, I'm running out of ideas now; what should I do to Hutchison if I want to fittingly repay her for all of the endless suffering that she's brought upon me"...which she ironically ended up saying out loud in the process anyway.

"Oh, that's SIMPLE, my dear sex slave!" Maggie imagined Flecko laughing uproariously and clutching his very unflatteringly beer-bloated chest with both hands as he did so.

"IS it, now?" Maggie folded her arms atop the table, boredly leaned forward and continued to curiously ask Flecko, impatiently tapping her left foot on the floor as SHE did so.

"Why, YES, OF COURSE, YOU SILLY GOOSE!" Maggie imagined Flecko suddenly throwing his arms straight up into the air and shouting ecstatically, causing her to flinch backward in such alarmingly great surprise that she nearly fell out of her chair!

"Just SHRINK yourself and sneak inside Hutchison's head through her left ear canal, you know, the one with the weak eardrum and whatnot, and then soon enough from there, thanks to cartoon logic and its many, MANY benefits, you'll be able to directly attack her psyche from the INSIDE

with all of your sadistic might!" Maggie imagined Flecko merrily tossing his arms out beside himself in the classic "seriously, how in the fuck don't you already get this" gesture and explaining to her while she just evil-grinningly nodded her head in response.

"OH, YES...now THAT right there is a (TWITCH) simply WONDERFUL idea if I EVER (twitch) heard of one...a horrible, wonderful (VIOLENT TWITCH), AWFUL FUCKING IDEA! GOD DAMN IT, MAN, ARE YOU FUCKING (TWITCH) CRAZY?!" Maggie rubbed her hands together like the scheming, dirty fly that she was and began morbidly cackling to herself, then suddenly flew over to the other side of the table, grabbed Flecko's corpse by the collar with her upper arms and angrily, immensely disappointedly scolded it.

"I know YOU are for DAMNED sure, but what am I?" Maggie imagined Flecko smugly asking her as the hallucination finally ended, leaving him dead and eyeless in his seat while Maggie just flew back down onto the floor (right behind the table), hopelessly buried her face in all four of her arms and gently wept to herself about how much of a truly miserable joke her life had become.

"PRISONER...what a (twitch) JOKE...prisoner...prisoner (TWITCH) of WHAT? THIS fucking degenerate, sadistic (twitch) hell-hole..." Maggie devastatedly curled up into a ball on the floor and dementedly sobbed to herself, then finally got back up onto her feet and frustratedly stuffed Flecko's corpse back into her right prison-pants pocket with her right hands.

"My HANDS...SNOTTY..." Maggie dramatically held out all four of her tightly clenched palms in front of her face and double-meaningly whispered to herself.

"THE SNOT WON'T (VIOLENT TWITCH) COME OFF! HWAAAGH!" Maggie horrifiedly screamed to herself, stumbling backward all the way into the back-right corner of the room and collapsing straight onto her bed in more-or-less the exact intended sleeping position for it; needless to say, however, she only STAYED asleep for all of about, oh I don't know, FIVE SECONDS.

"HOW blatantly she PRETENDS to (VIOLENT TWITCH) love me..." Maggie disgustedly whispered to herself, clutching the sides of her bed psychotically tightly with all four of her aforementioned incredibly dirty hands and nervously, tremblingly glancing over at the now tightly gurney-and-straitjacket-bound Hutchison as she intently eyed her big, fluffy, triangular-funnel-shaped ears.

"Would I LOOK at (TWITCH) me...LYING here awake because I'm too (twitch) afraid to leave the building...oh god, I'm such a WORTHLESS, UGLY FREAK!" Maggie curled up in an extremely tight sideways fetal position on her bed (still facing directly toward Hutchison in the process, naturally) and dejectedly, weepingly, shiveringly scolded herself, wiping the tears from her eyes with her upper hands while wrapping her lower arms tightly around her fully bent knees.

"She's a FOOL!" Maggie got back up onto her feet, walked over to Hutchison, crossed all four of her arms over her chest and angrily sneered in her general direction.

"HOOK-HANDED, CRAZY (TWITCH) OLD FOOL..." Maggie continued dramatically monologuing to herself while Angel Maggie and Devil Maggie, now very unsubtly representing THE last remaining shreds of morality that were still left in her after what the asylum had put her through, began having a VERY heated argument inside her now-violently-throbbing brain...a brain of which many of the nerve cords had become horrifically deformed and twisted by her recent unrelenting torture while only a measly forty percent of the mental stability wires were even still intact, with its thankfully long-since-taken-care-of parasitic visitor from the previous chapter not exactly having helped matters either.

"You know what, partner? Much as I hate to say it, I'm actually starting to feel legit BAD for this

stupid (African American); what do you say we take control over her and MAKE her nonchalantly walk out of the asylum before she does something that she might end up regretting for the rest of her entire worthless and expendable LIFE to that crazy yellow bitch over there?" Angel Maggie asked Devil Maggie urgently as she sat in the right cockpit seat of Maggie's Central Nervous Super-Computer and looked down intently at her manual body-control panels while Devil Maggie just-AS-intently stared directly at Hutchison using the first-person view mode of Maggie's eye-socket screen.

"Personally, bitch, I got something WAY-ass better planned for THESE god-damned self-righteous mutha-fuckas, if ya catch my mutha-fucking drift, n\*\*\*a!" Devil Maggie evilly chortled and cackled from over in the left cockpit seat of Maggie's Central Nervous Super-Computer, grinning maliciously from ear to ear and once again firmly and ever-so-deviously rubbing her hands together like the dirty little fly that she was while Maggie herself almost-involuntarily did the same at the mere thought of what she was about to do to poor Hutchison.

"Lemme just turn these mutha-fucking knob-a-ma-jiggas here all the damned way up to ELEVEN and see what mutha-fucking happens, shall we?" Devil Maggie teasingly encouraged Angel Maggie with a wink, causing Angel Maggie to, on second thought, nod wholeheartedly in agreement as she and her Devil sister respectively twisted both the Anger and Desperation knobs on the right side of Maggie's main control dashboard AND the Sadism and Loathing knobs on its left side all the way up from roughly nine to ELEVEN!

"How...how (twitch) EASILY...I could...end the (TWITCH) farce...with THESE (twitch) hands...THESE...SNOTTY(!)...(VIOLENT TWITCH) HANDS!" Maggie continued psychotically monologuing to herself, once again dramatically holding out her tightly clenched palms and then forcing them into balled-up fists of pure self-hatred while John Kricfalusi resentfully muttered "hey, sounds like SOMEONE'S blatantly ripping off one of my best scenes again" over in HIS cell, somehow having sensed it from all the way over in the opposite side of the building.

"AND with THESE (twitch) hands, I hold the (twitch) FATE of MILLIONS!" Maggie melodramatically whispered to herself, slowly and theatrically turning her outstretched palms directly toward Hutchison and terrifyingly-ominously wiggling her fingers at her as the entire screen suddenly turned black so that only her face and the aforementioned hands were visible.

"She (TWITCH) thinks she's our GODDESS...BUT (VIOLENT TWITCH) SHE'S AS MORTAL AS WEEE..." Maggie dementedly sneered and grimly laughed underneath her breath, systematically scanning over Hutchison's body with her eyes and drooling like the absolute maniac that she now rather tragically was as she eagerly readied herself to shrink herself and quite literally "get inside her psychiatrist's head" so that she could FINALLY see (not to mention photograph for the local police) exactly what was REALLY going on in there once and for all.

(Oh, who am I kidding? At this point, Maggie's motivation behind this new idea of hers was mostly just to torture Hutchison as retribution for what SHE had done to HER.)

"TLL (TWITCH) fucking show her! Hell, I'll even make her (VIOLENT TWITCH) show HERSELF, for all I care!" Maggie psychotically chuckled, whispered and hissed to herself, pulling out the Grink Ray from her right prison-pants pocket with her upper-right arm and using it to once again shrink herself to practically microscopic ant size, actually having GENUINELY murderous intent this time around as she angrily shoved the Grink Ray back into said pocket and took off flying straight up Hutchison's hot, slender, thickly bright-red-haired, tightly-bound and somehow STILL fast-asleep body into her left ear!

"HMPH...I guess some (TWITCH) things really DO never change after (twitch) all..." Maggie

dangled her arms down in front of herself, leaned forward and dejectedly sighed as she begrudgingly tiptoed her way through Hutchison's fleshy, waxy and ever-so-hairy ear canal, taking great care NOT to step in that obscenely thick, nasty and sticky earwax of hers as she suddenly scooped up a nice big glob of it fresh off of the right wall of said ear canal using all four of her rather thankfully gloved hands (for reasons that I very seriously WISH were still unknown, believe me) and stuffed it, once again, into the right pocket of her magical prison pants so that it could keep her dead serial-rapist uncle's crudely taxidermized corpse company as she curiously brushed and stroked Hutchison's surprisingly smooth and nicely-groomed ear hair with her fingers.

"My (TWITCH) method of busting my way through here most (twitch) definitely WILL, however, just for the (VIOLENT TWITCH) RECORD!" Maggie furiously roared as she finally reached Hutchison's heavily-cracked, visibly bleeding and evidently rather crudely glued-back-together eardrum, then immediately proceeded to fly right up against it and begin brutally pounding against it with all four of her fists until it completely shattered all over again, causing Hutchison to VERY cathartically begin loudly whimpering in agony, already just about to FINALLY learn her lesson about pushing her mental patients too far as Maggie nonchalantly walked right on through to her middle ear!

"Oh, dear (twitch) GOD, how on EAR-TH am I supposed to find (TWITCH) my way through HEAR?" Maggie smugly and sarcastically whined with an extremely stereotypical "gay lisp" in her voice and an almost-unbelievably snide smirk on her face as she pulled out her iPhone from her left pocket with her lower left hand, thumbed her way into its Anatomical GPS app and then used it to immediately take off flying directly through Hutchison's inner ear!

"UGGGH...feels like there's not just something, but actually some-ONE in my head right now...wait a minute...OH GOD, NO, IT CAN'T BE..." Hutchison, having been rendered completely unable to actually speak, nervously, helplessly and dizzily thought to herself as Maggie deftly loop-dee-looped her way through her semicircular canals, swirled her way through her cochlea, then finally transported herself STRAIGHT into (the base of the stem of) the poor kitten's gorgeously bulbous and spongy brain through her cochlear auditory nerve, smugly snickering in retrospect at how insanely simple the so-called "labyrinth" system (mazelike series of tubes, if you will) of the inner ear actually seemed now.

"Sweet ever-(TWITCH)-loving JESUS, and I thought FLECKO'S (VIOLENT TWITCH) shaft was big!" Maggie blushingly put her hand over her mouth and rather childishly giggled to herself, already rapidly starting to develop a rather extreme case of deja vu as she walked straight into Hutchison's built-in "brain elevator" capsule and then immediately proceeded to speechlessly gawk in amazement (not to mention DROOL like a rabid dog) as she was smoothly, luxuriously transported straight up Hutchison's medulla oblongata into her pons and then FINALLY the rather amusingly hollow (as always) main part of her brain (through a rather conveniently placed and cleverly disguised secret floor hatch, of course)...at which point she excitedly and triumphantly stepped out of the capsule, only for it to then mysteriously travel back down into its original position and never move from said position again (well, not without outside influence, anyway), leaving the hatch tightly closed and locked in its wake.

"Sweet suffering (twitch) succotash, it really is, it REALLY (twitch) is! AT LONG LAST, I'VE FINALLY (TWITCH) REACHED DOCTOR PAULINE THEODORE (TWITCH) MAURICE HUTCHISON-SHELLBACH EASTWOOD THE FIRST FELINE (TWITCH) LADY'S BEHAVIORAL CONTROL CENTER!" Maggie got down on her knees, threw all four of her arms straight up into the air and ecstatically yelled to the high heavens in a fit of pure, unadulterated sadistic joy as she then proceeded to immediately begin hyperactively flying all around the ever-so-wonderfully-Virginia-reminiscently spongy, wrinkly and fleshy inside of Hutchison's cerebral cortex and fascinatedly marveling at all of the beauteous sights that it had to offer.

"Holy shit, would you just (twitch) LOOK at all of these hideously twisted (VIOLENT TWITCH) neuron wires?!" Maggie flew straight up into Hutchison's parietal lobe, placed all four of her hands tightly over her mouth and gasped incredulously, touching the dangerously exposed internal power cords of one of the many, MANY clearly broken-in-half mental stability wires interspersed between said neuron wires with two same-side hands of hers for each broken end of each wire half just to see what would happen and getting herself electrocuted in classic Looney Tunes style as a result.

"Quite the (VIOLENT TWITCH) BRAIN DAMAGE she's (TWITCH) got too, if I do (twitch) say so myself!" Maggie hypocritically laughed at the already (not to mention rather un-surprisingly) only twenty-five percent sane Hutchison's expense as she frantically shook the obligatory full-body electrocution ashes off of herself and excitedly flew right back down into Hutchison's temporal lobe.

"Oh, and HOO (twitch) boy, how could I ever (twitch) have forgotten how (TWITCH) utterly delightful THIS feels?" Maggie very purposefully moaned with arousal as she got down on all sixes in "crab walk" position on the ever-so-wonderfully-lovely-and-delectable floor of Hutchison's cerebral cortex and forcefully yanked her boots and socks RIGHT off so that she could squish her adorable little pulsating-purple-painted bare toes into Hutchison's ever-so-delightfully-relaxingly moist, cushiony and (understandably rapidly) pulsating brain tissue, making sure to squeeze them nicely and tightly in-between the numerous fleshy folds that said scrumptiously hot-pink matter boasted just for added sexual arousal (on both her own part AND the audience's, naturally, despite the fact that she was TWELVE).

"Alright, time to cut (twitch) the crap now! I'd say it's DEFINITELY about (TWITCH) time that I showed this crazy bitch just HOW much (VIOLENT TWITCH) business I actually MEAN with this adorable little (TWITCH) thinking muscle of hers!" Maggie slipped her footwear back on, sprung right back up onto her feet and angrily growled as, rather than flying, she just smugly waltzed straight through Hutchison's temporal and frontal lobes until, at long last, she finally reached her Central Nervous Super-Computer, already more than prepared to cause absolutely UNTOLD amounts of havoc in the poor woman's utterly defenseless head!

"HELLO (twitch), Hutchison! Have you been (VIOLENT TWITCH) MISSING me, per-HAAAPS?" Maggie snidely asked Hutchison in deliberately THE most insufferably teasing and condescending fashion imaginable (rather obviously for torture/femdom fetish reasons) through her Central Nervous Super-Computer's intercom microphone, already feeling insatiably horny and aroused as a result while Hutchison just froze almost completely dead in fearful shock and shrank her pupils into nearly microscopic dots in response upon horrifiedly realizing just WHOSE voice she was now vividly hearing (DEEP) inside her own immensely fragile and delicate central nervous system.

"M-MAGGIE? Is...is that YOU I'm hearing in there?!" Hutchison mortifiedly thought to herself.

"YOU (VIOLENT TWITCH) BETCHA, YOU SADISTIC MOTHERFUCKER!" Maggie threw her arms up into the air and laughed maliciously.

"Oh god, y-you snuck in there with one HELL of a vengeance, didn't you?!" Hutchison internally stammered to herself in fright.

"Yep, and you'd BETTER fucking (twitch) believe that I'm GOING to fucking (twitch) ACT on it! STARTING with these precious little MEMORY BANKS of yours!" Maggie continued evilly laughing as she clicked her way straight into said memory banks and immediately began painstakingly digging through their private section using her (duplicate) skeleton key while

Hutchison just helplessly trembled in horror.

"Aww, BOO FUCKING (TWITCH) HOO, you got standard-issue (VIOLENT TWITCH) raped in your basement one time by some stupid anti-(twitch)-Asian Kankerous Koala Klansmen at the age of 16 while your (VIOLENT TWITCH) parents were forced to watch, how fucking ADORABLE when (twitch) compared to what I'VE had to go through thanks to you, Flecko and (TWITCH) the Chameleons!" Maggie heartlessly growled and spat at Hutchison, already causing her to actually CRY from how scared she was as Maggie immediately dove straight into her criminal activity records, smiling from ear to ear with pure sadistic delight as she immediately pulled out her iPhone from her left prison-pants pocket and excitedly began snapping a whole myriad of fresh-from-the-culprit's-mind evidence photographs with it.

"Oh my, would you (TWITCH) look at THIII-IIIS? Why, this shit'll get you (VIOLENT TWITCH) locked up in jail for freaking LIFE, most (twitch) ESPECIALLY with such amazingly comprehensive and (TWITCH) painstakingly thorough PROOO-OOOO that YOOO-OOOO (twitch) did it!" Maggie teasingly, sexually-excitedly crooned at Hutchison's already extremely humiliated expense as she saw (and snapped) countless photos of Hutchison raping Maggie in her sleep and generally mercilessly torturing the asylum's inmates for literally no discernible reason other than for selfish monetary gain and the sadistic, fetishistic pleasure that she ostensibly derived from doing it while Hutchison just desperately wriggled and squirmed in her straitjacket, trying with all of her might to scream at the tops of her ever-loving lungs for help but unfortunately (for her) being completely unable to thanks to the duct tape that Maggie had just recently placed over her mouth.

"Oh, what's (twitch) THIS? Oh, I see you're trying to (EXTREMELY VIOLENT TWITCH) SUPPRESS these traumatic (twitch) memories of yours just so that you can fucking (VIOLENT TWITCH) GET AWAY WITH what you've done to me, is (TWITCH) THAT it?" Maggie furiously yelled as Hutchison's private criminal-activity memories began desperately, glitchily struggling to form a makeshift firewall around themselves (despite the fact that it was already FAR too late for that to be of any help whatsoever) while Hutchison herself just tightly wrinkled her forehead, closed her eyes and intensely concentrated on trying to make said thing happen.

"Well, in THAT (twitch) case, you know all of that (VIOLENT TWITCH) horrible BRAIN damage you've got in (TWITCH) here?" Maggie smugly and spitefully asked Hutchison, angrily shoving the iPhone back into her left prison-pants pocket with her lower left hand as she did so.

"Um...y-YES?!" Hutchison nervously nodded her head and thought to herself, her urine already wholesomely dripping down onto the floor from how deathly scared she was.

"Well, I'd say it's about (twitch) time that I made it even (VIOLENT TWITCH) WORSE, you fucking evil (twitch) WHORE!" Maggie laughed maniacally, stripping herself naked in the process as she flipped the normally "OFF" pain-sensor activation switch for Hutchison's brain into its "ON" position, then immediately proceeded to wildly take off flying all over the inside of Hutchison's brain, suddenly gaining razor-sharp fingernails and toenails as the "Devil" side of her COMPLETELY (not to mention, ahem, rather EVIDENTLY) took over.

"WHOOOPS! Sorry! Pardon (TWITCH) me! COMING THROUGH!" Maggie arousedly laughed with delight as she reflexively dodged a fascinatingly large assortment of suicidal thoughts that just so happened to now be coursing through Hutchison's neural wires and immediately made her way straight to the outer wall of her brain's mouthwateringly expansive, wrinkly and fleshy interior!

Long story short, she bloodily and savagely mauled the inner surface tissue of Hutchison's parietal lobe, occipital lobe, temporal lobe, frontal lobe and everything in-between with her bare hands, her

bare feet and even her bare TEETH while the poor kitten violently convulsed and writhed in her restraints, went cross-eyed several times, and blood-curdlingly (but muffledly) shrieked in unbearable agony for several minutes as massive streams of tears began pouring down her face.

(Don't worry, Filburt was fine; in fact, after the path his former wife had, ahem, HEADED down, he was actually rather aroused by this admittedly rather bizarre and un-necessarily cruel new occurrence.)

"OHH, SWEET (TWITCH) HEAVENS, IT TASTES SO FUCKING DELICIOUS..." Maggie orgasmically moaned with pleasure as she wholesomely, face-downly bumped and ground her blood-soaked, irresistibly sexy little body, adorable little breasts and all, against the floor of Hutchison's frontal lobe, clutching it tightly with her hands and therefore causing Hutchison to loudly shriek and horrifiedly wince in agony as even MORE deliciously warm and fresh blood trickled from the additional wounds that Maggie's razor-sharp fingernails had just left in her brain while Maggie then proceeded to erotically and steamily lap up said blood RIGHT off of said floor with her orgasmically panting and saliva-dripping tongue while also proudly displaying her lovely little Rayna-tattooed, 12-year-old ass to the audience in only THE most dick-meltingly wholesome and glorious of close-up views in the process.

"Anyway, now that THAT'S (twitch) over with, I'd say it's high time for the REAL main (TWITCH) attraction here! EVERYBODY GIVE IT UP FOR (VIOLENT TWITCH) THE NEWS ON HOW HUTCHISON GOT SEXUALLY (TWITCH) ASSAULTED IN THE CENTER OF HER OWN (VIOLENT TWITCH) MIND BY YOURS TRULY!" Maggie laughed maniacally, causing Hutchison to once again hopelessly shriek and cry in equal parts terror AND immense pain as she excitedly re-took her seat in front of Hutchison's Central Nervous Super-Computer, dug her toenails EXCRUCIATINGLY deeply into the wonderfully soft, vulnerable and sensitive brain tissue that said position implied, vainly brushed her gorgeous pyramid hair with her upper hands, then finally proceeded to hit the Subconscious Entry button on Hutchison's main control dashboard, pull the corresponding helmet right out of its corresponding compartment within the computer's storage drawers and immediately plop it RIGHT onto her head without even a passing RESEMBLANCE of a second thought, causing both her AND her new host alike to instantaneously fall asleep and slip straight into Dream World!

"HUH? W-Where AM I?" Hutchison, who had now been reverted into her adorable little 16-year-old kitten self, curiously wondered to herself near what appeared to be a staircase to her former house's first floor as she found herself helplessly lying tied-up and ball-gagged right in the middle of the entrance end of her dimly lit former basement's cold and dank concrete floor while a large trio of recently-evacuated-looking wooden crucifixes stood lifelessly on the opposite end of the basement from where she was, with the space in-between those ends being populated almost solely by an old and equally wooden (not to mention rather heavily blood-stained) square table with not one but three VERY large and suspicious-looking porcelain bowls of stew set atop it (along with four chairs and exactly one rusty silver spoon atop the table for each one of said chairs) and, a good bit in front of said table, a nice big toy chest of what appeared to be torture devices and SEX toys (nearly everything else that had formerly been in the room, barring the ratty old couch and the shitty standard-definition TV, appeared to have been stolen or confiscated). A few seconds later, she suddenly began to hear a pair of rather suspicious-sounding people whistling the American National Anthem (Star-Spangled Banner) to themselves upstairs as they presumably approached the door at the top of the aforementioned staircase.

"Oh, sweet Lord, SAVE me...she's taken me into one of my own childhood nightmares about me and my family getting ambushed by the KKK on Christmas morning and made it even WORSE!" Hutchison horrifiedly thought to herself, desperately wriggling and squirming around on the floor in an attempt to break free from her rope restraint (SPOILER ALERT: she couldn't, since she still



very much had her right hand at the time and thus did NOT actually have her signature prosthetic hook yet) while the two mysterious figures that she had heard upstairs suddenly gasped in surprise, immediately opening the basement door and running downstairs so that they could see what all of the fuss that Hutchison had just started making was about.

"Yep, it's exactly what I thought..." Hutchison dejectedly sighed as the two figures, who were both dressed in Kankorous Koala Klan robes from head to toe, finally reached the bottom of the staircase and eagerly introduced themselves to her with mockingly stereotypical East Asian bows of honor, ALREADY beginning to piss her off quite a bit.

"Well, what do we have HERE?" the Klanswoman on the right eagerly approached Hutchison, placed her lower hands onto her hips and snidely laughed in a rather insultingly thick redneck accent as she fiercely yanked off her hood with her upper right hand, revealing herself to be Maggie (not to mention that it also revealed a shockingly pretty head of long, flowing supermodel hair, since she herself was roughly 24 years old in this dream).

"Why, it's a fresh little underaged SLANTY-EYED ZIPPER-HEAD rascal, RIPE for the raping!" the Klansman on the left creepily approached Hutchison (who still hadn't quite gotten her eye-shape-normalizing surgery yet) while also snidely laughing in a somehow even THICKER redneck accent than Maggie's as he gently pulled off his hood with his left hand, revealing himself to be Flecko (who was now 26 years old as opposed to 36 and no longer had only one real eye but was still every bit as gross, ugly, homeless and bald as ever).

"But FIRST, you see, we'd like to treat you to some good old DINNER with us!" Maggie laughed evilly as she and Flecko dutifully un-bound Hutchison from her restraints and forcefully dragged her over (by her hair, which was amazingly still the exact same color and style that it was at her normal age) to the aforementioned wooden table in the center of the room so that they could eat, ahem, DINNER with her (from the top view: with Maggie being seated in the upper-left chair, Hutchison being seated in the upper-right chair, and Flecko being seated in the lower-left chair).

"MMM...this is so YUMMY! What's IN it, pardon my asking?" Hutchison asked Maggie curiously as she began hungrily scooping the rather unsettlingly turtle-soup-resembling contents of her bowl (which was explicitly labeled DAD, while Maggie's and Flecko's were respectively labeled MOM and LIL BRO) into her mouth with her spoon and adorably wagging her tail and purring with delight as she did so (meanwhile, Flecko just immediately drank the ENTIRE contents of his in one big, hearty series of gulps, finishing with an incredibly loud burp).

"YOUR FAMILY." Maggie ominously leaned over toward Hutchison and whispered into her right ear, causing Hutchison to freeze completely in horror and begin slowly but surely turning her bowl around so that the word that happened to be engraved upon it directly faced her.

"AIEEEEE!" Hutchison frantically stumbled backward out of her chair in disbelief and loudly shrieked in horror.

"YOU GUYS ARE FUCKING SICK!" she crossed her arms over her chest and disgustedly spat in more ways than one.

"And we're ALSO going to make YOU fucking sick in the head, you little weasel!" Maggie and Flecko laughed uproariously as the latter tackled poor little Hutchison and pinned her face-up onto the ground while Maggie ran over to the toybox, pulled out a great big drinking funnel from it and shoved the exit tube of said funnel right into her mouth with her upper hands while painfully forcing her actively, screamingly and cryingly refusing mouth wide open with her lower hands.

"FEEDING CHILDREN THEIR OWN PARENTS, FA LA LA LA LA, LA LA, LA, LA!" Maggie

and Flecko merrily sang as the former dumped the entire contents of the MOM bowl straight down the funnel (and therefore Hutchison's throat) while the latter did much of the same with the extremely large remaining portion of the DAD bowl's contents!

"Aww, don't worry about it! PARENTS grow back!" Flecko carelessly threw the funnel across the room and horrifically-insensitively laughed in Hutchison's helplessly curled-up-on-the-floor-and-crying face once he and Maggie were done. "NO, THEY DON'T!" he then leaned over to Maggie and playfully whispered into her left ear, causing the two of them to giggle uproariously at poor, POOR little Hutchison's already unspeakably devastated expense as the REAL madness promptly began.

"Anyway, you've been a REAL gluttonous bitch these past few minutes, and you wanna know what ELSE is feeling gluttonous right about now? OUR SEX DRIVES!" Maggie laughed and cackled sadistically as she and Flecko stripped themselves naked and VERY eagerly pinned Hutchison into a nearby corner so that they could then do the same with her.

"OH, NO! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE! BACK OFF! BACK OFF, YOU FUCKING DEGENERATE BASTARDS!" Hutchison helplessly shrieked, cried and began desperately writhing on the floor like the miserable, tortured animal that she was and desperately clawing at the back wall of the room with her fingernails while Maggie and Flecko just laughed...and laughed...and laughed some more.

"Come on, be a good little girl and FUCKING OBEY US!" Flecko condescendingly teased Hutchison as he once again grabbed her by the hair and forcefully dragged her over to the toybox, then suddenly began furiously screaming at her as he brutally stomped her right in the face with his bare, unspeakably disgusting foot that smelled like rotten Limburger cheese of the absolute WORST kind while Maggie then proceeded to strip her completely naked from head to toe, teasingly pin her down onto the floor in missionary position and french-kiss her as the second of this story's obligatory musical numbers began.

"You're psychotic, Maggie P! You really are INSANE! You're a NUTTILY packaged fruitcake with a FETISH for the brain! Maggie Pes-KY!" Xander began singing as Maggie ever-so-dominantly forced Hutchison onto her hands and knees and fetishistically spanked her plump, juicy buttocks with her upper hands while simultaneously fisting her anus and vagina with her lower hands while Flecko once again violently forced her jaws open with his hands so that he could make her deepthroat his rancid, smegma-coated penis that hadn't been washed in literal WEEKS.

"You're so badly behaved that it's FRANKLY INANE!" Xander sang as Maggie wrapped Hutchison up in blankets and made her breastfeed from her while Flecko masturbated to it.

"You're a sadist, Maggie P! A hedonistic WHORE! Your TASTE is nonexistent, you are ROTTEN to the core! Maggie Pes-KY!" Xander sang as Maggie strapped a giant barbed-wire dildo onto her crotch, hugged Hutchison tightly from the back with her lower arms and pervertedly fondled her breasts with her upper hands while violently and bloodily shoving said barbed-wire dildo straight up her vagina while Flecko furiously masturbated to IT as well, spraying a HUGE load of cum all over Hutchison's underage naked body as a result.

"I wouldn't want you within...THIRTY-NINE FEET OF MY DOOR!" Xander sang as Maggie nailed Hutchison onto yet another crucifix (the center one onto which her mother had been nailed, to be exact) and savagely, violently whipped her with no less than FOUR cat-o-nine-tails whips all at once while Flecko also brutally and bloodily whipped her using the other two, with the two of them VERY racistly continuing to sing Star-Spangled Banner all the while.

"You belong here, Maggie P, in a fucking ASYLUM! You have ALL the tender sweetness of an

ALCOHOLIC QUIM, Maggie Pes-KY!" Xander sang as Maggie and Flecko used the former's Grink Ray to shrink themselves to ant size, go inside Hutchison's brain through her ear canals while she was literally glued onto the nearest couch, and then not only have sex with each OTHER inside of said brain so that Maggie could lay flesh-eating maggot eggs in it, but then also climb on top of said brain and literally have sex with IT, all while she was agonizingly forced to watch via good old Brain-Cam-to-TV-Link technology.

"Given a choice between the two of you, I'd take THE ONE WITHOUT A QUIM!" Xander sang as Maggie and Flecko purposefully got themselves sneezed out of Hutchison's head through her nose, grew themselves back to human size, then revoltingly slathered the wax that they had gathered FROM her ear canals all over their entire naked bodies and forced the poor little girl to lick them clean from head to armpits to boobs to butts to sexual organs (AUTHOR'S NOTE: Maggie's was infected).

"You're a SPITEFUL...little TOT! You're a mangy arthro-POD! Your BRAIN is full of uncouth thoughts; your NOSE is full of SNOT, Maggie Pes-KY!" Xander sang as, a few minutes later, Maggie then proceeded to coat Hutchison's entire body in a THIRD (disgustingly slimy, crusty and hairy in this case) batch of earwax that she had just recently shrunk herself and gathered from the horrifically filthy ears of Flecko, who then proceeded to also coat Hutchison's entire body in his freshly ejaculated semen so that he and Maggie could then pull out a nice big bag of feathers from the toybox and completely cover Hutchison's entire body in THEM as well while she just keeled over in pure, unbridled humiliation and disgust; meanwhile, Maggie and Flecko just spitefully laughed and spat racist anti-Asian slurs at her, with Maggie taking the iPhone photos while Flecko kicked the ribs.

"The three words that best describe you are as follows, and I QUOTE: SUCKS! A! LOT!" Xander sang as Maggie then proceeded to proudly post those very same immensely mortifying photos that she had just taken with her new iPhone all over social media with a HUGE Hutch-directed smirk on her face.

"You're an ass-wipe, Maggie P! You're the queen of drama HOGS! Your HEART'S a rotten clockwork orange with RUSTY, brittle cogs, Maggie Pes-KY!" Xander sang as Flecko lifted the barely-conscious Hutchison's legs up so that he could shove his revolting, diseased, grossly oversized parasitic worm of a firmly erect penis directly into her already bleeding vagina while Maggie crushingly, dominantly sat spread-eagle atop her sad, crying face and forced the poor girl to eat her out (in laymen's terms, dig into Maggie's OWN vagina with her tongue, right after she had just recently filled said vagina with Flecko's nasty hobo semen and given birth to maggots on-screen).

"This story is an appalling shit heap overflowing with the most distasteful assortment of deplorable fetishes imaginable, mangled up in TANGLED-UP PLOTS!" Xander concluded as Flecko shrunk Hutchison to fly size using the Grink Ray, tossed her straight into his purple-fleshed, yellowish-brown-toothed mouth and swallowed the poor lass whole (not counting him having to brush her off of his big, dangling, hairy and pimply uvula with his right index finger after she desperately grabbed onto it in midair and began tightly hugging it for dear life, that is) so that she could hopelessly, nakedly, curled-up-ly and cryingly watch the remains of her own little brother get slowly digested within his internally bleeding, clearly inflamed and ulcer-ridden stomach as she herself presumably suffered the exact same fate shortly thereafter.

"SO...tell (TWITCH) me, Hutchie, what did you (VIOLENT TWITCH) think of THAT (twitch) dream?" Maggie FINALLY took off the Subconscious Entry helmet with her upper arms, stuffed it back into its corresponding storage compartment with help from her lower arms, hastily reclothed herself and snidely asked Hutchison, having FINALLY, at long last, had her fill of sadistic torture

for the night while Hutchison just speechlessly, thoughtlessly remained frozen in shock for literally the next five entire minutes, then cried herself to comatose sleep while Maggie, feeling surprisingly merciful for a change, decided to briefly hack back into Hutchison's memory banks and erase her memory of what Maggie had just done to her before finally swallowing her pride and exiting Hutchison's poor, aching head through her nose.

THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER MAGGIE HAD FINALLY CALLED THE LOCAL POLICE AND EXPOSED HUTCHISON AND THE CHAMELEON BROTHERS FOR THEIR CRIMES...

"Wow, TALK about a stroke of bad LUCK!" Chuck angrily groaned while he and Leon (who were now fully deprived of their hats and fake staches once and for all) strait-jacketedly sat together in the back seat of a police car that was already well on its way to the local Supreme Court building as they spoke.

"I know, right? Honestly, WHY and HOW does that little insectoid BRAT literally GET OFF on messing with our freaking HEADS?!" Leon angrily sneered and spat, struggling desperately to break free from his OWN straitjacket while Hutchison, who was now sitting right between them in yet ANOTHER straitjacket, dejectedly sighed "I don't know" in response.

"Also, where did Maggie go? Why isn't SHE going to be attending our court trial, HMM?" Chuck and Leon both annoyedly leaned toward Hutchison and asked her in unison.

"Oh, don't worry about her; she probably just has better things to DO, like hanging out with her FAMILY for instance!" Hutchison merrily grinned and chuckled.

MEANWHILE, BACK INSIDE HUTCHISON'S BLISSFULLY UNAWARE BRAIN, THANKS TO MAGGIE HAVING JUST RECENTLY LEARNED THE NASOPHARYNX TRICK FROM THE NOW MORE-OR-LESS OFFICIALLY AND PERMANENTLY HUMAN-SIZED RAYNA AND THUS DECIDED TO RATHER DISGUSTINGLY COMBINE IT WITH THE EUSTACHIAN TUBE TRICK BY SHRINKING HERSELF BACK TO ANT SIZE USING THE GRINK RAY AND THEN SNEAKILY FLYING STRAIGHT BACK INTO HUTCHISON'S LEFT EAR WHILE SHE WASN'T LOOKING...

"OH, FLECKO...FUCK ME...FUCK ME, UNCLE..." Maggie orgasmically moaned to herself as she nakedly laid Flecko's clothing-stripped, dildo-strapped, earwax-coated corpse atop herself in missionary position and imagined him gleefully ramming his penis into her ever-so-adorably tight, fleshy and veiny little vagina. Well, Hutchison certainly wasn't LYING, I suppose.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT CHUCK'S, LEON'S AND HUTCHISON'S TRIAL IN THE LOCAL O-TOWN SUPREME COURT BUILDING, AFTER THE THREE OF THEM WERE RELEASED FROM THEIR RESTRAINTS AND HUTCHISON WAS RELUCTANTLY ALLOWED TO HAVE THE HOOK HAND THAT MAGGIE HAD LEFT ON HER FORMER CELL'S INTERROGATION TABLE FOR HER BACK...

"Oh, COME ON, you're not allowed to have the plaintiffs outnumber the defendants 5 to 3! That is blatant CHEATING!" Chuck threw his arms out in front of himself and exasperatedly yelled at Mr. Bighead (the main judge), desperately looking for excuses as always as he and Leon both dramatically gestured toward the right side of the courtroom (the Chameleon Brothers' defendant table was on the left side) to call attention to the fact that, indeed, the plaintiff table was now occupied by Virginia, John K, Floyd, Filburt AND Rayna while the defendant table was only occupied by the two of THEM and Hutchison, with none of the three even being mentally stable enough to think of any decent excuses for what they had been caught in the act of.

"SPEAKING of which..." Filburt angrily muttered underneath his breath, shooting an intensely evil

glare at Hutchison while she just did the jazz hand(s) in response.

"MAN, karma sure can be one HELL of a harsh mistress..." Maggie snidely chuckled as she passive-aggressively watched it happen through Hutchison's eye-socket screen.

"Personally, I feel it's easily MORE than justified for the defendant party to be outnumbered in this case, you god-forsaken, nationality-faking, child-molesting, cannibalism-fetished PSYCHOPATHS!" Mr. Bighead leaned forward in his seat and furiously bellowed at Chuck and Leon, spraying his thick, nasty phlegm all over their faces in the process while they just disgustedly shielded said faces with their arms in response.

"What do you MEAN, me and my accomplices are child-molesting, cannibalism-fetished psychopaths?!" Leon petulantly threw his arms out in front of himself and whined. "You have absolutely NO PROOF THAT-"

"AHM!" Rayna loudly cleared her throat and irritatedly glared at him and Chuck.

"Roll the tapes, please!" Rayna indicatively (albeit rather smugly) pointed at the courtroom's back-wall ceiling-projector screen with her upper index fingers and continued as Mr. Bighead angrily hit the Play button on his personal ceiling-projector remote (which was conveniently lying right next to the gavel atop his lectern, naturally enough) and displayed an extensive PowerPoint presentation of all of the incredibly real and incriminating photographs that she and Maggie had respectively taken inside Chuck's and Hutchison's brains the previous night.

"You were SAYING?" Rayna and Mr. Bighead cathartically leaned toward the Chameleon Brothers and teased them.

"Oh, COME ON, those pictures are totally fake and you know it- (ELECTRIC SHOCK) OWW, what was that for?!" Hutchison threw her arms out beside herself and hopelessly argued, with Maggie suddenly hitting the OWNER ELECTROCUTION button in her brain with her upper left index finger in mid-sentence as a form of lie detection in the process.

"Oh, COME ON yourself, those were literally taken IN YOUR FREAKING HEADS!" Rayna frustratedly yelled at the defendants, pointing directly into her OWN head with her right index fingers for emphasis.

"For bug's sake, you literally can't GET any realer than that!" Rayna exasperatedly threw all four of her arms out beside herself and sighed.

"Not unless the government suddenly stops putting chlorine in our tap water, that is!" Floyd rather un-necessarily pointed out as extra dialogue filler.

"Can you freaking shut up about political correctness, PLEASE?! For God's sake, almost NOTHING about this story OR this show is even REMOTELY politically correct! Does anyone else besides you care, however? For the most part, NO, because it's freaking FUNNY, so man up and just DEAL with it already, WOULD you?!" John Kricfalusi angrily snapped at Floyd.

"ANYWAY, I'm just (TWITCH) glad that those two idiots won't be able to drop (VIOLENT TWITCH) parasitic WORMS into my damned brain anymore...and to a slightly (twitch) lesser extent, also to be able to finally see my family again." Virginia happily explained to Mr. Bighead while Chuck and Leon just nervously, sweatily, shifty-eyedly, fake-grinningly drummed their fingers together and went "HEH, HEH" in response, causing even Hutchison, their former main accomplice, to aggressively shoot them the evil eye, let alone everyone ELSE in the courtroom.

"Well, on that note, I'd have to say that this court session is already pretty damned thoroughly settled by now...alright, jury, what's your verdict on the matter?" Mr. Bighead boredly, exhaustedly propped his left arm straight up on his corresponding elbow, rested the corresponding side of his head on his left palm and sighed to the jury box over at the far right of the room, which then immediately proceeded to answer with a rather resoundingly unanimous outcry of "GUILTY".

"Well, THAT about wraps it up, I'd say!" Mr. Bighead assertively slammed down his gavel with his right hand and chuckled merrily as he smugly checked his left hand for hangnails.

"Are there any famous LAST WORDS that you three would perhaps like to ADD before we send you off to your VERY well-deserved life sentences?" Mr. Bighead cleared his thickly congested throat and asked the defendants curiously.

"Um, yahh...LIFE SENTENCES?!" Leon threw his arms out beside himself and shrieked uproariously.

"IN MAXIMUM-SECURITY PRISON?!" Chuck angrily finished Leon's sentence for him.

"YOU CAN'T FREAKING DO THAT!" Chuck and Leon enragedly shook their left fists at Mr. Bighead and began fervently ranting and yelling at him in a fit of pure, unbridled desperation. "WE'VE OFFICIALLY BEEN DECLARED INSANE! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SENT TO AN ASYLUM! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US! THIS IS OUR LAAAIYFE, DO YOU FREAKING HEAR US?! THIS IS OUR PRECIOUS ITALIAN LAAAI-"

"SILENCE!" Mr. Bighead furiously slammed down his gavel and bellowed at the Chameleon Brothers yet again. "Even insanity is absolutely, positively NO excuse for what you two and Hutchison have done in that so-called (makes quotation gesture with his hands) MENTAL AID FACILITY of yours! WHY, I OUGHTA HAVE ALL THREE OF YOU PATHETIC, MISERABLE MISCREANTS EXECUTED RIGHT HERE ON THE BLASTED SPOT, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! DEGENERATES! GOD-FORSAKEN DETESTABLE DEGENERATES, ALL OF YOU!" he even more furiously continued, quite literally spitting in the defendants' general direction in absolute disgust.

"Umm...JUDGE? If you don't mind, there IS actually just ONE other thing I'd like to say before you take us away!" Hutchison raised her left hand and urgently requested to Mr. Bighead.

"And what would that be?" Mr. Bighead flatly, boredly asked her.

"Well, you see, these Chameleon Brothers sitting next to me were the only REAL culprits here (SHOCK); I was just the innocent (SHOCK) young lady whom they brainwashed (SHOCK) into one of their servants so that they could falsely accuse me of pedophilia (SHOCK) and horrific maltreatment of mental patients (SHOCK)" Hutchison suddenly mimicked Maggie's classic "puppy dog eyes" expression and began inelegantly blubbering to Mr. Bighead, managing to get no less than FIVE lies detected by both Maggie and the judge, jury and plaintiffs alike within literally her first sentence as she finally, in a fit of both frustration and not wanting to go to prison, COMPLETELY lost it once and for all!

"Alright, THAT'S IT; enough is ENOUGH! I have HAD it with this MOTHERFUCKING bug in my MOTHERFUCKING head!" Hutchison infuriatedly clenched her left hand into a tightly balled-up fist, stood straight up and screamed with rage, her face turning red as a tomato while boiling-hot jets of steam began shooting vehemently from her VERY unwelcomely Maggie-invaded ears.

"Everybody look out; I'm about to open some fucking windows to my soul!" Hutchison seethingly explained to the jury, tilting her head roughly ninety degrees to the left, pulling out a comically

large concealed magnum handgun from her pocket with her left hand, pointing it directly at the corresponding side of her head (and from there, towards the ceiling), and violently, bloodily shooting a hole clean through the entirety OF said head, crossing her eyes in hilariously mismatched directions, dangling her tongue out like an idiot and lifelessly collapsing sideways onto the floor of the courtroom itself immediately thereafter.

"HA! MISSED ME!" Maggie laughed evilly as she sneakily flew back out of Hutchison's head through the right one of that very same new pair of holes that Hutchison had just left in her head while everyone else in the entire courtroom just glared evilly at the Chameleon Brothers in response.

"What? WE didn't plant that bug there, we PROMISE!" Chuck and Leon did the classic "what do I know" gesture with their hands and nervously, shifty-eyedly chuckled.

MEANWHILE, AT THE RECEPTION ROOM IN HELL...

"Hmm, let's see here...reasons why you BELONG here..." Satan's udder-headed second-in-command (Peaches) smugly crossed his legs, summoned said ridiculously long list out of thin air and began monotonously rattling off its nearly ENDLESS contents in the seat across from Hutchison while Hutchison just frustratedly began banging her head against the table between the two of them in response.

ONE LIFE SENTENCE EACH FOR CHUCK AND LEON LATER...

Having FINALLY (at least somewhat) gotten over her rape-induced PTSD and also been let out of her straitjacket (her cocoon, if you will) as well as the asylum itself, the now-human-sized Maggie eagerly flew over to the nearest Buzzbucks coffee shop (surprisingly NOT actually related to flies, believe it or not) and saw on the local news broadcast there that, as a true testament to just how INCREDIBLY fast her species' equivalent to children really DID grow up after all, her admittedly shockingly precious and beautiful little baby (who had now grown into an adorable little suit-and-tie-wearing pupa boy that was very cornily named Flesky Pesky by both her and Hutchison alike) was only about three months old and had already been elected by Mr. Dupette and the Bigheads to deliver yet ANOTHER extremely long and riveting inspirational speech to the general public, this time about how "all living creatures of the earth should be treated equally".

Cutting it down to the part that actually mattered, what he concluded the speech with was exactly this:

"FORGET making us sweet, innocent flies live in nasty shambled-together shantytowns in the middle of garbage dumps! MAKE US BIG! Big like all of the naysayers that oppressed us!" Flesky announced to his audience through the microphone of his presidential lectern, with a giant American flag naturally serving as the background curtain for his speech while nearly everyone in the audience raised their fists and began chanting "MAKE FLIES BIG! MAKE FLIES BIG! MAKE FLIES BIG! MAKE FLIES BIG!" in response.

Surely enough, Flesky most certainly DID indeed get exactly what he (and surprisingly, the rest of O-Town) wanted. The entire former citizen population of Stickyfeet was promptly relocated into the local hospital and grown to the very same standard human size that Maggie had been grown to all those weeks ago by Hutchison's size-alteration gun (with Stickyfeet itself still remaining perfectly intact in the junkyard as a historical site for normal-sized insects, weirdly enough), and the fresh, delicious food and classy suburban lifestyle that said population had always dreamed of, needless to say, followed shortly thereafter.

Satisfied that all had ended well, Maggie decided to head over to her family's new formerly

abandoned house (which was yet ANOTHER ridiculously fancy two-story one right next to Rocko's and Heffer's, naturally; also, Flesky was busy sleeping soundly in the house's nursery room, so please don't worry about him) and (admittedly somewhat nervously) ring the doorbell...which, amusingly enough, caused her to reflexively jump back in surprise from how loud it was as Chauncey relievingly came and opened the door for her.

"OH MY GOD, Maggie, you have NO IDEA how long we've been waiting to SEE you again! Come on, give me a hug, sweetheart! (SMOOCH! SMOOCH! SMOOCH!)" Chauncey lovingly sobbed and laughed, scooping Maggie up into all four of his dearly loving arms and cuddling her warmly (and also giving her several wet, sloppy kisses on the cheek).

"In the name of all that is HOLY, my precious little cupcake, WHERE have you BEEN?" Frieda cradled Maggie softly and tightly with all four of her OWN arms (accidentally squishing the poor girl's brightly blushing face into her boobs in the process) as she once again stroked her like a precious little kitten before finally setting her back down onto the floor.

"Oh, believe me, you do NOT want to know..." Maggie audibly shivered and trembled in fear, gulping audibly and dearly wondering exactly HOW she was going to find it within herself to confess what she had gotten herself into with those sick, degenerate bastards that Flecko and the asylum leaders were to her parents (not to mention her brothers as well) as she was happily led into the Pesky family's new dining room by the former so that they could prepare for their delicious Thanksgiving feast.

By the time that Maggie had finally finished explaining herself, much to her immensely pleasant surprise, her fellow family members at the Thanksgiving dinner table actually looked entirely SYMPATHETIC toward her historical plights with Flecko, Hutchison and the Chameleon Brothers, rather than just simply being plain disgusted by her actions. (To be fair, though, the fact that the court cases that her actions ended up resulting in played such a big part in finally freeing them from their FORMER lives probably had a LOT to do with it.)

"Can you tell that to me as a bedtime story every Saturday, please? PRETTY please?" Pupert hopped up and down in his booster seat and rather disturbingly excitedly asked Maggie, prompting a resounding smugly shut-eyed and arms-crossed-on-chest chortle of "HA ha ha, NO" from her while the rest of the dinner table attendants agreeingly nodded their heads.

"All I know is that you really are an AWFULLY brave girl to have survived something like THAT so easily! Ridiculously smart, too...you know, you really ought to APPLY yourself more!" Chauncey merrily patted Maggie on the back and chuckled while Frieda got out her trusty economy lighter and lit the menorah in the center of the table.

"Oh, what, you mean work in an OFFICE building?" Maggie smugly smirked at him and teased him.

"Well, uh, YEAH..." Chauncey depressedly folded his upper left arm behind his head, scratched his neck with his upper right arm and shrugged while Maggie just sarcastically smiled and patted him on the back in response.

"You know, as much as I really, REALLY do want to say 'I told you so' right now, I guess that in a weird way, YOU, Maggie, were actually the one that told ME so after all!" Aldrin leaned back in his chair, crossed his upper arms behind his head and chuckled smugly.

"Look, all I really know for the time being is that you are an absolute HERO to your kind and deserve to be treated as such! Now go ahead and eat like a QUEEN, darling!" Frieda joyfully reassured Maggie as she proudly took the Pesky family's now finally-cooled-off Thanksgiving



turkey off of the kitchen stovetop with her ever-so-trusty quadruple oven mitts and set it down smack-dab in the middle of the table, with Maggie and the rest of the family just flabbergastedly licking their lips and drooling in response as Mom then proceeded to also set up the mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, stuffing, green beans and bread rolls for them (and also herself, obviously).

And wouldn't you know it? SHE...MAGGIE PESKY HERSELF...carved the roast beast!

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